



VOICES OF THE PAST



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TACOMA — VOICES FROM THE PAST



Pierce County

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INTRODUCTION

The pieces in this mosaic have various aspects. They refract light in different ways. A few are little gems, professionally cut, worthy of being displayed by themselves. Some are of less rare material, rough-hewn and unsophisticated, but reflecting the glows of ordinary life. Assembled they merge into a group portrait of a community, a work unlike anything that could be done by an individual.

Some accounts preserve moments of unique experience. Others remind us of the commonality of our response to a view, an event, a person.

In these sketches we sense the way in which it was different to grow up in Old Town as a Slav rather than as a Finn; what it was like to live on North Second instead of on McKinley Hill. And we remember things not described like shinnying up the pole beside the basement gym at the old Lowell school or sliding down the circular chute in fire drills at Stadium.

One catches the feel of South Tacoma Way when it was a link in the Pacific Highway, and of Titlow Beach when it aspired to rival Hollywood. We learn, too, of the mixture of East and West in the lives of the Japanese who worked in St. Paul & Tacoma's mill on the boot.

These gathered fragments remind us not only of how Tacoma was but of how we wanted it to be. Even the most commonplace accounts are touched with the sense of aspirations shared.

Murray Morgan

DEDICATION

HISTORY-GATHERING DAYS AT THE WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

By Amelia Haller

Spices of memories flood inside:
China dolls in backyards;
shops along Pacific Avenue;
triangles of cheese
sliced from yellow wheels;
canoes and boats bowing
to cities, to islands;
trains over and under mountains;
horses, then cars to hurry a city.

Relics overflow the rooms
but the chill of stone and marble
warms with pieces of our lives.
A third floor window outlines
Stadium High School where bricks
fashion castle walls
that rise to fantasy turrets.
The football grid covers
a mud-filled Old Woman's Gulch.

Below the field
Amtrak wails an old wanderer's song;
ships await their turns to unload
and hoist on cargoes;
sails of bent colors catch the wind,
glide above schooners and boats
embedded in Puyallup River mud.
Hills of Tacoma rise
above Commencement Bay;
long steps jigsaw upward.

In this place we grew as the city grew,
wrote to friends and relatives:
"Come to this land.

Mountains pierce the clouds;
waters reach the sea; green,
green are grass and trees;
heather blooms in December."

"Here Indians fish salmon,
here they meet in Potlatch,
their prayers float above Tahoma,
here they chant heart and death."

As immigrants we fled from Norseland,
Ireland, England, Wales;
from China and Africa;
Homelands too many to name.
And still we come:
Vietnam, Lebanon, Korea, Guatemala,
Cambodia, Cuba, Mexico,
our feet fasten homeland soil
to Tacoma earth.

This city, our city:
wealth-of-the-world
people,
diverse people,
holding-on people,
keeping-the-faith people,
up-from-the-bottom people.

Old dreams not forgotten
but forged in new land.

AUTHORS

Katheren Armatas	Wesla MacArthur
Angeline Bennett	Charlotte Plummer Medlock
J. Smith Bennett	Doris Morisset
Cecelia Svinth Carpenter	Mary Olson
Mary Etta Doubleday	Gladys Para
Robert Doubleday	Madeline A. Robinson
Terry Grant	Wilma Snyder
Amelia Haller	Fred Stiegler
Eunice Huffman	Jack Sundquist
Dick Jackman	Margaret Whitis
Phyllis Kaiser	Leo Yuckert
Jing Chuan Ling	

BIOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION

Katheren Armatas, daughter of Lascos and Maria Foundukakis Sarantinos, was born at St. Joseph's Hospital on October 24, 1930. In addition to being a housewife and mother, Katheren has been employed as a pharmacist. She likes to write and is a nature lover.

Katheren grew up in the K Street business area and recalls the low crime level during the 30's and 40's. In fact, locking your doors was not common when you were at home.

Angeline Bennett, daughter of James and Annie Mc-Roberts Higgins, was born in Flint, Michigan on July 5, 1916. She came to Tacoma with her parents at the age of 15 and was overwhelmed by Lincoln High School, having only previously attended small town schools.

She is a retired postal clerk and includes writing, collecting and traveling among her avocations. Angie feels privileged and awed by living in an area which abounds with such natural beauties as Mt. Rainier, the Olympics, Puget Sound and evergreen trees.

J. Smith Bennett, son of Willifred Horace and Wilimina Ethel Jackson Bennett, was born in Tacoma February 10, 1913. He was a retail consultant in store planning. J. is a man of many avocations; collecting old movies, making travel films, photography, reading, writing, travel, gourmet cooking, music (classical and jazz), his grandchildren, a great grandchild, and just loafing.

He has a nostalgic appreciation of what a wonderful boyhood he had in Tacoma. When he returned to Tacoma after living in California, he believed as Thomas Wolfe did, "You Can't Go Home again."

Cecelia Svinth Carpenter, daughter of Hans and Mary Edna Binder Svinth, was born and raised in South Pierce County and has lived in Tacoma for more than forty years.

She has taught school, is a researcher, author and Indian historian. She has had four books published: They Walked Before - Indians of Washington State; How to Research American Indian Blood Lines; Leschi, Last Chief of the Nisquallies and Fort Nisqually-- A Documented History of Indian and British Interaction. Cecelia remembers her mother sharing stories of Indian life with her when they were on berry picking expeditions.

Mary Etta Doubleday, daughter of Robert J. and Anna May Warren Pierson, was born in Spokane. Her parents moved to Tacoma in 1918. She has worked as a medical secretary, bookkeeper, newspaper writer and purchasing agent. She enjoys doing stitchery, is a crossword puzzle addict and loves tracking down garage sales.

Mary Etta remembers going on camping trips with her family on Vashon Island when all your camping gear; bedding, cooking utensils, food and clothing, had to be hand-carried on the launch RAMONA in order to reach the camping site.

Robert G. Doubleday, son of Robert S. and Sarah Meyer Doubleday, was born in Tacoma in 1915. He was employed as an administrative assistant and supervisory personnel officer at the Puget Sound Naval Shipyard in Bremerton.

Since retirement, Bob has spent time water-color painting and writing. He is interested in music and Northwest History. He remembers when the U.S. Navy dirigible SHENANDOAH, sailed over Tacoma in 1924 and that school kids were allowed to leave their schoolrooms to see the airship.

Terry Grant, the daughter of Albert F. and Alicenia Engle Gookins, was born in Tacoma in November, 1919. Her first job in Tacoma was at the West Coast Grocery, where she was an accounting clerk.

Since her retirement from Nalleys Fine Foods, she enjoys gardening at her permanent home on Hale's Pass. She remembers when there were no houses on Pacific Avenue from South 56th to South 64th.

Amelia Haller, daughter of Ervin and Zoa McGowan Anderson, was born in a farmhouse in Todd County, Minnesota. She came to Tacoma with her parents in 1942, during World War II. Her mother and father helped build Naval ships at the Todd Shipyards.

Amelia is a poet and also writes plays, short stories and articles. She remembers collecting scrap metal and adding it to huge piles at Puyallup High School. The scrap was hauled away and processed for re-use in war machinery.

Eunice Huffman, daughter of Arthur and Eunice Sawtelle Anderson, was the adopted daughter of Roy and Annie Lucht Trobridge. She was born in Anaconda, Montana and came to Tacoma at the early age of six months.

Eunice has been the owner and operator of a tavern, restaurant and lounge. Now that she is retired, she enjoys handicrafts, bowling and fishing. She remembers taking the streetcar from McKinley Hill to Point Defiance to picnic and play tennis.

Richard Elwin Jackman is the son of James Elwin and Emily Columbia Fairbanks Jackman. His father, a farmer, lived in Minnesota, California and Montana and served in the state legislatures of all three states.

Dick attended college at Southern Oregon College of Education at Ashland but turned to farming as being more lucrative than teaching. He worked in the lumber industry in Eugene and after taking a civil service examination was assigned work at McNeil Island as a correctional officer and guard. He later worked for the Washington State Employment Service as a farm placement representative, recruiting and placing migrant labor.

In retirement he has enjoyed extensive travel, gardening, botany and the study of comparative religions.

Phyllis Kaiser, daughter of John Jacob and Freda Grening Uhrich, moved to Tacoma at the age of ten in 1938. She was a homemaker and secretary. She now spends a lot of time writing, gardening, sewing, and is taking a brush-up course in income tax preparation.

She was away from Tacoma during the 1950's and returned in the 1960's just in time to witness the accelerated decline of downtown Tacoma.

Jing Chuan Ling, the sixth child of a family of ten, was born in 1930 in Tacoma to Chinese parents, Yunan and Yet Sze Ling. The family lived on Market Street until 1960. She worked as an accountant with the City of Tacoma, Department of Public Utilities, until her promotion to the position of Administrative and Accounting Officer for the City Municipal Transit System. She continued her career as the Manager of Accounting for Pierce Transit when the City Transit System became a county-wide transit system. She took an early retirement in October, 1983, after thirty years of service.

She enjoys art, oil painting, sewing and knitting and planning remodeling for her home. She remembers Market Street, in her youth, as a busy, active area with very few vacant stores.

Wesla Jane MacArthur, daughter of John Wesley and Estella Burwell Whealdon, was born in Tacoma in 1914. She was a secretary and a homemaker and has always enjoyed reading, especially mysteries or books about archeology.

Her youngest son and her daughter are third-generation Tacoma born. Her maternal grandmother's brother (her great uncle) used to tell her stories about hunting for deer on North K Street near 719 No. K where she later lived.

Charlotte Anne Plummer Medlock, the daughter of Donald I. and Helen Atkinson Plummer, was born in Seattle and lived there for a year before her parents moved to Lakota Beach in South King County. Her family moved to Tacoma in 1930 where she still resides. She is a homemaker, wife, mother of six children and grandmother of fifteen grandchildren.

When her family was grown, "Polly" as she is known, turned to the study of genealogy to search for family roots. Researching local histories and newspapers has provided her with an opportunity to learn about Washington State history, a subject not required during her school days.

Doris Morisset, daughter of Fred and Ida McGinnis Forkey, was born in Spokane on October 26, 1911. She taught school in Ione and Dishman, Washington. She had five girls and two boys.

She and her husband, Noel, lived in Bellingham and came to Tacoma on their retirement in 1984. Her main hobby is reading.

Mary Elizabeth Olson, daughter of Frank Harlem and Emma Pennant Monta, was born in Tacoma on January 21, 1922. She was employed at the American Biscuit Co. and eventually became floor lady. She served several terms as president of the local Bakery and Confectionary Workers International Union of America.

Mary is fond of knitting and crocheting and uses her skills to make items for Christmas House. To Mary Tacoma is home. Whenever she is away she always feels a sense of well-being and contentment when she once again sees THE MOUNTAIN.

Gladys Para, daughter of G. Clement and Mildred Kohlhagen Hutchinson, came to Tacoma Junction in 1939 from Spokane, where she was born. She graduated from Cle Elum High School and from Washington State University, then married and raised her family in Othello. She now lives in Gig Harbor, where she studies and writes local history.

She remembers her naive disbelief at the furtive haste in which her Japanese-American classmates' families were torn away from her neighborhood; and the extravagantly admiring comments about the Anglo wife of an internee who accompanied him to the Puyallup Fair-ground camp, as though she could have chosen not to.

Madeline A. Robinson, daughter of Joseph Warter Sr. and Elizabeth Oswald Warter, was born at 631 No. Fife Street in Tacoma. She was active in PTA, St. Patrick's Church and the Stadium Association which was instrumental in rebuilding the Stadium Bowl after the 1949 earthquake. Throughout her life she has been interested in writing.

Madeline took walks around Tacoma and down to Andrew Foss' boat when sidewalks were just

paths. There are many streets in Tacoma and roads in Pierce County which were paved by her father. Her memories include going on jobs with him when she was very young and waiting quietly until lunch time when he would come and eat with her.

Wilma Snyder, daughter of William H. and Neva Willis Ittner, was born in the Tacoma General Hospital on March 18, 1918. Her son and grandson were born in the same hospital.

She taught first grade in Sprague and in Tacoma. While serving as a reading specialist in Tacoma she started writing freelance historical articles for the magazine section of the Sunday Tacoma News Tribune. She remembers a bleak trip on a cold wintry day during the winter of 1930 to see the aircraft carrier the U.S.S. Lexington, which was in Tacoma to supply needed electrical energy.

Fred Stiegler, son of Otto and Anna Landgraf Stiegler, was born in South Tacoma in 1911. The Stiegler family came to the United States in 1909 on the Mauritania out of Liverpool, England. His father helped build the Union Station.

Fred was a nursery manager and landscape designer and now enjoys nature study, specifically mycology. He is also interested in Northwest History, writing and carpentry. Fred worked at Washington Door and was active in Union affairs with a sharp memory of the Lumbermen's Strike in 1935. He was owner/operator of a grocery store in Moclips, Washington from 1945-1949.

Fred has pleasant memories of climbing mountains with his father, clam digging at Copalis Beach, Washington and attending Fourth of July celebrations at the Stadium Bowl.

Jack Sundquist, son of Erick and Hilma Haglund Sundquist, was born in Tacoma General Hospital in 1922. He was an elementary teacher in Tacoma and since retirement has enjoyed tracing his family history through genealogy and travel. He is also interested in history and fishing.

He can remember when downtown Tacoma was a "beehive" of activity with streetcars and cablecars the main forms of transportation.

Margaret Thurston Whitis, daughter of Leslie Earl and Christina Ellen Thurston, came to Tacoma in January of 1943, arriving on New Year's Day. She came to work in defense work as a clerical secretary. Her first job was in the laundry facility at Fort Lewis.

Margaret was born in Minnesota, lived in Eastern Montana until age 14, then moved with her parents to Sunnyside, Washington. Having always lived in small communities, Tacoma fascinated Margaret. It was an adventure to her to ride city busses and to have an opportunity to attend cultural and civic events. She remembers the lending library at Rhodes Department Store.

Leo Yuckert, son of Henry and Emma Vogel Yuckert, was born at home in a house near South 21st and Cushman. He served one year as a secondary school teacher and 34 years with the Federal Aviation Traffic Control.

Leo remembers a summer day when he hitchhiked with neighborhood kids to Pierce County Airport to see Harold Bromley's plane after it had crashed on takeoff for a planned non-stop flight to Tokyo.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

HOMES

Beginnings in a Nineteenth Century Home	Robert Doubleday 1
Our Skinny House on the Hill	Jack Sundquist 8
Back to My Beginnings	Wesla MacArthur 13
We Raised the Roof at 829 South Steele Street	Wilma Snyder 19
In the Abstract	Dick Jackman 25
First Home--Second Home, 7819 and 7821 South G Street	Mary Olson 30
Tacoma, Here We Come	Mary Etta Doubleday 35
This is Home	Eunice Huffman 37

NEIGHBORHOODS

Old Neighborhood	Angeline Bennett 41
Oasis for the Thirsty	Eunice Huffman 43
Sixth and Proctor - The End of the Line	Phyllis Kaiser 49
St. Paul Avenue Community	Jack Sundquist 57
Fern Hill--My Neighborhood	Mary Olson 65
The Slavs and Old Town	Wilma Snyder 71
South 23rd and K	Robert Doubleday 81
Penalty for Cash	Eunice Huffman 85

Along Sixth Avenue From Steele Street to Pine Wilma Snyder 87

Little Russia Phyllis Kaiser 94
& Wilma Snyder

Little Italy Phyllis Kaiser 101
& Wilma Snyder

Memories of the K Street District Katheren Armatas 108

The "Kids" Mary Etta Doubleday 115

Never a Dull Moment Wesla MacArthur 117

Neighborhood Entrepreneurs Mary Etta Doubleday 121

The Street Where I Lived Jing Chuan Ling 124

Fife School Days Gladys Para 128

SCHOOLS

Three Generations at Hawthorne Angeline Bennett 134

School Bells Ringing Mary Etta Doubleday 141

Off to School Robert Doubleday 145

To School on Foot Eunice Huffman 150

Holy Rosary Elementary School Mary Olson 153

The Beginning of a Long Career in the Public Schools Wilma Snyder 158

FIRST JOBS

"Spot a Gon on the Wye" Robert Doubleday 169

The Russians Paid in Cash Phyllis Kaiser 175

I Made a Job of My Own at Stadium High	Wesla MacArthur 180
Electrifying Job in the '30's	Eunice Huffman 182
Berry Picking in Puyallup	Mary Olson 185
It's the Berries	Jack Sundquist 189
Handyman at Virges Drug	Jack Sundquist 192
They Even Dealt in Furs	Terry Grant 194
The Ups and Downs of My First Job	J. Smith Bennett 201
Oscillator vs. Osculator	Margaret Whitis 205
<u>THINGS TO REMEMBER</u>	
Fishing with Papa	Jack Sundquist 209
Steamboat's a-Comin'	Robert Doubleday 213
What's in a Name, Anyway?	Phyllis Kaiser 220
Olympic Dairy Ice Cream	Jack Sundquist 226
Our First Automobile	Robert Doubleday 228
Union Station Blues	Wilma Snyder 232
A Beastly Beginning	Mary Olson 238
Stopover	Angie Bennett 241
Joseph Warter Sr., My Dad	Madeline Robinson 242
The Depression	Mary Olson 247
The Fleet's In	Jack Sundquist 253
Let's Go to the Movies	J. Smith Bennett 257

Hollywood by the Sea	J. Smith Bennett	262
St. Luke's Episcopal Church	J. Smith Bennett	266
I Won't Be Needing a Winter Coat	Doris Morisett	270
Indian Memories of my Childhood	Cecelia Svinth Carpenter	276
My Encounter with Freddie Steele	J. Smith Bennett	284
Manufacturing Gas	Amelia Haller	288
Religion, Symbolism and Tradition	Katheren Armatas	291
Flying High in Tacoma	Leo Yuckert	298
The Bismarck Fire	Fred Steigler	305
The Road Builder	Madeline A. Robinson & Wilma Snyder	309
Father's Work	Eunice Huffman	314

VOICES FROM THE PAST

Early Fern Hill and Tacoma	Wilma Snyder	313
Living Under Tacoma's 1886 Charter	Wilma Snyder	325
Signs of the Times	Robert Doubleday	330
Tacoma's Floury Past	Phyllis Kaiser	337
Out of the Blue	Mary Etta Doubleday	342
All Roads Lead to Rhodes	Robert Doubleday	349
Mabel Engebretsen Bunge	Amelia Haller	354
Dear Papa	Charlotte Plummer Medlock	358

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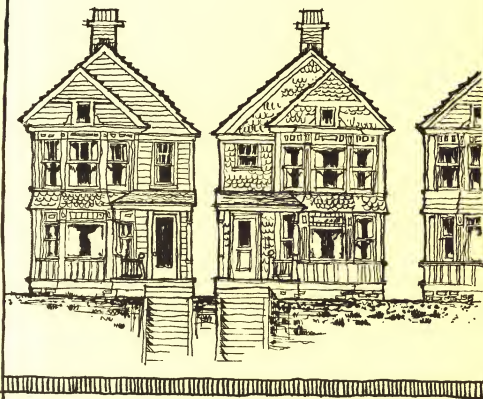
Some people took on extra responsibilities. They were: *Ann & Tony* Ann Sears, secretary; Robert Doubleday, treasurer; Phyllis Kaiser, illustration coordinator; Jing Chuan Ling, refreshment chairman; Ethel Spangler, typist and J. Smith Bennett, designer of the cover and separating pages for the divisions of the book. We especially want to thank Murray Morgan for writing the introduction.

The telephone reference desk and the Northwest Room of the Tacoma Public Library graciously answered questions to verify historical information and the Washington State Historical Society generously provided us with a meeting place.

No attempt was made to change any individual author's style but historical accuracy was a primary aim. Some of our writers wrote prose, others poetry, but regardless of the medium, the writing expresses individual experiences. A few authors, who enjoy research, extended their efforts to find and record some story about Tacoma which previously had little publication.

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Wilma Snyder, Editor



homes

BEGINNINGS IN A NINETEENTH CENTURY HOME

By Robert Doubleday

Our family home was at 2306 South Yakima Avenue. The house, gone now, was built in the 1890s and sold in 1901 by a man named Kronziger, to my grandfather, George Meyer, who proceeded to remodel and enlarge it to accommodate his family of six, soon to be seven, children. My father, in 1921, bought the house and this was my home until I married in 1937.

The two lots on which the house sat were unusually long and sloped from the alley down to Yakima Avenue. We had a fine view of Mt. Rainier, the Cascade Range, the tideflats and McKinley Hill.

Grandfather was a pretty fair carpenter..in his later years he was a car finisher (cabinet maker) for the Northern Pacific Railway in its South Tacoma shops. He added a two-story front section to the house, containing a living room and one bedroom on the first floor and a curved stairway leading to three bedrooms on the second floor. Since the building was constructed in two attempts it had some rather peculiar nooks and crannies that certainly made it different from the average run of house in the area. Typical of residential architecture of the time, it was a tall and narrow building, perched on a post-and-block foundation. My bedroom was on the second floor, many feet above the ground and when a good winter storm began to work on that old structure, I was sure - lying in bed at night - that I could feel the house sway under the pressure of a strong southwest wind.

In summer, with my bedroom window open, I could hear the southward bound steam locomotives panting and gasping their way up the old NP tracks through the gulch to South Tacoma.



The Robert S. Doubleday home at 2306 So.
Yakima Avenue, 1937. Courtesy of the author.

Over the original portion of the house was the attic, the entrance to which took off from the stairway landing on the second floor. On rainy days the attic was a fine place to poke around in with the hope of uncovering some surprise that had been missed on the last visit. Full of steamer trunks, dress forms, fruit jars, old kerosene lamps held over from the days before electricity, collections of postcards, National Geographics, Ladies Home Journals and souvenirs of World Fairs past, all covered with generous layers of dust, it encouraged dawdling away a few hours. In winter the patter of rain on the cedar shingles overhead added to the coziness of the scene.

The kitchen, in the style of the day, contained a large wood-burning cookstove with a capable woodbox along side, a table and four chairs, and a row of coathooks just inside the door. The floor was bare wood. There was no plumbing, cabinets or shelving in the kitchen; these were all in the pantry, such as they were. Illumination consisted of a drop cord from the center of the ceiling with one bare light bulb turned on or off by means of a button in the bulb socket. Entering a darkened room, one groped around blindly overhead until one found the bulb, then felt for the turnbutton. It was better than a kerosene lamp, but not much. There were no wall outlets or switches in any room in the house.

Security was not one of our concerns. We frequently went to bed at night with the outside doors unlocked and enjoyed a sweet sleep. There was hardly anything in the house that a burglar who knew his trade would want. We always entered through the back door and the rear of the house was as dark as the inside of a Black Angus steer. To thwart miscreants we would, if we were to be gone for a time, lock the back door with a pass-key, copies of which could be bought almost anywhere for two bits.

I'm pretty sure there were petty crimes of one sort or another going on around town but we were not troubled by ill-doers.

In the late 1920's my father had the basement area enlarged and the floor paved with concrete so he could install his small printing plant. He had two letter presses, a paper cutter, stapler, composing stone, several fonts of type, "furniture" and other articles of the printer's trade. He had a modest job-printing business and he published Motor Line, a monthly trade magazine for the burgeoning motor coach passenger business. The whole family worked at the task of getting out this journal. Father did the writing, set most of the type and "made up" the pages. I operated the presses, cut paper into the proper size, and in the process, learned a little of the printer's trade. Mother and my sister, and occasionally, other visiting relatives, folded the sheets of paper, stapled the pages, and made them ready for mailing.

Our neighbors were a mixed lot. The Albert Nelson family were thrifty Scandinavians. He was a motorman with the streetcar company and their son Philip was one of my pals. There were Leander Campbell, a black man and a railroad porter, and his wife Julia; the McFaddens, Dominic and Bessie, Irish as can be, who had no electricity in their house; Dominic believed electricity was a mysterious, and perhaps, evil force. Lewis Ott was a Swiss house painter, a fine gardener, and rumored to have been the model for the statue of Abraham Lincoln which graced the entrance to Lincoln High School. The Lemishes, recent European immigrants, owned a shoe repair shop; the Oscar Johnsons -- he was a meat cutter in Frye's downtown market -- and their boys, Roy and Richard, were in our neighborhood gang; the Laybourns, Alf and Mildred, had immigrated from England to Canada and then to the United States. Alf owned and operated for many years, a cigar store in the lobby of the Tacoma

Building and was known by the tenants as "Scotty." They had three sons, one of whom, Alfred, has been my lifelong friend. I'm sure I've missed some names, but that was a long time ago and my memory has leaked out a lot of information in the intervening years.

Our neighborhood was unusually blessed with vacant lots. The two that adjoined our house to the north had been taken over by my father for his ever expanding vegetable garden but he had set aside an area just for kids and built for us an earth-bound sailboat, about 20 feet long, complete with fo'c'sle, mast, boom, bowsprit and tiller. We boys were pirates at times, explorers at others, and didn't mind at all that we never got wet or seasick on our ship.

On other vacant lots we dug tunnels to "secret rooms," built Indian teepees, and of course, played the usual varieties of games: red light, run sheep run, kick the can, and some of our own devising.

An unexpected and exciting event occurred in 1924 when the lighter-than-air dirigible, **Shenandoah**, queen of the U.S. Navy's rigid airship fleet, visited Tacoma on October 18. The town turned out to gaze at that great, silver shape cruising serenely overhead. The **Shenandoah** moored after dark at the mast erected for that purpose on the prairie near where McChord Field is now located. Many of the citizens chugged out to the mast in their Model T's and parked with headlights on so the line-handling crew could see better to do their job, normally a daytime operation. It was a momentous day!

It was about the same year that electronics first entered our home in the form of a crystal radio set. My father, always eager to try anything new, acquired this contraption complete with cat's whisker, headphones and tuning coil, and proceeded

to erect an antenna between our garage and the house. We were thrilled by the voices of the "Wil-Wite Singers" emanating from the studios of KMO on the roofgarden of Rhodes Brothers Department Store in downtown Tacoma. The singers advertised the merits of Wil-Wite woolen knitwear, a local product. The signal was weak; only one person at a time could listen, and others in the house had to tip-toe around. But it was a thrill. We all took turns enjoying this marvel. Father was devoted to it.

There were a number of abandoned houses in the neighborhood in varying stages of decomposition. They were always good for a few hours of exploration. In one of them in our later years, we boys decided to set up an exercise room. This was at a time when we all had secret hopes of becoming great muscular specimens. So we rounded up some sheets of cardboard, nailed them to the walls, scrounged some old mattresses (I'm happy to say that I don't recall where we got them), made some primitive weight-lifting gear out of water pipe and cans filled with sand, and turned out almost every evening with lots of sweating, grunting and groaning to lend an air of authenticity to the proceedings. Only one of us ever made it to "muscle-edom." The rest of us backslid terribly and gave it up.

My father died in 1943 and shortly afterward Mother sold the house and printing plant. A few years later the house was torn down. I have revisited the site of the old place and was unable to locate the foundation, sidewalks, or any other part of the structure under the rank growth of trees and blackberry vines. Two or three of Father's fruit trees are still there, the only evidence of our presence on that piece of ground.



House at 710 South J Street. Courtesy of the author.

OUR SKINNY HOUSE ON THE HILL

By J. L. Sundquist

Between 1934 and 1936 our family lived at 710 South J Street. I remember the dates because I was going to Jason Lee Intermediate and my little sister was going to Central School. That day I was supposed to go down to Central and pick her up and I forgot, leaving a very frightened little sister waiting at the school door, not knowing the way to the new house. She never let me forget that. On moving day Mama had to do all the packing and unpacking because Papa was working. When I got to 710 there were boxes and packages all over the floor. We slept there that night in wonderful confusion. Mama hated moving.

Most of the houses on the west side of J Street between 7th and 8th were built on the same pattern. They were, and are, for they still stand tall and narrow, for they were built on 25 foot lots and had only about four feet between them. Their projecting roofs nearly touched. They were built on reversed patterns so the front porches of two were next to each other like neighbors gossiping over a back fence. The front door opened into a long hallway with a stairway to the second floor on the outside wall. One doorway led off the hall to the front room, another further down opened into the dining room, and at the end of the hall a third door led into the kitchen. The trim around the doors, windows and baseboards was of beautifully fluted wood. A main feature of our front room was the large Sears radio which gave us "One Man's Family," Walter Winchell, and the "Jack Benny Program" by J-E-L-L-O. The dining room had a large wood heater in a corner and in the ceiling above the heater was a square metal vent which allowed the heat to reach the middle upstairs bedroom. In the back was a large kitchen with plain wooden cupboards and a wood cookstove.

Upstairs there was a small bedroom over the front porch, where I slept, two bedrooms on the side and one in the back with the bathroom between the two back bedrooms. The bathroom had a clawfoot bathtub and a toilet with a box hanging up on the wall with a dangling chain.

Our small backyard had space for a garden and a single garage with a woodshed. When a load of wood was delivered it was my job to throw it into the woodshed and stack it. I envied those who could afford planer ends, we always got regular rough-cut wood with the bark on. The rough wood left tiny slivers in your hands and arms which would lie there and annoy you for days.

Dr. Weyer, a drugless physician, lived at 708, the house on our north side. He was a short, quiet, graying man with a quieter wife. His principal equipment seemed to be a large coffin-shaped box with a lid lined with lightbulbs.

Just south of us in 712 lived two elderly women, Mrs. Florence Ford and Mrs. Beecher. They lived quietly, their sole interest seemed to be their cats. It seemed they grew catnip in the backyard and their cats would have orgies.

The Moriartys lived in 714; he worked at the Tribune in the printing department. His son Jimmy and I were friends. In 716 lived the Morrills. They had a daughter named Marjorie. In the summer of 1936 I learned to play Monopoly on a homemade set in her backyard. It became a passion for me and by summer's end I could name the rentals on every place on the board as well as tell where one would land on a roll of eight by the dice. We played all day in the grape arbor, shaded from the summer sun.

Papa bought a new, gray, four-door Ford in 1936 when we lived on J Street. It was the first new car he had ever purchased. The salesman was Mr.

Mamaliti, a small, short, chubby man, who gave us candy and always smiled. I have the receipt for \$100 when my father traded our 1926 Studebaker for the Ford. He was to make payments of \$25 per month, which was more than we were paying for rent. But it was a beautiful car and Papa drove it until 1948 when he purchased a 1949 Ford.

Sometimes we would play "kick-the-can" in the back alley and shouts of "I spy so-and-so" would ring out. If you were spied you had to leave the game and stand by the side, but if someone would dash out and kick the can, everyone who was captured would dash wildly away before the "It" person could retrieve the can and reset it. Thus we enjoyed our youth in simple ways.

In the winter we would slide down 7th Street on our sleds between K and J Streets. We did not worry about cars coming down J for they were much fewer then and went much more slowly, and as children, we had that childlike oblivion of what tragedies might happen.

I joined a Boy Scout troop which met in the basement of the First Christian Church on 6th and K Streets. I did not get any further than Second Class because we spent many meetings playing "Fox and Geese" in Wright Park. Later I joined a troop at the First Presbyterian Church at Division and Tacoma Avenue and rose rapidly through First Class and Star to Life Scout with 21 merit badges. The merit badge examinations and awards were held in the old County Courthouse with its great open center and golden oak stairways and woodwork.

Our front lawn at 710 had a seven foot bank. With our hand mower I would run up the bank as far as I could, perhaps five feet, and then let the mower run down the two feet from the top and pull it back up. It was a tedious job, even on a 25-foot lot. I used to make some spare money by mowing lawns for 25¢ but I never offered to mow a lawn with a high bank. One was enough.

Most of our neighbors were plain working people except for one. On the corner of 8th and J was the large, white residence of Ira Davisson, the head of the Water Department of Tacoma. I knocked at his door several times when I was selling the old Liberty magazines for five cents. His wife would gently say, "No" - and that was it.

Today most of the houses are still there and some are gaudily painted like ladies of the night too old for their profession. Seven-ten is for sale for \$60,000. My father could have purchased it for \$1,500. Time is money.



Home reminiscent of style of 1918. Courtesy of Tacoma School District Print Shop.

BACK TO MY BEGINNINGS

By Wesla MacArthur

"Jump, everybody, jump!" Wesla Nell, Nancy and I jumped from our perch outside the porch railing to the grass just five steps down, where each of us "froze" in whatever position we happened to land. Timing of the jump had to be accurate so it would be seen by people on the passing street-car. No one ever got off at the corner to see if we were hurt, but we kept on trying. I don't know whether we wanted to be hurt, or whether we were just trying to give passers-by a thrill. In any event, the game kept us out from under our mothers' feet for hours at a time.

There was only one house between ours at 719 North K Street and the southeast corner of the intersection. For many years a family named Higgins lived in that corner house. There were two sons, Leonard and Harry, and one daughter, Betty, who was about my age. Len had one of the first crystal sets in the area. Every day, the entire neighborhood would check in to find out who or what Len had contacted during the night. Once in a while, he'd let Betty and me put on the headphones and listen to the crackling sounds. I was so excited about being allowed to put on the ear-phones that I seldom managed to concentrate enough to identify any sounds I heard as words. Len later worked for the Tribune as his father had. Harry was the older, and I looked on him much as I did on any grown man. It was hard for me, an only child, to realize that those two young men were really Betty's brothers. After Betty's father died, I think in about 1923, the family moved and we lost contact with them.

Some time later, another family moved into that house. They, too, were people completely outside my experience. Like the Higgins family, the Haleys were Roman Catholic. Mrs. Haley was a tiny,

delicate woman. She and her husband were separated. He lived in Canada and showed up in Tacoma regularly in August. He would take each of the children down town and outfit him from head to toe in new clothes, which were intended to last until he returned the following year. I couldn't imagine having enough money all at once to do that. The shopping spree lasted a week or two, but I don't recall ever meeting Mr. Haley face to face. In my childish mind, he must have looked something like a billfold.

As in many Roman Catholic homes, at least one of the children was expected to devote his or her life to the church. One of the older boys started his education to become a priest. For a reason I never heard, he didn't complete the training. One of the girls went into a convent. She really enjoyed the life and had but one task to complete her course, a task requiring a rigid period of fasting. She tried twice, but one of the church hierarchy refused to permit her to try a third time. She was sent to a TB sanitarium where she met the man whom she later married.

The youngest girl in that family was called Nancy, although she had been baptized Ann Frances. She became my special pal. her bedroom window and mine faced each other across our mutual side yard. We rigged up a pulley between those two windows, hung a small basket on a string, and sent notes to each other in the basket. Sometimes we even tried to ship cookies, candy, doll clothes and anything else we could think of that the basket might hold. We called each other Pulley Pal. Many years later, while living in New York City, I found a note in my mailbox inviting me to dinner. The note was signed "Pulley Pal." What a reminiscing visit we had!

Directly across K Street on the southwest corner of the intersection, lived Dr. Sydney McLean and his family. The oldest was Charles, who had a

long scar across his face where he had struck the side of a building while playing on a rope swing and there was a girl about my age named Rosebetty. The youngest of the three children was Sydney, always called Junior. His death was a tragic one which I'm sure none of us near the scene will ever forget. He was a very strong and athletic boy in his teens. He had taken a dare to cross the street on the high wires on a telephone pole. His friends were appalled when they saw he actually meant to do it. They were so shaken that they forced him to sign a paper absolving them and assuring anyone reading the note that it was Junior's idea alone. He almost made it, but fell on his head and shoulders so hard that his high-topped tennis shoes were wrenched from his feet. Charlie, home from a stay in a TB sanitarium, was taking his prescribed afternoon rest in the front bedroom upstairs. He heard Junior land and came barrelling out of the house without putting on his shoes. Junior lived only a few days, and when he became conscious he seemed to believe he'd been hurt in a bicycle race. Perhaps that was just as well.

On the northwest corner, directly across from the McLeans, was another doctor, Dr. Locke, and his family. They had one daughter named Wesla Nell and a son named for his father, Joseph Alan. Instead of being called Junior, the son was called by their mutual middle name of Alan and the father was called Joseph. Alan became a teacher in Tacoma many years later.

The fourth corner of our intersection was a large lot, which had somehow been cut down to the level of the alley which was halfway down the 8th Street hill. On the back of the lot near the alley was a two-story house which had turned a soft gray from the buffeting of many winter storms. There was something a bit mysterious about the Ward family who lived in that house; Mr. Ward was seen occasionally, but I don't recall ever

ever seeing Mrs. Ward. The City Directory assures me she was there. They had a son called Bud who was well-liked by all the boys in the neighborhood. A daughter, Josephine, but called Josie, had all the girls in the neighborhood in a state of constant terror. She was about my age, but didn't seem to go to school. However, she was nearly always outside when the rest of us were going to and from school. She threw rocks at all of us and her aim was deadly and painful. Our mothers did not encourage our getting acquainted with Josie but I never knew why. Now, of course, I'm certain that Josie desperately needed us all for friends. One rumor indicated that perhaps Josie was a victim of petit mal, but I've no proof of that being the mystery. Now there's a City Light sub-station on that lot and the old gray house and its mysterious occupants are gone.

One of my worst and most annoying failings has been an unchallenged ability to forget names. I recall a lovely lady who lived directly across the street from our home but I only remember her as Colonel Coiner's wife. She epitomized lady-like elegance to me. At one time, she gave me an Indian bracelet that one of her husband's Indian friends had made for her. She also gave me a pair of tiny doll moccasins made of deerskin and heavily beaded.

Next door to the Coiners lived Mr. and Mrs. Lee, their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, and their two children, a girl and a boy. Both were sufficiently younger than I so that I wasn't interested in them for playmates. There was another man who showed up there occasionally, Percy Lee. He lived out of state somewhere and was rumored to be an artist. Many years later, while I was living in New York City, I went with a friend to the spring art show in Greenwich Village; the streets were lined with paintings and ceramics. Hopeful artists made charcoal sketches

of people willing to pay a small fee. Each artist was responsible for the sale and safety of his own works, a duty sometimes shared with a friend. My friend and I came across some paintings of Mt. Rainier in the spring, some of the Olympics, and a few quite obviously of the Cascades. My friend kept protesting that, while the paintings were lovely, they were not realistic. "After all," she argued, "everyone knows that flowers don't grow right in the snow like that." Nothing I said would convince her. Just then, I noticed a very well dressed man strolling nearby who seemed to be watching Kay and me. I looked at him, went back to look at the signature on the disputed pictures, went back to him and said, "You're Percy Lee, aren't you?" He laughed then and replied, "And you are Wesla Jane. Thank you for vouching for the authenticity of my pictures."

In 1931, my father died in the large front bedroom at 719 No. K; the following year my grandfather passed away, and the next year my grandmother was buried. For a time, my mother, my brother and I lived in the K Street house, while my mother's sister, Aunt Leona, lived all by herself in the old family home on No. Junett. Running back and forth between the two houses, carrying meals and checking on each other's welfare became tedious. Because the K Street house could be rented more easily than the larger home on Junett, we moved in with Aunt Leona. Twenty years later, my husband and I, with our three small sons, returned to Tacoma and rented the K Street house from my mother. I was back to my beginnings.



Bungalow home at 829 So. Steele. My father posed with buggy used for my twin sister and me, 1918. By courtesy of the author.

WE RAISED THE ROOF AT EIGHT-TWENTY-NINE SOUTH STEELE STREET

By Wilma Snyder

My mother was pregnant when my parents, William and Neva Ittner, bought the house at 829 South Steele Street for \$1500. That was in 1917. It was a one-story bungalow, but when the expected child turned out to be twins, they felt the need of more space and it was made into a two-story house. My sister and I can literally take credit for raising the roof. The second story added two more bedrooms, two walk-in closets, a sewing room and attic space. From time to time, good use was made of the extra room when my mother, following a pattern set by her parents, took in relatives who were temporarily in need of housing.

The house had a small front porch which was the setting for many picture-taking sessions on birthdays, holidays, or family reunions. The front porch opened into a small hall which had an archway leading to the living room. The same sort of archway was between the living and dining rooms. Pedestals with supporting pillars were part of each archway, more decorative than architecturally necessary.

The woodwork was dark and so was the furniture. A mohair davenport had a matching chair which was my favorite place to curl up in and read. Two oak rockers provided extra seating space. One was covered with leather, but the other had an elegant rose velvet and tapestry cushion made by my mother. An oak library table and a fernery, with a Boston fern, which set in a bay window, completed the living room furnishings.

The dining room set was also oak with chairs covered with brown leather. The top of the round table was so smooth I delighted in rubbing my hand over its shiny surface. Years later when I felt

the smoothness of a slave block in New Orleans, I was reminded of the feeling of our old dining room table. (Innumerable pairs of bare feet had worn down the slave block to the same sleekness.) The table had several leaves which could be used to extend its size for company. Then the Bavaria china, the 1847 Rogers silverplate and the etched crystal glassware were brought out for the festivities. The china and silver sparkled on the Irish linen tablecloth. We weren't well-to-do, but my mother liked to set a nice table and my father was a good host. He knew how to carve a turkey--almost a lost skill.

A hand-wound oak phonograph stood in one corner of the dining room. If I happen to hear old tunes such as, "Linger Awhile" or "Wonderful One" or "Doodle-Dee-Doo" or "Ain't We Got Fun" I remember those old 78 records being played on the Victrola. Many nights my sister and I fell asleep to the music of the twenties as my parents entertained their friends.

The walls of the house were plastered and calcimined. At one time my mother took up the fad of what was called "stippling" and by using a sponge dipped into different colors of calcimine, turned the plain wall into a dizzying pattern. It wasn't long after that the walls were finally papered. The carpeting in the living room and dining room were generally nine-by-twelve's which left exposed a border of varnished fir flooring which had to be dust-mopped often.

The two downstairs bedrooms were sparsely furnished. My parents' bedstead was brass; my sister and I had an iron bedstead which had been gilded. We used to entertain ourselves by clicking out popular tunes with our fingernails on the iron and took turns guessing what the tune was by the rhythm. The dressers in both rooms were oak; the two parts of one set being divided - only my sister and I didn't have a mirror.

The bathroom was a tiny room at the back of the house, entered into by a narrow hall from the kitchen. It had no heat. The wash basin was a tiny corner installation. Even the faucets were tiny. In winter, the warm bath water would make the cold walls sweat. I usually shunned the bathroom, but in warm weather I used to sit on the edge of the long bathtub and watch my father shave. A leather strap for sharpening his straight edge razor hung from a hook on the wall. This strap was sometimes used for spanking. My mother was usually the disciplinarian, but once she asked my father to "do the honors." He evidently felt differently about the punishment -- I don't remember the crime. He told my sister and me to holler and he slapped the wall with the strap. That was one time when I liked that little room, but I didn't like it so well when it became my weekly chore to clean it. I should record another traumatic event concerned with that room. My father got blood poisoning from a barnacle cut and fainted in the bathroom. He was a tall man and somehow he fell, his head slipping under the tub. My mother called an ambulance and the drivers had a difficult time maneuvering the stretcher through the hall and into the bathroom, not to mention getting his head out from under the tub. They took him to the Northern Pacific Hospital and his arm was packed in ice. They talked about amputation, but the doctor said to stick with the ice for a few more hours. Since my father had lost parts of the two middle fingers on that hand, it could have jeopardized his job as a railroad brakeman to lose more. But the icepack did the job and he recovered nicely.

Furnishings in the kitchen were dwarfed by the big, black Majestic range which sat directly on the floor. My mother managed to bake cakes, pies and bread without a temperature gauge. Planer ends were burned in the stove and the ash fell into a box. Of course, the ashes had to be dumped and as soon as we were old enough, my sister and I had this chore to do as well as carrying in wood from

the woodshed. We also helped throw the wood into the shed when it was dumped by the fuel company.

We became competent at jobs which might have been assigned to a brother, if we had one. The trusty range also provided us with hot water; coils in the stove heated water which circulated into a 30 gallon tank which sat in the corner of the kitchen. A Kitchen Queen, a drop-leaf table and four chairs were the rest of the furnishings of this room which was completely functional, not beautiful.

A large walk-in pantry opened off the kitchen. It had cupboards and drawers for the storage of utensils and food. The two cupboards had screened openings which were used as coolers--before the days of refrigerators. Later this pantry was remodeled into a breakfast nook.

The only other heat for the house, in addition to the kitchen range, were two electric heaters with eighteen-inch registers installed below floor level in the living room and the dining room. The registers got hot enough to burn grilled patterns on the soles of shoes, but they were comforting things to stand over while getting ready for bed on cold winter nights. My mother often heated fair-sized rocks on the heaters, wrapped them in towels and put them in our bed at night. They stayed warm longer than hot water bottles. It was unusual to have electric heat as early as 1922, the year it was installed. When the workmen had the galvanized tin holders installed but before the coils were installed, my sister fell in one of the boxes. She was terribly frightened, thinking that she would be burned, but was comforted and shown that it could not happen.

The back porch, though small, was also functional. When my mother bought a washing machine with a hand wringer, she had one stationary tub installed for rinsing. During the hottest months of the

summer, the tub was used as a makeshift ice box. It would hold 50 pounds of ice, and there was built-in drainage--no dumping of an overflow pan. The ice was covered with newspaper and some very heavy canvas to keep it from melting too fast. Washday had to be accommodated to ice delivery days.

About 1940 the dark woodwork throughout the house was painted an off-white; floors were sanded and refinished in a natural tone. Gray wallpaper with a rose design replaced the stippled walls and rose carpets were purchased for both the living and dining rooms. A new dining room set which could be labeled "Early Grand Rapids" was put in the dining room. There was a buffet to match and my mother bought a mirror in an art-nouveau frame to hang above it. A tapestry of dancing gypsies hung from a wrought iron rod, replacing the picture of dead rabbits and pheasants which had previously decorated the dining room walls.

New bedroom furniture was purchased and the old was relegated to the upstairs rooms. The sewing machine which previously had been stored behind a door in the dining room, was moved to the upstairs sewing room. My mother made all of her own things and those for my sister and me plus such things as pajamas, bathrobes and smoking jackets for my father. She augmented the family income by doing dressmaking for people outside of the family and never lacked for garments to make. She was a beautiful seamstress as well as a designer.

The backyard had several fruit trees; apple, cherry, pear, plum and prune, and at various times, blackberries, raspberries and loganberries. We kept some chickens at one time and I learned to like sunflower seeds by picking them out of the feed we purchased for the fowl. My father took care of the outside and my mother's domain was the house. My sister and I helped both parents.

Our house was a comfortable and happy place to live and I really had no worries until I was old enough to understand what "the depression" meant. My mother was a worrier and I presume I caught my concern from her, as I don't recall my father being overly pessimistic. Our home was paid for two years after it was purchased, but my father's records show that he was off the working list for the freight division of the Northern Pacific for the first three months of 1929. His total salary that year was \$1,814.73, which was slightly above the national average of \$1,749 for railway workers. However, he had given up a life insurance policy which was not reinstated, and at his death in 1934, our family had just a small savings account of \$1,000 which we lived on until a year later, when my mother remarried.

In spite of depressions, death and a step-father to adjust to, the fact that I had lived in the same house for 20 years gave me some feelings of stability, so 829 South Steele Street was always "home."



829 So. Steele became a two-storied home after roof was raised in 1922. Courtesy of author.

IN THE ABSTRACT

By Richard Jackman

At about 3:00 a.m., January 1, 1949 as my wife and I were returning from a New Year's Eve party, we came to the intersection of 38th and McKinley Avenue and noted that the fire station doors were open and that there was a red glow in the clouds. Each of us said something like, "That looks close to home." As we rounded the corner of Howe Street we exclaimed, "My God! It is home."

Flames leaped from the front window and reached high above the eaves. We stopped our car behind the fire engine just as two hoses were directed at the blaze.

"Our boys, dear God, our boys" my wife sobbed. Quickly I got the attention of the fire captain and told him of our fears. He quickly gave the order to lay another hose, directed at the upper rear bedroom, and a ladder was run up that side.

It seemed like an hour before the flames were conquered enough so that the firemen could determine for sure that no one was in that bedroom or anywhere in the house. Just about the time we knew for sure that the boys weren't there, two young teenagers and a sub-teen came trudging up the slope, their faces showing awe and shock at what confronted them.

Before leaving for the party, my wife and I had dispatched the boys to a show at the Temple Theater, expecting that they would be home long before we were, but the Temple had a new show starting at midnight. Our boys had ducked under the seats when the house cleared and popped up for the late show! When the late show was over no busses were running and the boys had to walk home. Had the house not burned, their bottoms would have for pulling that

trick, but of course, punishment was not on our minds when we were reunited.

After the insurance was paid, we had clear title to the lots and the wreckage. A small house next door was vacant at the time so we were able to occupy that while we salvaged what we could and build a new house on the same foundation. Credit was easy then; $5\frac{1}{2}\%$ for a \$12,000 loan on a 25 year contract.

I had originally purchased the house from Dan Gerontis, who had owned it for more than 20 years, having purchased it from someone named Sorenson, who had built it more than a decade before that. Gerontis had jacked up the house, dug a basement, built a concrete foundation and made a few other improvements.

Thirty-eight, thirty-nine East Howe is about 18 feet closer to the street than any other house on Howe Street. At the time that McKinley Park Fourth Addition was added to Tacoma, there was a "grandfather clause," allowing houses to be built on existing foundations of previously built ones. Before the 25 year contract expired I borrowed \$5,000 more for redecoration and reroofing, so it was a full 30 years before payments were complete and the abstract was delivered to me. Meanwhile, I had acquired all of the lots between my house and East 40th Street.

The abstract is a curious document, beginning with a Land Patent to one "James Sitwell (old), and his wife, Cholidad Sitwell," for 102.3 acres of the Puyallup Indian Reservation. It was dated January 1, 1886 and signed by President Grover Cleveland (or his representative). In the 40-odd typewritten pages which follow, detailed information is given as to how, when and to whom the acreage was whittled away by Cholidad Sitwell and her daughter, Mary Bird. James Sitwell died in 1890, leaving one daughter, Mary, who married James

Bird. So far as can be determined from the archives of the Puyallup Tribe, Mary Bird had no children.

One presumes from the parenthetic "old" in the land patent that there must have been a younger Sitwell somewhere, but no mention of him appears in any existing records. The Puyallup Reservation once included 88,000 acres, the northern tip extending to Redondo Beach. Maps of all of it exist, showing individual ownership. In examining them I found that lot 19 of McKinley Park Fourth Addition, my property, happens to be the northeast corner of Section 15, Township 2, range three east of the Willamette Meridian. The old maps also show that Sitwell owned another tract on the Puyallup River, near where the Highway 99 bridge is located. There is even a picture of the house he owned there. According to law at the time, Indians owning reservation property had to live on it six months of the year in order to retain title. It would seem that the Sitwells must have built some sort of house just where my house is. The location is the highest point on Howe Street and it falls away sharply on the east and south sides. In Sitwell's day, it would have been a lot of trouble to hire horses and slip-scrapers and haul in dirt for the sake of having a level lot. Also, that high point gave a view of the rest of the 102.3 acres.

Old-timers tell me that a century ago, there was a small stream running in the draw to the east of my property. It came from a spring a block or so west of where McKinley Avenue crosses the railroad tracks. There was a sawmill there which had a millpond and it is also known that there was a small natural pond, where a few salmon spawned. That stream reached the Puyallup River near where the railroad bridge is now. The presence of the stream and pond very likely influenced the Sitwells to select the land I now own. Circa 1902,

the spring was diverted into the drainage system and most of its watercourse has long been filled; a short stretch of it still exists in the brush-filled gulch just east of my property.

A history of the Puyallup Tribe by Elizabeth Shackleford (Tacoma Public Library) mentions that James Sitwell was a close friend of John Slocum, the last officially proclaimed chief of the combined Puyallup, Muckleshoot and Nisqually Tribes, and that he succeeded Slocum upon his death, although he was never officially proclaimed chief. She also mentions that Sitwell was sometimes spelled Sutwulch.

Ethnologists place the Puyallup language in the grouping of native American tongues known as Salish, or Salishan. That language contains a number of guttural, labial and palatal twists, hard for most English speakers to duplicate and equally hard to spell. It would seem that "Sitwell" was probably a white man's rendition of an Indian word which may have been quite different. Even such a seemingly simple word as "Tacoma" doesn't sound exactly the same as in the original native pronunciation.

My abstract shows that Sitwell's property was eventually divided and subdivided...just frittered away. Nearly 30 acres of it remains undeveloped and in brush. All of it was, at one time or another, private property, but some has reverted to city ownership for non-payment of taxes. Some is reserved for streets and alleys, if they are ever needed.

A picture in the tribal archives shows fir trees on the riverbank side of the Sitwell property. Undoubtedly his entire holdings were forested, but the Indian records have no history of who did the logging, or when.

This picture goes with the
story on the following page.



Second home, 7821 South G Street. Courtesy of
the author.

FIRST HOME - SECOND HOME

A Move Next Door

By Mary Olson

When I was two, Mother and Dad decided that we needed a larger house. The little house at 1719 So. G Street where I had been born, had only four rooms; a kitchen, living room and two bedrooms - one of these was just a lean-to built on to the back of the house. So Dad went looking for a new home. At that time St. Ann's Parish had decided to get rid of the huge old house which they owned and which sat next to the church at 72nd and Park. When Dad heard this he was excited. Such a buy and such a big elegant house! Saying nothing to Mother, he purchased it and moved it in next door, cutting down most of the orchard to make room for it. Mother was appalled! Such a monstrosity. It was an enormous, old-fashioned house with 12 foot ceilings, no bath, no running water and long narrow windows which Mother hated ever after because it was impossible to find curtains that would fit them. Downstairs there were three large, square rooms and upstairs three huge bedrooms, one of which was 25 feet wide, the entire width of the house. However, Dad, being something of a carpenter, built an addition on the back to form a pantry and a large closet; plastered, painted and papered the whole house and piped city water (cold) into the pantry. In time it turned into a home and I have many fond memories of the house at 7821 So. G Street, but Mother never did get over the windows.

It never occurred to Dad that he had to have anyone's permission to move the house; after all, it was his. He hired a team of horses and moved it on rollers down Park Avenue. In order to get the huge old-fashioned house down the street Dad had to move all the rural mailboxes, which at that time were set on posts along the street. This posed no problem for Dad. He just dug them up and after the

house was moved, went back and reset them. He was very surprised when, a few days later, he was served with a warrant by a federal officer, charged with interference with the United States Mail! I don't know what, if any, penalty he paid. That part of the story was probably glossed over in the retelling if I know my Dad, but it was one of his better stories.

The little house was sold to an old couple, Mr. and Mrs. Aikins. He had been a cowboy on the plains of Canada. She was, I suppose, only in her 60's but I thought that she was ancient. Her back was so stooped that she could not straighten it. Now we would say "calcium deficiency," then I thought how hard she must have worked to have caused her back to bow so. I never had any living grandparents and so Mr. and Mrs. Aikins became "Gramma and Grampa" to me.

Next door to them was a little, dark-green house that was home to my dearest friend, Connie Aikins. She was Gramma and Grampa's real granddaughter but I don't remember any difference being made between us. If we were hungry and we always seemed to be, we could count on Gramma Aikins for some homemade bread and jam, anytime. The only rule was that we clean up after ourselves.

The tobacco that Grampa Aikins smoked came in big broad leaves which he crushed in the palm of his hand before filling his pipe. When we were caught smoking out back of the barn, Grampa made us each eat a leaf. It didn't cure us of smoking but it sure made us sick!

When I was about nine, Dad got a Sears-Roebuck toilet and installed it in the big closet off the dining room. What luxury! No more going outside on cold winter mornings! Of course, neither the dining room nor the closet were heated so I don't suppose it made that much difference. But it was definitely more elegant! Dad and the boys still

had to dig holes to empty the contents of the bucket, but that didn't concern me as it wasn't my job!

Another great improvement was the telephone. Ours was on the wall by the kitchen window, next to the table. As we grew older we spent a lot of time playing cards at Mr. and Mrs. Baker's. They lived on the corner of 78th and G, a whole block away, but by looking out our kitchen window we could see into their dining room window where their phone was. We were on the same party line, so when Mother wanted us to come home, she would call their number then hang up so that the phone would ring at their house, then watch through the window until she saw someone take down the receiver on their phone before picking up her receiver again. Complicated, but it worked.

Only the first floor of the house had any heat; really only the kitchen and living room, since the dining room doors were usually shut to keep the heat in the two rooms that had stoves. The kitchen was heated by the cook-stove, of course, and the living room by a wood and coal heater that had mica windows in its front door so that you could see the fire glowing inside.

There was no heat in the bedrooms nor on the stairs or in the hallway leading to them. In winter the rule was firm; you never left the door between the kitchen and the hallway open. No heat was allowed to escape from the downstairs living quarters into the freezing bedroom area. It was so cold in that hallway that Mother had Dad build a shelf under the stairs and place a slab of marble on it. On this was kept the milk, butter, eggs and anything else that had to be cold. Even in summer that hallway never warmed up.

We also kept our bikes under the stairs, safe from thieves and handy to roll out the front door.

Dad even kept his roofing nails there to keep them dry. One of my earliest memories is of the time one of the cats had her first litter of kittens on the top of an open keg of nails and then abandoned them there. Mother somehow trained the mother cat to nurse her babies and she turned out to be a good mother after a little instruction.

The kitchen stove consisted of a fire-box, an oven big enough to bake a weeks' supply of bread, a reservoir on the side for water which never held enough hot water for a really hot bath, but always had plenty of hot water for dishes. The water was ladled out of the reservoir with a dipper, a cup with a long handle on it.

Above and to the back of the stove were two warming ovens. Here were put biscuits to keep warm and plates to be heated. There were also little, round shelves which folded up when not in use. These could be used to hold any small thing that you wanted to keep warm. One might hold the tea pot, covered with its own cozy.

The oven door was an especially important part of the stove. Opened, it let all of the heat out into the kitchen, and provided warmth on Saturday night, when the old galvanized wash tub was placed on the floor in front of it for baths. The first child to come downstairs in the morning would claim it as his spot to warm up before being forced back to his icy bedroom, to dress for school. Try sitting on your oven door sometime! No, don't--you'll have a big repair bill!

Oh, those were the "good old days!" Well, of course, I didn't have to cut the wood or carry in the coal to feed that iron monster. I did have to clean out the ashes from under the fire-box and the oven. I also had to clean up the mess I always made when I did it. So maybe the "good old days" had a few drawbacks. But they are fun to remember.



The R. J. Peirson home, 4642 McKinley Avenue, 1930.
Courtesy of the author.

TACOMA, HERE WE COME

By Mary Etta Doubleday

We moved to Tacoma in 1918. My father, R. J. Peirson, was a millwright. My only memory of that eventful moving day was getting off a streetcar with my mother and brother, who was carrying all our shoes in one big bag. I was three years old.

My father had been working for the Canadian Pacific Railroad in Bull River, British Columbia, and when that tie-mill closed down, my parents decided on the move to Tacoma, a likely mill town. Both parents were Canadian-born and immigration laws at that time required that husbands go through the naturalization process. My mother was more than a little surprised when she received a letter inviting her to attend night school classes to learn to speak English.

During our 30-plus years in Tacoma my father worked as a millwright (men who built and maintained mills) and as a carpenter in various sawmills, for the most part at St. Paul and Tacoma Lumber Company. During his final years of work he received medical coverage paid for by the company, but never did he achieve a paid vacation. We were fortunate that he was steadily employed during the depression. Fortunate is the word, since my mother worried volubly that if he might miss even a day's work we would immediately "go over the hill" to the poor house." He worked through the unionizing days with their strikes and violence. In other words, he was a "scab," for which a "wimp" who lived next door and who had never done an honest day's work, beat him up as he got off the streetcar after working all day. Another working neighbor's garage was bombed one night. When the pressure was finally too much, my father joined the Carpenters Union. Their monthly publication was named Carpenters and Joiners, and I assumed that the title referred to the original members who were

carpenters and all those who joined later.

My father bought a new house on the northwest corner of 48th and McKinley Avenue for \$1500. It had two bedrooms, one with a closet; a bathroom, living and dining rooms and a kitchen with no cupboards but with a sink attached to one wall. We had running water, electricity and a cesspool. Cesspools eventually filled to capacity and caved in--and that was an EVENT--and a SMELL! So you dug another, and on that 37½ foot lot I wonder how there was room for many digs.

My handprints are still in the front concrete sidewalk which my father poured. He built a garage and woodshed and dug a cellar under the house which filled with water whenever it rained. It was a real adventure to put on hip boots and navigate to the shelves where canned fruit and vegetables were stored.

It was on that small lot that I acquired my never ending love of flowers, for my mother grew them in profusion in every tillable inch of ground. My father rented a vacant lot across the street to grow vegetables and berries.

These were my surroundings for 19 years, until I was married, and after that moved from house to house.

THIS IS HOME

By Eunice Huffman

To many people it was only a house but to me it was the home in which two loving and caring people accepted me at age eight. They adopted me after the death of my birth mother and brought to my life the family stability every child needs.

The land on which our home was situated was given to my father by his mother and father. The house at 3707 McKinley Avenue was built by my father in 1919. The grandparents resided next door to us and were a great source of enjoyment to me in my growing period.

Seasons of the year can be remembered for specific happenings. Springtime meant that the semi-annual thorough housecleaning job was to be done. Every item in the house was either washed, aired, painted, waxed or scrubbed. Even mattresses were placed outside on sawhorses to be beaten and aired. The moving of the mattresses outdoors always caused a problem between Mother and me; she would always giggle and drop her end of the load and I would scold and urge her on. After the cleaning was completed, mothballs and moth crystals were concealed in all the furniture but their odor permeated the room and today when I smell mothballs I immediately think of home. Springtime was also the time for planting our vegetable garden in the small space we had in the backyard. Just the basic vegetables, such as carrots, onions, beets, possibly a row or two of peas and a few poles of beans, could be fitted into the small plot. The enjoyment of the harvest was well worth the effort.

Summertime was always a fun time in the backyard. Mother encouraged me to have friends over. We'd play outside and have various types of picnics which made it easy to fill up the yard with

friends. Summer also meant canning time as Mother preserved both fruits and vegetables. When I was old enough I also aided in this task. Root beer was made and stored in the basement and dispensed for a treat on hot days. When it was warm we often ate our evening meal on the back porch. We had a folding table that sat on the porch which was easy to open and set for outdoor eating or game-playing.

Autumn brought the anticipation of school commencing again. Most of my school clothing was made at home as Mother was an accomplished seamstress. McKinley Elementary School was directly across the street from our house and I was always eager for the doors to open and welcome me back after the long summer. An autumn task was to make sauerkraut for winter eating. A gunnysack of cabbage was purchased, shredded, salted and placed in a large crock. A plate was placed on top of the cabbage with a well-washed rock placed on the plate for a weight. The cabbage was then left to ferment and become kraut. The smell was very enticing and when I was in the basement I'd often sneak a bit of kraut from the crock. I never could understand how Mother knew I'd been in the crock, but she did. When the kraut was cured enough, Mother would preserve it in jars for later use. Before winter set in and the price of eggs rose, several dozen eggs were purchased and preserved in waterglass in a crock and stored in the basement. During the winter when baking was done, eggs were removed from the crock for that purpose but we never ate them at meals.

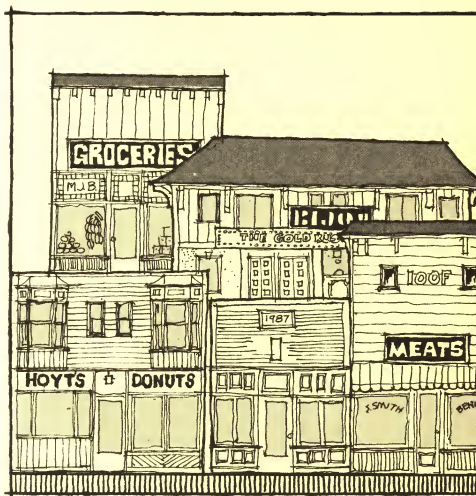
Winter was an exciting time. School years brought learning experiences; sports and in advanced grades, the anticipation of additional school activities. At home the family had parties with friends and relatives and their children were invited so I had friends to enjoy also. Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays were always a very special time. Either Mother or Grandma would

prepare great feasts, and aunts, uncles, cousins and parents would gather for the enjoyment of their efforts. I think Mother and Grandma competed in the cooking department. Winter also brought times of depression when it was rainy and gloomy. This was the time for much reading and sewing as we did not have a radio until later, when I was in high school.

Home was the place that gave me the guidance to make the choices between right and wrong. The discipline I learned while living at home has sustained me in troubled times through my adult years. It was at home that I learned of jealousy, when at age thirteen, my aunt and her ten-month old daughter came to live with my grandmother next door. Mother and Dad lavished a lot of attention on the baby through her growing-up years and it was difficult for me to learn to share that part of their love. It was in this home that I saw the sharing of love of two people for each other as my parents were very devoted to each other.

I also remember some sad as well as happy times. Both my grandmothers died while I was still at home. It seemed the sorrow of death was felt with grimmer sadness then than it is today. It was in this home that I was married and ventured off to a new era of my life.

Now when I think of that home I feel fortunate to have had people who chose me to be their little girl and make such a wonderful home for me. I've often wondered what path my life might have taken had I remained living with my maternal grandmother and her family where I had been taken after the death of my birth mother.



neighborhoods

OLD NEIGHBORHOOD

By Angeline Bennett

Wild blackberry vines
as serious as barbed wire
form a thorny fence
from alley to street.
Lots where houses stood
have long ago forgotten me
and grass, like old dreams,
goes its way unnoticed.

I hate encroachment
of nearby shops
and parking spaces.
There used to be moonlight
near that shed
conducting new-love lessons.

In young trees,
newcomers to the street,
birds sing
but not my song.
Only old cement steps
against the embankment,
chipped away by time,
mossy now, vine-covered,
desolate as remembrance,
remain to whisper feebly,
"I remember you."

The "old neighborhood" is the south side of
East 26th Street between D and E.



Old neighborhood. Courtesy of the author.

OASIS FOR THE THIRSTY

By Eunice Huffman

How could the passage of one law change the profile of a community?

On January 16, 1919, the 18th amendment to the constitution prohibited the manufacture, transportation, or sale of liquor. During the presidency of Franklin D. Roosevelt, this amendment was rescinded by the passage of Amendment XXI in February 1933. It was ratified by December 1933 and dispensing liquor again became legal.

Washington State passed an initiative allowing the sale of liquor; only beer and wine were allowed to be sold through public outlets, starting April 7, 1933. The first Tacoma beer license was issued to Roger's Confectionery on South 23rd and K Street. The control of liquor, however, was maintained by the State, and liquor was dispensed through State liquor stores only. Tacoma's first liquor store opened March 29, 1934 at 1008 A Street.

After licensing of beer taverns (no saloons allowed) became effective, McKinley Avenue district soon fell into step. The first tavern was opened by Willette and Vincent Duckwitz in 1934 at 3518 McKinley Avenue and was named "Duck's." In 1949 they moved into a new building at 3511 McKinley Avenue, still keeping the same name. After the death of Mr. Duckwitz, his wife continued to operate the tavern but eventually sold the business. Many operators and names have followed, but the place goes on as "Duck's."

The second tavern to start in the same year, 1934, was "Harry's Place" at 3519-B owned by Anna and Harry Jonczyk. Anna served hamburgers and



Opening day, January 23, 1950, Whylie's Cafe, 3405 McKinley Avenue. Courtesy of the author.

chili, and Harry was the bartender. In February 1946, the tavern was moved across the alley to a building Harry purchased at 3529 McKinley. After Anna's and Harry's deaths, the tavern was operated by their daughter and her husband, Dorothy and Gerald Kent. Eventually the business was leased to another operator, but still has the name, "Harry's Place."

In 1941 the third tavern joined the area; Lloyd Parkins opened his tavern at 3527 McKinley Avenue and named it "Parky's." It changed hands long ago but still operates at the same site under the same name.

These three taverns have operated as competitors within a block of each other from 44 to over 50 years and have maintained a friendly atmosphere for the beer drinkers.

State Initiative 171 authorizing "liquor by the drink" became effective March 2, 1949. On March 26, 1949, 15 State licenses were issued for the City of Tacoma and four in Pierce County. These licenses were issued conditionally because licensees had to prove they could eventually meet liquor board requirements.

My husband, Frank Whyllie, and I had owned and operated the Community Tavern on 56th and M Street since 1938, as well as other taverns in the county. Frank decided that he would like to own a cocktail lounge, so started the tedious task of securing a license. Licenses were being issued sparingly in the beginning years so it took some doing even to be considered. Frank proposed a site on 56th and M, but it was turned down so he looked to McKinley Hill where we had previously lived.

On the corner of 34th and McKinley in the McKinley Apartments, there was the Red Robin Cafe which was a lunch counter-type operation owned by Mrs. A.

Vasicek. In 1949 we purchased the Red Robin as it was a prerequisite to own and operate a restaurant before you could be considered for a cocktail lounge license. After getting conditional approval from the Washington State Liquor Control Board, remodeling was started for the lounge, on the gamble that it would be approved. At any time the Board could have said "no." The opening was planned for early January 1950, but the January 13th blizzard delayed the receiving of final furnishings and supplies. Whylie's Cafe officially opened on January 21, 1950 as a restaurant and cocktail lounge. At first, the taverns were not too pleased, as we could serve what they did plus liquor, but 60% of our gross sales had to be in food. We decided not to serve tap beer or wine, which would have cut into the tavern business, thus being more fair competitors.

The Liquor Board decided our area was not large enough. They required separation of restaurant and lounge, so in 1951 we purchased the Halo Beauty Shop next door and combined the two areas. We operated a Chinese restaurant and lounge on a conditional license, until after the death of Frank on July 9, 1952. Shortly after his death, the Board awarded me a permanent license. I took over the management of Whylie's Cafe until May, 1981, when it was sold to Dexter Hutton, but it still operates under the name of Whylie's Cafe.

Whylie's had the sole liquor license on McKinley Avenue until March 1957 when Ray C. Roberts, VFW Post #969 moved from 38th and Yakima to 3510 McKinley Avenue. Their operation was a bit different as it was a membership organization: they could serve liquor without the necessity of food service.

The last one to join the operators of taverns and bars in the local area was Sammy Wong, who opened the Sampan Restaurant at 3504 McKinley in

1972 and it had a lounge also. He operated the restaurant a few years and then sold. The place is now known as The Partnership.

One would wonder how an area of three blocks could support three beer taverns and three cocktail lounges. Possibly no other area could do it so successfully, but McKinley Hill people are very supportive of each other. Each place has its special customers who stick to one place, but other customers go from place to place, carrying the news of the Avenue.

Other beer and liquor establishments operate further up McKinley Avenue in the area of 40th and 64th Streets. My focus of McKinley Avenue has always run from 38th to McKinley Park, as that was the area I was allowed to travel as a child.



Ingvald Froslee (center), his cousin on his right, and the deliveryman at the far right. The two ladies also worked in the Horn-Holmes Store. Courtesy of Cora Anderson, niece of Ingvald Froslee.

SIXTH AND PROCTOR: THE END OF THE LINE

By Phyllis Kaiser

Tacoma was bustling with activity and noise on St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1938, when I arrived here with my parents and brother. For an eleven-year old, coming from the countrified town of Mount Vernon, our move was exciting. My father had closed his meat markets in Puyallup and Mount Vernon due to the strain of the depression, and had difficulty for many months finding steady work. When he was offered a steady job at the Savemore Super Market in Tacoma's Sixth and Proctor business district, it was a new beginning and exciting for the whole family. We first moved into a rented house at 3202 Sixth Avenue and four or five months later, to another rented house at 3825 Sixth Avenue.

Proctor was the end of the line for the Sixth Avenue streetcar. In that area the tracks made a complete circle, turning south between Gray Lumber Company and Big Six Service Station to South Seventh Street, west to Proctor Street, north to Sixth Avenue and east back towards town. Sixth Avenue was wide and paved with concrete as far as the streetcar tracks ran, however, beyond Proctor Street it was a narrow, two-lane, oil-mat road with loose gravel on the sides. I was fortunate to experience riding a streetcar before they were put out of service to be replaced by buses.

I remember my brother and I, with a group of neighborhood children, riding the Sixth Avenue Streetcar downtown to the Music Box Theater at Ninth and Broadway. Walt Disney's animated movie, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," the first color film to be shown in Tacoma, attracted crowds of children from all areas of town. I was fascinated! How different from the black and white Tom Mix cowboy movies I had watched in Mount Vernon! Street

cars made their final run on Saturday, June 11, 1938. Our family watched from the porch that evening as the Sixth Avenue car, decorated in appropriate regalia, loaded to capacity with shouting, cheering people, moved slowly along the avenue as if reluctant to end its era.

The business district at Sixth and Proctor, or the West End, as it was often called, had started to develop in the late 1920's. The Independent Lumber Company, later known as Gray Lumber Company, started in 1927 as the forerunner of other businesses. It was followed in 1928 by Big Six Service Station, Hoveland Drug Store, Horn and Holmes Company, and a small needlework shop. Other businesses soon moved in and it became a center that could serve the neighborhood with most of the necessities. The people in the neighborhood shopped within their own district, seldom traveling to other areas.

By 1938 there were nine businesses located adjacent to the southeast corner. The Hoveland Drug Store, shelves stocked with remedies for all the common ailments, was managed by William Hoveland, who always had time and was willing to help those seeking his advice. The Fireside Tavern and The West End Tavern were situated side by side and one wondered if either suffered from competition. Workers from the Narrows Bridge patronized taverns in the district. Their "bridge" talk, especially the tales told by the deep water divers who battled the enormous currents of the Narrows during construction of the tower piers, all added zest to the usual mundane tavern talk. The Big Six Service Station, open twenty-four hours a day with daytime mechanical service, was a blessing for many drivers. Gray Lumber Company was the only lumberyard in the west end of town and served much of the new construction for that area. Located from 603 to 611 South Proctor were H.F. Johnson's Barber Shop, Martha Elston's Beauty Shop, The Guard Cleaners and Dr. D.G. Nelson's dental office.

The Safeway Store was located on the southwest corner of Sixth and Proctor. Though all other area food stores suffered from competition and frequently changed ownership, Safeway remained Safeway at that location for many years.

Ten businesses were located adjacent to the northeast corner. The Savemore Market was where my father worked with Lee Clark, operating the meat market and Howard Normo operating the grocery department. William Johnson's Bakery advertised to the area daily with the aroma of freshly baked bread and rolls that no one could resist. Fred Fontana had a barbershop next to Fred Masser's Shoe Repair. Everyone took their shoes in to be repaired rather than buy new ones. When shoe rationing began in 1942, people became even more prudent about having their old shoes repaired. The West End Delicatessen was small and usually filled to capacity, having no competitor in that district. The Snak'n Tap Tavern was larger than either of the taverns across the avenue and had its equal share of the patrons. Mae Hitchcock's Dressmaking Shop was also a needlework store. My mother was especially fond of needlework and crocheting and probably patronized Mae Hitchcock's store with more interest than others. It later became known as The Sewing Basket. Walter Fowell had the grocery and meat market for only a short time. On the same northeast corner, facing Proctor Street, was the Chez-Ma-Lu Beauty Shop and Carroll's Ice Cream Parlor. Carroll Cushman's friendly personality attracted young people to gather when they were lucky enough to have nickles and dimes. He made his own ice cream; not a great variety of flavors but delicious soft ice cream. He also had a few punchboards. A nickel was all it took for several punches and a chance to win a candy bar. I didn't have nickels often enough to become a big time gambler, but once I did win a candy nut roll, larger than any I had ever seen. It took days to eat that one!

One business was located on the northeast corner, The Horn and Holmes Company, a general merchandise store. It was the most unique of all, unlike modern, up-to-date stores; to walk into the Horn and Holmes store was like stepping into the past, a place where momentum slowed down; a Norman Rockwell scene come alive. One would usually see several older men standing or sitting on cracker barrels around a pot-bellied stove, smoking pipes and spinning yarns. Potato sacks leaning against counters made good beds for sleeping cats. The merchandise offered more variety than quantity, ranging from groceries and meats to hardware, shoes and clothing. An old candy case was the big attraction for little children; stocked with Baby Ruth, Butterfinger and Hershey bars, red and black licorice whips, Wrigley's chewing gum and, of course, jelly beans. It was an adventure to walk through that store.

The neighborhood people and I thought the two men operating the store were Mr. Horn and Mr. Holmes. I was surprised in 1985 to learn the taller man was Hans Bakstad, an employee, and the shorter man was Ingvald Froslee, a partner in the Horn and Holmes Company's Tacoma stores. Cora Anderson, neice to Mr. Froslee, enlightened me on identities and was aware that many people thought them to be Mr. Horn and Mr. Holmes.

My father worked at the Savemore Super Market helping get ready for its grand opening in April, 1938. A few short weeks after the opening, Lee Clark realized he had been overly optimistic about business and within a month's time found it necessary to lay my father off. At that time Walter Fowell was trying to sell his grocery and meat market located only a few doors from the Savemore Market. The local optimism for business growth centered on the completion of the Tacoma Narrows Bridge. Increased traffic to and from the peninsula passing through the district, plus growth in the

residential population, would surely support all the businesses. My father bought Walter Fowell's store in the spring of 1938 and put his sign up, "Jack Uhrich's Meats and groceries." Hard work and optimism were no match for the stiff competition and he was forced to close his store in 1939 a little more than a year after he purchased it. He then pursued work in the Crystal Palace Public Market, located at 11th and Market Streets in downtown Tacoma. Later he and my brother, Richard bought the New York Market within the Crystal Palace Public Market when downtown Tacoma was an active, interesting place for shoppers.

People comprising the Proctor Street neighborhood were of various Caucasian ancestry. Homes were small and well maintained, giving the neighborhood a neat appearance. Houses were built along Sixth Avenue as far from town as Orchard Street. Beyond Orchard, land was undeveloped with only a few homes remotely placed. West of Proctor there were some tracts of land with woods and ponds. These provided a paradise for explorer-minded little boys; pollywogs, frogs, lizards and snakes were all interesting prey for their capture. Using imagination, children could improvise many adventures.

Students had no choice of schools. Those from the Sixth and Proctor area attended Jefferson Elementary at North 12th and Stevens Street, Jason Lee Junior High at Sixth Avenue and Sprague Street, and Stadium High at Division Avenue and Stadium Way. During good, marginal and even bad weather, many students walked to and from school. Almost daily Sixth Avenue had a large parade of students, noisily laughing and talking above one another, dwindling in size as they left the avenue in the direction of their homes.

Recreational activity for youth, especially during summer, centered around Jefferson Park. Mr. Sullivan, or "Sully" as everyone called him, was

employed by the park department and devised activities and crafts to interest young people. There were swings, teeter-totters, wading pool, baseball diamonds and tennis courts at the park. Crafts, dance classes, and general get-togethers were conducted in the community building. One evening young people were trying out a set of boxing gloves Sully had brought. A girl of my own age and size asked me to try the gloves out with her. They looked well padded. Why not! One unblocked swing was a bulls-eye, in the center of my face. What a jolt! I quickly decided that wasn't for me. During cold winters the tennis courts were flooded with water to freeze for an ice skating area. I didn't have ice skates but found many partners for tennis in the summer. The city-wide talent show was a popular summer event. The park department's traveling stage, built from the trailer of a truck, visited each park in the city during the summer. Talented youth had their evening to star. Families spread blankets on the lawn, came supplied with their favorite snacks, and everyone enjoyed the show.

Swimming at Titlow Beach at the west end of Sixth Avenue was a favorite summer pastime for youth. We called it "The Lagoon" as it was a natural low area filled with water at high tide. A railroad embankment divided the lagoon from the Sound. Water flowed in through a large, five-foot diameter concrete pipe built under the railroad embankment. A gate on the lagoon-end of the pipe could be closed to contain the water. For emptying and cleaning, the drain pipe's gate was opened with the receding tide. The water wasn't changed often so became much warmer than the Sound for swimming. The area furthest from the drainpipe was shallow and divided from the deeper section by a rope held afloat with wooden bobs. A swimmer's float made from logs and planks and supporting a five-foot diving board was centered in the deeper section. I learned to swim there after overcoming an old imaginary fear of "water snakes."

The land and Titlow Lodge, formerly the Hotel Hesperides, were sold to the City of Tacoma in 1936 by A.J. Titlow due to his financial problems. He had built the three-story, chalet-style hotel in 1910 and named it "The Hesperides" in honor of his three daughters. Originally it boasted a top rated restaurant, a boat dock for visiting dignitaries, a trout lake for fishing, a golf course, tennis courts and a peacock farm. After purchase by the city the W.P.A. (Works Progress Administration) was commissioned to remove the hotel's top two floors. A bath house with a small food concession was built on the southwest shore of the lagoon.

We would leave home in mid-morning for Titlow beach, take our brown bag lunch with baloney or peanut butter sandwiches, and return late in the afternoon with a parent or neighbor transporting us. Across the railroad embankment from the lagoon, along the Sound's beach, were large, flat rocks, warmed by the sun. They provided natural resting spots for eating lunch and sunbathing. Low tide was a beachcomber's delight. Marine life abounded around the boat dock pilings; sea anemones tentacles danced to the water's rhythm, displaying all the beautiful colors imaginable; baby crabs scurried as we explored under rocks, little claws lifted towards us in warning. We never tired of marine life, always alert to discover something new.

Roaming through Point Defiance Park was another adventure; viewing the deer, bear and other zoo animals; surveying the aquarium tank displays of various fish, octopuses, sea plants, etc., (when we had ten cents for admission); admiring the beautiful floral gardens, walking the wooded trails and splashing on the beach, seldom swimming in the numbing cold water. The aquarium was built out over the water on pilings at the south side of the boathouse, a short distance south of the Vashon Island Ferry Dock. It was fun to see "Dub Dub" the

celebrity seal. He was only a pup and had his private tank outside the front entrance of the aquarium where he greeted visitors daily with stagey barks and splashes. He was a favorite to watch since he was amusing and no admission was required.

People were enchanted with the opening of the Narrows Bridge on July 1, 1940. The enchantment was shortlived as a 50-knot windstorm on November 7, 1940 turned Galloping Gertie's concrete and steel into a semblance of twisted chewing gum, dangling from support towers to water. The news was shocking! One year later, December 7, 1941, more shocking news came when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. The first testing of the air-raid warning system installed at North 26th and Proctor produced a loud-screaming siren that could be heard many blocks around. I was so frightened I ran home in tears. Rationing was imposed in 1942 with coupon books going to each member of a family for limiting the purchase of shoes, meat and sugar. The owner of each vehicle was presented coupons limiting the amount of gasoline purchasable for a month. The neighborhood mood changed from optimism to more somber thoughts. We moved from the Sixth and Proctor neighborhood in 1943 when my father bought a house near Sixth Avenue and Sprague Street.

Many changes have transformed Tacoma since World War II; freeways, shopping malls, new structures, and most importantly, people's mobility. The Sixth and Proctor shopping district was never to experience the growth those early businessmen had dreamed and planned for.

THE ST. PAUL AVENUE COMMUNITY

By J. L. Sundquist

The Tacoma Daily Ledger of January 1, 1890, reported on the progress of the St. Paul and Tacoma Lumber Company's mill which had begun construction in June of 1888 on "the Boot." Also built were "a number of substantial frame dwellings for the superintendents of different departments and other employees whom it is advisable to have constantly on the grounds." A boarding house was also built, with 100 rooms, billiard and pool rooms, and shower baths used by white laborers. Some 16 houses were built east of the hotel, ostensibly for supervisory personnel. On the other end another hotel was built for Japanese laborers, complete with a Japanese hot bath. All the buildings were painted the colors of the company, a dark red with a white trim.

House Number One was completed January 1, 1890, at a cost of \$636.08. Of 11 houses built in the next year, the cost ranged from \$413.25 to \$741.73. Some attendant costs noted were: 3000 feet of lumber at \$18; 800 bricks, \$8.50, and 6 hours of labor at \$1.20. The boarding house records for 1905 show that C.W. Hull was charged \$18.60 for 93 meals, 20 cents per meal, and 45 cents for laundry. The cook received \$70 for 31 days work and the chambermaid \$25. The houses did not remain for superintendents but became homes for workers in the mill, both Caucasian and Japanese. The company provided electricity, steam heat, and hot and cold water to each house without charge. The monthly rent was about \$9 which was deducted from the workers' paychecks.

In 1919, my father began working for St. Paul as a machinist and welder and our family moved into Number 12 house. My brother Elmer, at age 8, remembers that the fire station next to the boarding house had a steam engine which was pulled by horses. When the alarm rang, one fireman had the job of kindling the fire in the firebox in the steam engine.

At that time a double street car track ran down in front of the houses and a double row of open-sided street cars would be waiting, perhaps 30 cars, for the whistle to blow and hundreds of workers would pour out of the mill and run for the street cars.

We moved away for awhile but returned and lived in House Number One from 1929 to 1934. The Tacoma City Directory of 1931 listed the following residents: St. Paul Hotel manager, Charles E. Dashiell, House 31, E.W. Sundquist; #2, Mrs. Frances Matthews; #3, Wm. Vite; #4, Wm. Phillips; #5, Katsuo Mogi; #6, Thomas Mostrom; #7, Charles E. Lane; #8 Tashiro Matsui; #10, Katsuki Butsuda; #11, S. Sato; #12, Y. Yamamoto; #14, B. Watanabe; #20, Paul K. Inouye; #21, T. Asada. The memories of some of these have dimmed but flashes of clear moments are recalled by others.

The Dashiells operated the hotel and restaurant. In the rear they kept some chicken coops. I remember Mrs. Dashiell opening a coop, taking out two chickens and, holding the heads one in each hand, spinning the bodies like a jumping rope until the bodies flew off, flopping, even running a few steps with the neck on the ground. She waited calmly until they stopped, then picked them up.

The Mogis lived in #5. Katsuo was a friend, who let me ride his beautiful new bicycle which I promptly wrecked, turning the front wheel into a perfect figure eight!

In #6 lived the Mostroms, a large family. Mr. Mostrom would sit on the front porch and play a mandolin or sometimes play cribbage with one of his children. There was Leonard, Snooky, Vinnie, and the twins, Howard and Ginnie, and others. They said, "Yousee," when they talked, had sallow complexions, and their mother was a quiet, patient woman.

The Lanes lived in #7; Mr. and Mrs. and Buddy, who worked in the mill. They had a Buick, a magnificent Buick, sitting in front of their house with its massive wooden-spoked wheels and their distinctive Buick hubcaps. It was a touch of class for the avenue.

In #8 lived the envy of many of the Japanese fathers in the area for Mr. Matsui had six sons, while the others could boast of only two at most. Takanobu, or Tak, was a friend of mine and we played cops and robbers and cowboys and Indians. On their back porch was a tall wooden tank which I later came to know as a Japanese soaking tub.

An alley ran between #8 and #10 where the Butsudas lived. Mr. Butsuda was a quiet, gentle man. Their backyard was a green oasis dominated by a weeping willow tree. My sister and Chiyo were close friends.

In #11 lived the Satos. Fumi was a personal friend of my sister Ivedell. We never knew then that Fumi would become the mother of a television newsman, but of course, television was just a dream in some scientists' minds at that time.

Another friend of mine, Rentaro Yamamoto, lived in #12. I never knew until years later that our family had lived in that house at one time.

At the end of the avenue stood the Japanese boarding house. Elmer remembers watching people engaged in the Japanese fencing sport of kendo with padding, masks and bamboo swords. Ivy remembers going down with her Japanese girl friends to use the hot water pool.

Down the front of the houses there was a wooden sidewalk made of two-by-fours laid crosswise. An alley ran between the hotel and #1 and then behind the houses and alongside a timber-lined slough about ten feet wide and six feet deep.

The slough ran from the city waterway near 15th Street and the water rose and fell with the tide. On the other side of the slough was Carstens Packing Company and its corrals, where cattle and pigs were kept until slaughtered. We could hear the squeeling of pigs and cries of cattle as they were killed and the odors of offal and refuse were carried to St. Paul Avenue. As children we became so used to the smell that when visitors would ask us, "What is that terrible smell?" we would answer, "What smell?" Some said that Carstens let some of the refuse into the slough and there were many giant rats which lived in the slough. City pest control men came occasionally to spread rat poison to keep some control. We lost seven dogs to that poison. Some of the houses had outdoor privies built over the slough with walkways leading to them and when someone used the privies their donations fell into the slough and the receding tides carried the effluence away. Mama said that Elmer fell into the slough once but someone pulled him out. Mama washed him off and he was as "good as new."

Across from the houses loomed the mill and we children were taught not to play there. We played in the street, the alley, and wandered down the Avenue and over the Puyallup River bridge through an area of Depression shacks known as Hollywood-on-the-Tideflats. Here lived families who had lost everything in the Depression but their Yankee ingenuity. On the fringes of Hollywood were smaller shacks of single men who had dropped off freight trains, found boards and pieces of tin, and fashioned shelters from the rain. People said that tramps left markers for others of houses where food could be asked for and there must have been one for our house because many would knock at our back door and Mama would always give them a dish of food and coffee. They would always eat sitting on the back steps. If Papa would hear about a sick man in a shack he would take a plate of food to him. Nearby was the city dump, with small shacks

of men who made their living picking over the garbage. Thousands of rats roamed the dump.

One time the Johnson Paint Company had a fire and sent loads of smoke-damaged goods to the dump. We brought home gallons of paint, wallpaper, and sacks of calsomine. We painted the inside of our chicken coop a blazing pink and then wondered why the chickens quit laying eggs!

Papa would feed the chickens before he went to work. One morning he came back in and said to Mama, "Well, we won't have to feed the chickens anymore!" She asked why and he replied, "Because someone took them all last night!" They had wrung their necks, left the heads on the floor, and no doubt stuck the bodies in a sack. There was one black hen left sitting alone. They had probably missed her in the dark.

Going to school was an adventure. In the early days the school district had provided a school with one or two teachers, in a former boathouse but had finally closed it. In 1929 we walked up to the junction of St. Paul Avenue and 15th Street where the street car line ended. Sometimes we had to wait while a Shea locomotive with its spinning gears and pistons pushed a load of logs across the street to the logpond. The street car, long and dark green, would come to the end of the tracks, the motorman would get down, pull down the trolley on one end, go to the other end and let the trolley up to the wire. Then he would roll the name of the destination in the window above the windshield. The seats were rattan and the backs had to be moved to face in the other direction. He would let us do that and we would walk down the aisle, slamming the seats back. There was a pedal on the floor which, when pushed sharply, gave a clang as a warning. People getting on would drop their nickel in the coin box and the motorman would turn a little handle on the side. The coins would tumble down several chutes and fall to the bottom.

Then he would turn a little lever on the side which opened a trapdoor and the coins fell down where he could pick them up and put them in coin holders.

The street car clattered up St. Paul Avenue and over the 11th Street bridge. We got off at 11th and A Street at Douglas' Cigar Store, presided over by the genial and ponderous Mr. Douglas. He had a large and purple-tinted nose. A massive cigar lighter stood on the counter and emitted a large flame if a lever was depressed.

We would take the orange cable car up 11th Street to G and get off at the grey castle-like County Courthouse. Some days we would stop at a little grocery store on 9th and G. Many times milk money was invested in "lucky bites." The bald-headed owner would take out a box of chocolate-covered mints, we would make our choice and take a bite, and if it was pink inside we won a whole candy bar.

We attended Central School and Mont Downing was the principal, a genial, soft-spoken man. Children came as far away as Marine View Drive. There were a number of Japanese-American students, eager and dedicated to excellence, who were tough competition. After a day at Central they would troop down to their own school at 19th and Tacoma Avenue to attend classes in Japanese language and culture. My older sister, Ivedell, enjoyed school so much she went with them. At their festivals a tall blonde Sedish-American girl danced solemnly in a kimona with her dark-haired, almond-eyed Japanese-American friends.

Almost every night I would walk down 11th Street, through downtown and across the 11th Street bridge. Sometimes I would stop and lean over the bridge and watch a giant multiple saw cut blocks of marble into slabs at a plant under the bridge or watch the ship Virginia V at the dock between trips

to Seattle. About a block down St. Paul Avenue was the St. Paul company store, a huge building which did \$300,000 worth of business in 1931. It was run by a "Mutt and Jeff" combination of Scandinavians named Olson and Stromberg. A long counter ran down the south wall with some rounded top glass showcases on the top. The ceiling was lofty and dark. Employees could buy groceries and clothing and other things and have the charges deducted from their paychecks. The accounts were kept in little account books stored in a drawer.

The Washington Handle Company was further down the Avenue. At the end of the building was an open door where one could watch a man pushing wood forms through a machine which rounded them and another man stacked them on a wooden cart. Somewhere they were painted and wrapped into bundles. When railroad boxcars were brought alongside the building little chutes could be let down into the cars and bundles of broom-handles could be slid down and stacked inside. It was as if the building was a giant animal, laying eggs of all colors.

Along the streets and near the river were great clumps of wild blackberries and many a bucket was filled by boys and girls as well as men and women. Some were sold to restaurants for pies but most were canned by families for winter use. Mama had shelves and shelves of home-canned fruits and vegetables. We always had a garden in the backyard where Mama grew vegetables and Papa grew roses.

St. Paul Avenue is an empty stretch of sand and weeds now. The war scattered the Japanese-Americans across the country following their internment. Their children continued a search for knowledge and are now teachers, doctors, artists and even a television newsman. The gentle Mr. Butsuda and his beautiful willow tree are both gone. You cannot hear Mr. Mostrom play his mandolin or see the Lanes' Buick; Hollywood-on-the-Tideflats is but a memory like Papa working on his car on a Saturday after-

noon and Mama standing over the wood stove, checking Sunday dinner by sticking her finger in the gravy and tasting it.

Those who still remember St. Paul Avenue have special memories of parents, brothers and sisters, playmates and friends, and the incidents that made St. Paul Avenue a special place. It was a good place to grow up.

FERN HILL My Neighborhood

By Mary Olson

In my childhood, during the late twenties and early thirties, 84th Street from Berger's on Pacific to Andy's Place on Park Avenue, was known as Fern Hill. Berger's was a grocery store and meat market and also a farm supply store. Andy's was a candy store, famous among the neighborhood kids for it's penny candy; a big block of Baker's chocolate cost only a nickel. If you purchased chocolate drops, at two for a nickel and were lucky enough to pick one with a pink center, you got a chance on the punchboard. There was no age limit, so apparently no one was worrying about corrupting our morals in that way. I once won a beautiful box of chocolates which I proudly gave to my mother as a Christmas gift. There was always a card game going on in Andy's living quarters in back of the store. Little girls weren't allowed back there.

Andy was a great favorite with the boys. He was a Tacoma baseball legend from boyhood to his mid-fifties. Andy Nelson was a right-hand pitcher who was said to have a "million dollar arm." One morning when he and his brother were teen-agers, they went hunting southwest of Wapato Lake. His brother accidentally dropped his shotgun, it fired and the pellets shattered Andy's right ankle, causing a life-long limp. Since he was an especially fast pitcher with a strong pitching arm, he was allowed to have someone else run the bases for him.

There were two other grocery stores in Fern Hill, both on Park Avenue. One was a Piggly-Wiggly with a meat market which was owned by Al Stiedel. He always handed out wieners to hungry little girls who came in with their mothers. The other was owned by Henry Coblentz, who gave credit. This was really a general store and you could buy anything there and

put it on the "tab" but only with a note from your mother.

To the north, on Park Avenue, was the post office; the post-mistress was a Miss Byrd. I was in awe of her; she worked for the "Government." About mid-way down the block was the little shop of the shoemaker. As a little child I can remember going in there and enjoying the various smells of leather and oil but later, during the depression, Dad repaired our shoes. He felt very strongly that every man should hire work done whenever he could in order to provide employment for as many men as possible, but apparently the lack of money finally forced him to do the work himself. He was a roofer and really got upset when he saw other men roofing their own houses.

The Odd Fellows Hall was at the corner of 82nd and Park Avenue. When I was a teen-ager the Mormons had dances there every Thursday and I loved to dance. Most of the people in Fern Hill were Baptists or Methodists who did not allow dancing. They also didn't believe in playing cards or drinking, all of which we decadent Catholics did, in moderation, of course! They would not allow a movie house in Fern Hill, so we had to walk all the way to 48th and Yakima to the Capitol Theater to see a movie.

At any rate, we teen-agers welcomed the Mormons with open arms and attended all their dances. The Catholics had a dance on Saturdays. On other evenings of the week we attended the youth groups at the Baptist or Methodist Churches or went to the Holy Rollers to hear them sing. Even Dad and Mother would sometimes go to the Holy Roller meetings because Mother loved the singing too. When they sang they really raised the roof. I'll never forget that enthusiastic singing to the Lord; so different from our solemn Latin hymns to God or our joyous songs to Mary. My cousin, Pete Nephew, was a preacher there.

I remember attending a baptism service at Wapato Lake when the colored Baptists dipped the people being baptized under the water. They were in white robes and the robes would float to the top of the water when they went under. Such joyous singing!

I'm glad I had such an all-inclusive religious upbringing; it only made me stronger in my own faith, but made me more tolerant of others. We were always taught that if we were prejudiced against others they in turn would be prejudiced against us.

There were card parties put on in an old building across 82nd from the Odd Fellows Hall, sponsored by the "Townsend Club," a group trying to get pensions for old people. Communists also had a club in Fern Hill and had card parties and dances occasionally. We went to them all.

Continuing our tour of Fern Hill, we turn down 82nd Street to Harmon Playfield, our neighborhood park. It had a baseball field, wading pool, swings, slides and a volleyball court. Many of our summer days were spent there.

We gathered fruit from the yards of all the vacant houses in the area. Apples, plums, cherries, pears and berries of all kinds; whatever was in season. Then we'd head for the park to fill our tummies with our stolen goodies; I don't even remember having a belly-ache.

Next to the park was St. Ann's Home, an orphanage run by the Sisters of St. Francis. I had four cousins who lived there. Their mother had died giving birth to the youngest girl and the father, not being capable of caring for them, had placed them there. Children lived there until they were 16 years old. As each child reached that ripe old age they were placed in a job, either in someone's home or under someone's protection. From then on they were

expected to care for themselves. It seemed to work. At St. Ann's children received their room, board and education and even the youngest were expected to do chores. I remember going to play with my cousin, Evelyn Nephew, who was about my age, and seeing two-and three-year-olds folding napkins and placing them on the table in preparation for dinner. The little children each had a "big brother" or "sister" to help them. The girls learned to sew and made all the clothes for the children and helped with the cooking and cleaning. St. Ann's had its own one room school house and its own laundry, run by the sisters with the help of the older children. Sparks from the chimney set the roof on fire in 1938; Tacoma firemen praised the sisters for training the children so well in fire drills. The orderly manner in which they marched out of the building freed the firemen to devote their time to laying the more than 1000 feet of hose that was needed to reach the nearest hydrant. After the fire the home was moved from the old Woolsey mansion by the park to the Kemp estate at 6602 South Alaska, near Wapato Lake.

Just south of the Piggly-Wiggly on Park Avenue was the home of our neighborhood druggist, Mr. Theodore Cram. His drugstore was on the front of his lot. I loved the smell of horehound cough drops that always greeted you at the door. We kids ate them like candy.

Next came the public school where there was a patch of four-leaf clover in the front lawn. We'd go there to see how many we could find but never seemed to feel any superstition about them. My brothers and I took the streetcar to Holy Rosary School, 502 South 30th, so I never had the experience of attending public grade school but on Wednesday evenings the Fern Hill School was opened for all children to come and play. We took advantage of the opportunity and flocked to skate in the basement or dance in the gym. Especially if it was raining. I can even remember watching a movie in

the gym there; "Three Little Words," with Amos and Andy. How they ever got that past the church people I don't know but then they had dancing, too, so perhaps even then the schools were leading the way to a freer lifestyle.

Behind the Piggly-Wiggly store, toward Yakima Avenue, was a lumber yard owned by a family named Rostedt, the Roy Lumber Company. I thought they were rich since they lived in a beautiful home near 82nd and Park. There was quite a mixture of rich and poor in the neighborhood and we kids obviously didn't pay any attention to how much money our parents did or didn't have.

Between 78th and 82nd and South Tacoma Avenue and Winnetka Street, was a large wooded area where I spent much of my childhood. I climbed trees, roamed through the woods with my friends, pretended to be Tom Sawyer or Huck Finn. Perhaps we were pirates, just landed, looking for buried treasure. We climbed to the top of fir trees and swayed back and forth, pretending we were at the top of the main mast of some great ship at sea. Wonderful days full of wonderful adventures!

There was a deep ravine by the path that ran through the woods where the boys had hung a long rope from a fir tree that grew near the edge of the gully. We would grab the rope and run as hard as we could and jump off over the abyss, swinging far out over the creek that ran at the bottom. I was amazed when I went back many years later to find that this tall cliff, as I thought of it, was only about seven feet high.



Funeral cortege of Steven Babare, 1910. Courtesy of Mary Babare Love.

THE SLAVS AND OLD TOWN

By Wilma Snyder

From a transcript made of an interview with Mary Babare Love, conducted by Ruth L. Wett as part of an oral history project sponsored by the Tacoma Public Library in 1976.

I was born at home at North 32nd and White Street in Old Town. Mrs. Hannah Lind, a midwife who lived at 2614 Starr Street, assisted at the delivery. Mrs. Lind used to take each new baby to visit other babies in the neighborhood.

My parents had come from Austria-Hungary, now known as Yugoslavia. They had lived in the town of Starigrad on the Island of Hvar in Dalmatia on the Adriatic Coast. My Father had been a ship-builder and immigrated to Tacoma because he had heard there was fishing here and it would be a good place to build boats.

He married before he left the old country in 1879. My parents' first child was born when he was in America, but it died before he ever saw it. The death of the child caused him to return to his native land where he remained for four years. Two boys and two girls were born during that time. Making a living was difficult in Starigrad, so he returned to Tacoma and started a shipyard of his own. It was located next to the Crawford and Reid Shipyard on North 31st between Steele and White Streets. The railroad tracks were between the shipyards and the water, but they could be opened by a switch whenever a boat was to be launched.

The depression of 1893 deterred my father from bringing his family to America until 1899. My Mother said of her first year in Tacoma, "The sun didn't shine from September to June." One sister and I were born after our family's reuniting in Tacoma.

The community in Old Town grew in the early 1900's. Men from Dalmatia came here as sailors, jumped ship and went to work in the lumber mills. They came from all regions of Austria-Hungary, Slavonia, Croatia, Bosnia, Serbia and Albania, but all the people generally became known as Slavs. My Mother and Father could speak Croatian, Slavonian and Italian. My Father wouldn't speak German although he must have known the language, as he served in the German Navy for three or four years before he came to America (Austria-Hungary was under German rule at that time).

Scandinavians had settled in Old Town as well as Slavs, and the two nationalities used to get into battle; but if an outsider "picked" on either group, they stuck together like clams. Some of both nationalities became fishermen and if any of the Slavs had worked in mines in Europe, they headed for Carbonado, Roslyn, and other mining towns in the mountains.

The stores in Old Town catered to all our needs. The Rabasa Brothers had a grocery store at 2424 North 30th Street, and on the same side of the street at 2408, the Ursich Brothers operated a meat market. Some of the Scandinavians had stores and we patronized them also. We were one big family down there. We didn't feel isolated even though we were somewhat removed from the rest of the town.

There was one place where I did feel isolated, and that was at school. My Father had had an argument with the nuns and so put us all in Lowell School. I didn't know any English when I started First grade and had an accent as I tried to learn a new language. By the time I finished the eighth grade, I no longer felt isolated.

Our house was right across the tracks from the water. Bulkheads were made of railroad ties and we used to sit on them and watch the tides going in and out. I remember once, when I was about four or

five, a tank which had evidently fallen from a ship, floated in on the tide. Some of the men tried to open it and when they couldn't, decided to light a fire under it to see if they could loosen the cover. My brother came running home, mad as a hornet, to get my Father. "They're going to kill themselves," he said. We soon heard an explosion. My brother was right; one man who was severely injured, died. Two or three others were badly burned. It taught them a lesson: to leave tanks with unknown contents alone.

Thirtieth Street was part of the business district, but 31st and 32nd were mainly residential. Streets running perpendicular to the numbered streets were Starr, McCarver, Carr, Steele and White. There was one business on 32nd, at 2804, a macaroni factory run by Andrew Martinolich. We always had some kind of pasta in soup, which was usually a lunch dish.

A police station was on the northeast corner of Thirtieth and Starr and a saloon was located on the southeast corner. The Franke Holmes Cigar and Candy Store was at the same intersection, at 2223 North 30th. The flour mills were on the water side of the tracks farther on toward downtown Tacoma. The Sperry Mill had a tunnel. The streetcar from town didn't come through the tunnel. On Sundays, my Mother and Father dressed us up and we caught the Old Town streetcar to downtown. We would walk around downtown, then take a streetcar to the wharves for more strolling. On the return trip, we walked back through the tunnel. I can remember seeing hundreds of people all dressed in their Sunday best, walking through the tunnel toward home after their Sunday excursion.

Between Starr and McCarver, on the water side of Thirtieth, there used to be a restaurant. A William A. Timm operated it at 2314 North 30th. He had a daughter, Gladys, who went to school with me. Once or twice a week we would stop there on the way

home from school and her parents would serve us soup and crackers.

Belsvig's Grocery and a shoe store were located across the street from the restaurant. Some years later, Constanti's Theater was located on the previous site of a bakery. We went to the theater occasionally if our Mother took us. It only cost a nickel at Constanti's. There was a pool hall in the business section of Old Town and the 1910 City Directory listed a saloon at 2121 North 30th, the site of the present Spar Tavern. Actually, the same city directory lists seven saloons in a two-block stretch of 30th Street. One of the most important stores to me was Mezeral's Ice Cream Parlor. It was furnished with the typical twisted-wire legged tables and chairs familiar to ice cream stores. Whenever I had a nickel to spend, that is where I went.

A hotel, later converted into an apartment, was housed in a brick building at the present side of the sub-station on the southeast corner of 30th and Carr. Across the street on the water side was a saloon with apartments on the second floor; it was rumored that bootleggers lived there.

Thirtieth street was a popular place for kids when there was enough snow to go sledding. One time a sled coming down 30th veered and went right through a door of a saloon. Everyone moved very fast, including the persons on the sled, and the riders were never identified! I used to slide down 30th, but I practically had to be carried on the sled, as I wasn't very brave.

Constanti's Grocery Store was across the street from the Slavonian Hall with two little houses nearby, one owned by Mrs. Nick Rabasa. The Beritich family owned a little square house in the same neighborhood, and a son still lived there in 1976. Some of the Beritichs' shortened their name to Berry. A policeman, Holly Murphy (how did an

Irishman get in there!)), lived on the corner of Thirtieth and White. He was sympathetic to drunks and just locked them up overnight so they could sober up. (I think he imbibed a little, himself.)

The Mountaineers Club on the southeast corner of Thirtieth and Carr, is located on the former site of a livery stable. Going on up 30th, was the Slavonian Hall and McKenzies, another livery stable. The railroad station at 30th and McCarver was built in 1913-14. Previous to that, a hospital had stood near there. It was run by a Dr. Sargentich and was used mainly for sailors off ships that came into the harbor.

Johnson's Grocery was situated on what is now known as the Old Town Dock. It was later taken over by a Mr. Zelinsky. Mr. Milo E. Stewart had a boathouse near the dock, but the strong north winds proved to be too severe for boat moorage and he gave up the business. Next to the dock was a fish market owned by Iddro Budinich. Three little identical houses were located nearby. They were all gray with white trim. All had identical porches, but the houses were torn down about the time of World War I to make way for a machine shop and a blacksmith shop.

In 1901, a 50 foot lot could be purchased for \$1500 and sometimes lots could be purchased for back taxes. Next door to our house, a Mrs. Petrich owned a boarding house. She was a widow making a living on her own. Another boarding house was owned by the Radonich family, across the tracks from the Dickman Mill. The Puget Sound Lumber Company was near Dickman's. One time a steamer missed that mill's dock and almost grounded itself. The Defiance Mill was closer to the Smelter, and a shingle mill and a brickyard were built on the land side of the tracks.

The only house in that area was owned by a Mrs. Pierce. She had a nice sandy beach in front of her

house where my Mother used to take my sisters and me swimming. (The sandy beach is still there.) Mrs. Pierce was from the East and had a closet full of fancy dresses. My sisters used to love to go there to swim because they would be invited in to see the beautiful clothes.

The Slavonian Lodge played an important part in the social life of the community. Originally it was for men only. Women had church-going and home gatherings for their social life. For some time, there was not even an Altar Society for women, but when one was formed, they continued the responsibility of saying a Novena, a reciting of the rosary, for nine days after a funeral. The Lodge helped whenever there was a death. All Lodge members were required to attend funerals of fellow members. They brought the body to the family home for the wake and the next morning the Lodge members marched in front of the horse-drawn hearse, up to St. Patrick's for the Mass. A band from the Lodge led the procession. After the Mass, Lodge members marched down to 17th and Jefferson where the streetcar turn-around was located. The band would take up positions on either side of the street. The men took off their derbies and held them over their hearts as the band played "Nearer, My God, To Thee." Then the hearse took the body to Calvary Cemetery at 5212 70th West.

My Father died when I was about nine, and he had a funeral like that. They took a picture of him in his coffin for my brother who was in Alaska and who couldn't get home in time for the funeral. As my father was dying, Halley's Comet was making an appearance. I have very vivid memories of watching it at night and of the adults trying to keep the excited children as quiet as possible. In those days, we all had to wear black dresses and hats for about a year after a death. My sister had just been hired for her first job and had bought herself a beautiful white serge suit. She gave it away and bought a black one. My Mother

didn't like putting her children in black, but she felt she had to do what other people expected. She made us promise we wouldn't wear black for her. After my Father's death, my brother Nick started a shipyard of his own and took care of us financially. A Mr. Charles Cuclich, a meat cutter at 2206 No. 30th, was the last person to have an elaborate funeral. By that time, cars were used as hearses and they went too fast for marching processions.

It was often difficult for widows to keep their families together after the death of their husbands. I knew a young girl, Ann Cuculich, whose mother took in boarders after her husband died. In order to earn some spending money of her own, the girl would haul a wagon down to the fishing boats when they docked and load it with the seamen's dirty clothes, then haul the clothing to the laundry. Up and down the street she went, earning a very little bit of money, but it seemed like a lot to her.

Some of the women found work outside of household chores. Mrs. Budrovich used to make raincoats for the fishermen from a heavy material, similar to sailcloth. After they were sewn, she soaked them in oil for days and days. It was hard and heavy work but she didn't seem to mind. Everyone worked hard; families were large and that meant a lot of work for fathers to support them and for mothers to maintain the home.

Kids didn't have playfields, but there were lots of places for us to entertain ourselves. We played hide-and-seek and run-sheep-run in the wooded areas. We played on the beach, the dock, and we visited each others' homes. Even if those homes were very poor, it made no difference to us; whatever the circumstances, women managed to keep their homes neat and shiny clean.

In the summer when many of the men were away from home fishing, the women had endless hours to spend

alone or with children. They used to go down to the water's edge where they would build a fire to keep the mosquitoes away while they spent their time knitting, crocheting and gossiping.

In 1912, a Women's Lodge made up of a group of Slavonian women was formed, which broadened social activities. Dances were held at the Hall with whole families attending. Fruit and candy were served during the dance and at midnight elaborate meals of sauerkraut, barbecued lamb, oranges, cakes and pastries, were enjoyed. There was one special dance that the Lodge gave known as the "Three Kings Dance," a celebration of Epiphany, twelve days after Christmas, January 6. People came from Seattle, Portland, Everett and Bellingham, spending as much as two or three days in Tacoma. They came by train and seemed to enjoy the reuniting of their national groups.

Boat launchings were always big events. At one launching, my oldest brother's wife was to be the sponsor of the boat. She was waiting in the office until she was needed, but the boat started going down the slip faster than expected. My younger brother grabbed the bottle of champagne and the bouquet of flowers, rushed to the launching ramp and threw the bottle, not the bouquet, and said, "Damn ya, I gotcha!" The launching was covered by a reporter and the newspaper story commended my brother for throwing the bottle and not the bouquet and then questioned if the name of the boat was to be..."Damn ya, I gotcha!"

Captains from Seattle, Bellingham and other coastal towns often stayed at our house before the launching of their boats. Gig Harbor was used for winter moorage to avoid the north wind at Old Town.

The wind also made keeping the house warm a problem; wood stoves were all we had for heating. We had a well in the basement of our house. My Father was quite an inventor and he installed a pump so

water could be pumped to the kitchen for washing dishes and clothes. He also built a wooden toilet in the house, and the water was flushed into the bay. (It would be against the law now.) We were the only ones in the neighborhood who had indoor plumbing.

There were sad things that happened in our neighborhood. One day, Mr. Tony Petrich was going to move a little white house while his wife attended a funeral. During the moving, the support blocks slipped, the house fell on him and he was killed. Another time a three-year-old girl fell off a bridge into the gulch on 31st Street. My sister carried her to Tacoma General Hospital where she later died. It was sad for me, a nine-year-old girl, to witness that accident.

There were good times, too. On Sunday afternoon the men would buy a jug of wine and play bocce ball. That was big entertainment for them; that and playing cards. The women played cards and bingo too, but not out in public--they went to each others' homes. Weddings were times of great celebrations. The Slavs tended to marry among their own kind--very few married outsiders. We celebrated church holidays and "name" days rather than birthdays.

After the start of World War I, all the ship-yards had to do contract jobs for the government. Before that time they had been turning out about one fishing boat every 48 hours. During the war, some immigrants went back to their native lands to join those armies. A group of people from Old Town marched to the depot to see them off. Some of the young kids threw rocks at them.

After World War I, people began to mingle more, but if an Irishman got in a fight, the Slavs and Norwegians would join forces against him. At one time there was a big battle in the Lodge as to which group was to be in charge, the Austrians or the

Slavonians. Men physically fought each other; in fact, one man bit off the ear of another. One went to the hospital and the other to jail, each one crying for the other and for the fact that they had been drunk. They were good friends before and afterward.

It was a fairly decent community, no burglarizing or anything like that. We didn't lock our doors. I have a pleasant memory of making daisy chains from flowers picked in the lot next to St. Peter's Church. Old Town was a good place to live.

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In 1976 Mary Barbare Love published a cook book. The first recipe in Mrs. Love's book is for Salamuniti, an appetizer, which may be made from herring or small trout or smelt. Mrs. Love prefaces this recipe with the words, "A good Slav has no need for an appetizer, just show him food and he is ready to eat. For some reason they figured out the idea that they needed something to stimulate their drinking capabilities. I thought they did fairly well without any help!"

SOUTH TWENTY-THIRD AND K

By R. G. Doubleday

In Tacoma's earlier years the streetcar, our connection with the rest of the civilized world, more or less dictated by the lay of its tracks where the domestic and business life of the city would develop. Most of our journeys away from home were made on foot or, if we had the ten-cent fare, on the streetcar which came bucketing down K Street and met up with a ninety-degree turn to the west at South Twenty-Third. Perhaps for this reason, there accumulated at this intersection, an assortment of small enterprises catering to the wants of the neighborhood.

The Twenty-Third and K business district in 1924 included: Hartman's Drug Store, the Empire Meat Market, Burns' Motor Company, Freelin's Shoe Repair, Schaupps Brothers Grocery, McLean Brothers Grocery, Ellinger's Barber Shop, Freeman's Bakery and the offices of T. H. Long, M.D. It wasn't every neighborhood that could boast the presence of a practicing physician so this gave the district a classier standing than many others.

Like some families in the area, we owned an automobile of sorts, a Model T Ford, vintage 1919. This capricious vehicle was operated only for special purposes: going to church, visiting, hauling heavy or bulky objects and for picnicking at Point Defiance Park in the summer.

I was going to say that we had no refrigeration in our home but that would not be entirely true. There was an apple box, draped with a gunny sack, nailed to the north wall of the house within reach through the pantry window. On warm days, my mother attempted to keep the sack wet in order to gain some benefit from the principle of evaporative cooling. It was not wholly successful.

Since most families shared our lack of refrigeration and easy transportation, it was customary to make frequent walking trips to the grocery store. This explains why, in 1924, there were seventeen small groceries on K Street between South 11th and South 23rd, strung out like beads on a string. Some of them were ethnic in character, catering to the "Little Italy" neighborhood near 11th Street and others to the large Scandinavian and German populations.

Schaupps Brothers Grocery was in a two-story building on the southeast corner of the 23rd and K intersection, with living quarters on the second floor for the Herren Schaupps and families. It was a no-nonsense sort of establishment with a counter where you placed your order, shelves of canned goods, barrels of staples and jars of pickles, saurkraut and other condiments. The air was redolent with the aroma of coffee freshly ground in the great, red machine which sat at the end of the counter. Schaupps provided delivery service and had a large credit business. My aunt Serena tells me that grandfather Meyer would take her to Schaupps on Saturday evening when he would pay the weekly bill and she would be rewarded with a stick of candy, courtesy of the Schaupps. I suspect that my mother or father did little shopping at Schaupps since my father was a proficient gardener, my mother was a frugal and practical housewife, and we had a hen house filled with contented and well-nurtured fowl who kept us well supplied with eggs. Also, my father, who was often downtown, would bring home fresh fish and other delights from the Market Street shops. Perhaps I may be forgiven for not having a more detailed memory of Schaupps; small boys are not much interested in the innards of grocery stores.

My favorite establishment was Hartman's Drug Store. It had a great, marble-topped soda fountain with an impressive array of nickle-plated handles ready to dispense a variety of tasty

delights. For five cents I could buy a flagon of sparkling, ice-cold and foaming root beer and my pal and I, after taking aboard one of these tankards, would totter home blissfully on a hot summer day.

I remember when the first radio to my knowledge, in our part of town, was proudly turned on in Hartman's and of an evening the neighborhood men, after putting in their day in the sawmills and on the railroad, would gather in rapture around the loudspeaker to follow the progress of a prizefight that was going on at that very moment in some distant place.

And on a cold winter day, with snow blowing in your face, it was comforting to duck into Hartman's for a few cozy minutes before boarding the chilly streetcar, followed by the yet colder cable car, for the trip downtown.

By 1928 the little business community had grown in all directions and the Tacoma City Directory lists the addition of: Mulvey's Confectionery, Almquist's Watch Repair, Sturley's Hardware, the Twenty-Third Street (Piper's) Market, Lens Anderson's Art Store, Hurlbut's Cigar Store, Clinton's Grocery, Brackett's Dry Cleaning, the new Piggly Wiggly Chain Store and the offices of E.H. Hollister, dentist. We boys had little truck with most of these, but we were enthralled, watching a man sitting in the window of the tobacco store and turning out hand-made cigars. He rolled the tobacco leaves between his palm and a wooden-topped table, laced the leaves well with his own saliva to bind them together, then clipped off the straggly ends to turn out a product which was apparently pleasing to the eye, hand and taste of the cigar-smoker.

I made an abortive excursion into the field of crime in the new 23rd Street Market. On a dare, a few of us boys had agreed to visit the new store

and "swipe" something from its shelves. Cruising through the aisles and bearing a great burden of fear and guilt, in desperation I grabbed the first object at hand, stuffed it into my pants pocket and made my escape. When the gang reassembled in our rendezvous site and I opened my sweaty palm to disclose my prize, a Brillo pad, I was greeted with such scorn and derision that I was convinced that I was just not competent to lead the life of a thief. So I gave it up.

The City Directory indicates that most of the owners lived within sight or walking distance of their businesses. The Pipers were down the street from their grocery; Schaupps, as I mentioned, lived over their store; Freemans were neighbors of the Pipers; Mr. Ellinger's barber shop was on K Street and he lived on J, about a block away. Dr. Long was a half-block from his office.

The breakup of the 23rd and K business district probably began when the first chain store opened its doors in about 1927. The Piggly Wiggly store was modest by comparison with its present day counterparts and its advent was violently opposed by the proprietors of the independent stores, to the extent of enjoining the legislature to enact laws forbidding the proliferation of chain stores in the State. Fortunately, such measures were doomed and the rest of the story we all know. The Twenty-Third and K business district, like most others of its sort, is now a shadow of its once busy and thriving self.

PENALTY FOR CASH

By Eunice Huffman

As I grew up in the 20's and 30's the focal point of any neighborhood was in the family grocery store; such a store was at 3644 McKinley Avenue, one block from our home. In 1925 it was owned by Fred H. Schewe who had previously been a clerk at the pavilion at Point Defiance. The store had an apartment above, which Schewe shared with his sister and her family, the Cooks. Emilene Cook, one of the children, was in my age group and was one of my playmates.

Once when we were sewing doll clothes I noticed that Emilene had many spools of different colored threads. When I went home I managed to get some of her spools in my basket because I figured she could take thread any time she wanted from the store. My Mother noticed the strange spools and queried me about them. At first I told her that Emilene had given them to me but Mother did not believe that so I was instructed to return the thread to Emilene's mother with the explanation that I had stolen them. This caused me much embarrassment and was a lasting lesson.

Schewe's store carried a great variety of goods; fresh vegetables and fruit, canned goods, staples, dry goods and some meats. Mr. Schewe was always willing to special-order any meat his customers wanted. The candy counter was a main attraction and it took considerable time to make my choices of the penny candy when I had a few pennies or a nickel to spend.

A great many customers had credit at the store. The records were kept in each customer's salesbook. The books were filed in a huge drawer under the counter. When a customer made a purchase the items were recorded on a sheet in his own book in duplicate and he received a copy. The family of my girl

M. file not

friend, Betty Schaad, had credit at the store because her father worked for the Chicago, Milwaukee Railroad and in depression times he was paid by a voucher system. The vouchers were only negotiable when the railroad notified the employees that they could cash them. So to enable the Schaads to eat, they were allowed to charge them at Schewe's store. Whenever Mrs. Schaad paid her grocery bill Betty would receive a free bag of candy. My folks never ran credit but paid cash for anything purchased at Schewe's.. I pleaded with Mother to charge at Schewe's so I would get a bag of candy but to no avail. Mother usually shopped at the chain store, Piggly Wiggly, further down the Avenue, as the prices were cheaper.

In 1931 Schewe's changed hands and was purchased by Arthur and May Weydt. The store operation continued much the same but the personalities were different. May was very stern and a bit frightening and Art was rather an exhibitionist. Art did a bit of drinking and always had alcohol available for "medicinal purposes." Betty Schaad said that even though her mother was a strong prohibitionist, she was given a bit of liquor for a serious illness.

For 34 years the Weydts owned the store which they enlarged and upgraded. Art died during their ownership but May continued to run the store until 1965, when the operation ceased and the building was converted to apartments, a barber shop and a laundromat.

ALONG SIXTH AVENUE FROM STEELE STREET TO PINE

By Wilma Snyder

My first sense of "neighborhood" came when I was old enough to leave the confines of our backyard and play with the other "kids" on our block, which included both sides of South Steele Street from 8th to 10th.

There were ten boys and five girls in that area, all fairly close in age. The boys didn't ask the girls to play Cowboys and Indians or baseball, and we didn't invite the boys to play in the playhouse our father had built in our backyard. The only time the two sexes played together was during the long summer evenings when we were allowed to stay out until the street lights went on. We played "Washington Poke" and "Kick-the-Can," both of which involved running from base and hiding. As the players grew toward junior high school age, they began hiding in pairs. Sometimes the couples didn't return, and that would break up the game.

I knew the fathers and mothers of my playmates and the adults of the neighborhood got acquainted with each other through their children. But the adults did not have any joint neighborhood functions. When my son was growing up, we lived in a neighborhood on North 35th Street which had summer potlucks, breakfasts at Point Defiance, camp-outs on the Deschutes River, impromptu foursomes at Bridge, and innumerable morning coffee klatches. Nothing like that happened in the neighborhood where I grew up.

It was a middle-class neighborhood, with fathers employed in both white-and blue-collar jobs. I didn't know very much about the occupations of those men until recently when I looked them up in the City Directory. We had a furniture worker, a city fireman, a Ford salesman, a railroad clerk,

an abstractor at a title company, a radio repairman, a photographer, an advertising manager in a department store, an owner of a dance studio and an owner of a broom factory. He gave us girls bits of brightly colored velveteen which were used as trim on broom handles. We used these when we made doll clothes for 10¢ celluloid dolls purchased at Foultz's Variety Store.

When we were old enough to go on errands on Sixth Avenue, it usually was to places which our mother patronized. Rowell's Grocery on the northeast corner of Sixth and Prospect was where most of our food stuffs were purchased. Usually my mother would call in her order in the morning and it was delivered in a Model T delivery truck before noon. The delivery boy would carry the groceries around to the back door and my mother was spared lengthy sessions of shopping in supermarkets where they seem to judge the quality of merchandise by the number of steps one has to take in order to do the weekly grocery shopping.

When we paid our monthly bill at Rowell's, which my father generally did on Saturday, my sister and I would go with him. Daddy would get a cigar, my sister and I got a twisted candy stick which we selected from an assortment stored in glass jars, and the whole family got a pound box of chocolates. The store had a mixture of smells: peanut butter, cheese, ripe bananas. We got weighed on Mr. Rowell's scales in his back storeroom on those weekly trips. Sacks of potatoes in burlap bags and flour in muslin sacks, were stored there. It was fun to stand on the wooden floor of the scale in that early-smelling room and watch Mr. Rowell add the necessary weights until the arm balanced.

One time when the Rowell's delivery boy was in our kitchen chatting with my mother, my sister crawled into the back of the delivery truck and had a short ride to the next stop. She was returned home as soon as she was found, but not

before my mother had discovered her loss and was scolding me for letting my sister disappear. I was on the front sidewalk when the grocery boy returned with Florence. I was delighted to see her and went running to the truck. My mother did what most parents do when they are relieved to find a missing child: administered a spanking. Only in her anxiety, Mother grabbed for a child without looking too closely to see which twin she had, and I was snatched up and being spanked before I knew what was happening. I kept saying: "But, Mama, but Mamma!" She must have thought it was Florence protesting the punishment. When the grocery boy and Florence came into the house, and my mother had cooled down, it must have seemed anti-climactic because Florence never did get spanked. It was a family joke for a long time.

If Mother wanted something from a bakery, my sister and I would go to the Danish Bakery on the northwest corner of Sixth Avenue and Steele Street. What wickedly tantalizing odors came from that shop! Pastry and pineapple, marzipan and maple, apple twists and tarts, cookies and cakes, bread and buns; all of which tasted better to me than home-baked goodies. If I ever had a nickel to spend I usually spent it there on a chocolate eclair. That is, until I discovered hamburgers. There was a little hole-in-the-wall restaurant on the south side of Sixth Avenue on the alley between Oakes and Anderson. Hamburgers there cost just a nickel. Of course, the buns weren't as large as they are today, but the meat had no additives. They browned the buns on the grill and they were served with only mustard and pickle. I still prefer hamburgers without all the extra goop.

Stroud's Market, which was on the north side of Sixth Avenue between Anderson and Pine, provided us with fresh meat. Mr. Stroud wore a white coat with a white apron over it. He had to change his apron more often than his coat. The floor behind the counter was covered with sawdust, and the meat

was displayed in glass cases. If you didn't see what you wanted, Mr. Stroud would go into the back room and come back with a quarter of beef or pork or lamb over his shoulder and make a cut of the customer's choice. He had a large wooden block for cutting the meat, and a saw and a cleaver were his main instruments. He always gave kids a wienie (we never called them hot dogs then) when a purchase was made. One time when I was telling my son about our neighborhood, I told him about the butcher giving kids a wienie. My son, who had grown up viewing meat pre-packed in see-through packages at the supermarket, seemed puzzled by the story. "What's a butcher?" he asked me. To add to his confusion, I told him about visiting on farms in Kansas where farmers did their own butchering. When he wanted the story repeated, he would ask with the usual childish query, "Will you tell me about the olden days?"

Jonas Hardware Store, across Prospect Street from Rowell's Grocery, was frequented by my father when he needed material for household chores. It had an oiled wood floor and smelled just like the halls of Bryant Elementary School. Nails of all sizes were stored in kegs, and counters were divided into sections for small merchandise. A customer could count out the number of some particular item wanted--no packages wrapped in indestructible covering which can hardly be opened without a knife or a sturdy pair of scissors! Furthermore, you didn't have to buy three batteries if you only wanted one.

My mother did a lot of sewing for the family and dressmaking for others, and the majority of her sewing supplies were purchased at Grumbling's Dry Goods Store, between Fife and Oakes on the south side of Sixth Avenue. The Masonic Lodge had the upper two floors. Hosiery, underwear, yardage, thread, pins, needles and some ready-to-wear clothing were adequate to meet most of our needs. When Mother wanted some special material for Easter

outfits or dresses when my sister and I were flower girls in weddings, she would shop downtown at Rhodes Department Store, but other than specialties, Grumbling's carried a sufficient supply. I had my first Saturday job there at Christmas time when I was in high school. Packages for gifts were always wrapped in white tissue paper and tied with red ribbon which could be curled with the edge of a pair of scissors. I got to do a lot of wrapping. Ladies' stockings came in flat boxes with the size and color marked on the ends; I liked to keep them in such good order that I could immediately find what a customer requested.

Farley's Florist was located across Sixth Avenue from Grumbling's. Our family didn't buy many flowers--probably only for funerals. However, I became well enough acquainted with the Farley's that I was brave enough to ask them for another Christmas time job. This time I wrapped poinsettias in shiny red foil and fastened big red bows on each pot.

We bought little in the way of prescription drugs when I was young, but every household had a stock of Vicks' Vapo-Rub, Milk of Magnesia, aspirin, rubbing alcohol, iodine, adhesive tape and gauze (no Band-Aids). The Sun Drug on the northeast corner of Sixth Avenue and Anderson was frequented by many people in our area. The store continued operating under three generations of the Diamond Family until the 1980's.

The Eastman Kodak Company gave every child who was twelve in 1930, a free Brownie camera to celebrate one of the company anniversaries. I still have a picture of my sister and one of me taken at that time. Sun Drug was a distributor for Eastman. This gift was the beginning of my interest in photography.

When we reached junior high school age, we were allowed to walk on Sixth Avenue from Steele to Pine Street and back again. Our strolls must have started

when the nightly hide-and-go-seek games no longer held our interest. I don't recall any happy meetings with any interesting boys while on our strolls --it was just nice to be out in the warm summer air and on our own. Even though it was a familiar neighborhood by day, the evening promenades had an aura of romance about them.

Saturday afternoon matinees at the Sunset Theater on the southwest corner of Sixth and Prospect were another escape from home. Suspenseful serials ran each week. My sister had her first date with Peter Drummond to go to the Saturday show, but my mother wouldn't let her go unless I went too. Determined Peter got Billy Frazier to ask me to go, in order that he have his date with Florence. Billy, whom I thought of as a brother, kindly obliged Peter by agreeing to go. Years later, the thought occurred to me: "I wonder if Peter gave Billy the dime to pay my admittance." If he did, it was resourceful of Peter, and it was kind of Billy to take me without any protest. Later yet, my mother told us, she too, went to the show, sitting several rows behind us.

It wasn't until I was in high school that I got taken to Burpee's an ice cream parlor and restaurant on the northwest corner at Sixth and Pine. Florence and I were both going with boys who were family friends. I had been fond of my date since I had been quite young, but it took a bit of time before I grew up to his standards, I guess. I was quite impressed when he asked me to go to a show soon after school started in 1935 and we went together more or less steadily for almost a year. He had been in a CCC camp and had found a job at a news agency. He helped with family finances and didn't have much money for dates; so going to Burpee's was quite a treat. One night, when we were ready to leave, my date put a napkin over a glass of water and quickly turned it upside down on the table. We paid our bill and left. I could just imagine how the unsuspecting waitress was going to feel when

she picked up that glass! Even though I wasn't directly involved, I felt a little dare-devilish. That was probably pretty mild compared to what other girls might have considered dare-devilish!



Looking east on Sixth Avenue at the intersection of 6th and Oakes. Courtesy of Washington State Historical Society.

LITTLE RUSSIA

By Phyllis Kaiser and Wilma Snyder
(From an Interview)

The corner of South 23rd and Cushman was known as "Little Russia," according to Dale Wirsing in his book, Builders, Brewers and Burghers. This nomenclature applied roughly to an area from Sprague to K Street and from South 19th to 23rd. Dorothy Klein, Esther Hamre and Helen Schwartz are three women who chose to remain in an environment originally selected by their parents in the early 1900's.

The parents of the women were known as Russian or Volga Germans and had immigrated from the villages of Frank, Kolb and Hussenback, settlements in the Volga area. These villages had been settled by immigrants from Germany under a program proposed by Catherine the Great, Empress of Russia. In the 1760's, Catherine offered free transportation to Germans to settle on land grants near the Volga River. Sons also received additional grants, but women did not share the same inheritance. Catherine's generosity was two-fold; first, to develop agricultural resources and second, to populate an area which had been threatened by marauding tribes since the fall of the Mongolian Empire.

Seed-wheat for planting was to be supplied for the first crop, land was tax-exempt from ten to thirty years, and interest-free loans were available for the purchase of equipment. The Germans' rights included religious liberty, though they were forbidden to spread their faith to the Russians. They were to be exempt from military service and had control over their local government and schools. However, ministers had a unique position of "supreme authority." The Germans continued to speak their own language, and as there was little inter-marriage cultural standards remained constant.

To increase family finances, it was often the custom for men to have a trade to follow during the winter months when farming tasks were fewer. Blacksmithing, shoe repairing, weaving of linen or wool and tailoring, were some of the practiced trades. Each householder was allowed to cut a designated number of marked trees for firewood and trees were replanted in order to have a constant supply.

By the late 1800's promised freedoms were being taken away. In January, 1874, Czar Alexander issued an ordinance of compulsory military service for the same year. Young men had to serve in the army for a period of six years; first-born sons were exempt. The Revolution of 1917 accelerated efforts to "Russianize" the Germans and the outbreak of World War I caused further troubles. Germans whose ancestors had lived in Russia for as many as five generations began emigrating, principally to America.

To facilitate emigration procedures, the parish church provided records of birth, baptism, confirmation, date of last communion, and the names of parents and grandparents. The records were taken to a government office where visas were issued. Some emigrants had money for railroad fares to Bremerhaven or Hamburg, the two ports of embarkation. Others started out on foot and worked on farms in exchange for lodging and food on their way to port cities. If the travelers did not have enough money for passage, it was possible to obtain a sponsor who paid the fare. Sponsors might be individual persons or companies. The railroads got many workers this way. In fact, railway agents were in Germany to recruit workers. Settlers tended to gravitate toward states which were engaged in wheat production. In Washington, Odessa and Ritzville were stopping places for some, but others seeking different employment, traveled farther west and some came to Tacoma.

Helen Schwartz's father, George Jacob, came to America in 1906 and her mother, Christina Elizabeth Wuerttemberg, in 1912. They were married in Tacoma on July 19, 1914, in a relative's home. In 1919, they purchased their first home, at 1920 South Cushman. Helen now resides at 2347 South Ainsworth, a house which her parents had purchased in 1936. Jacob was employed for a number of years by the Northwest Woodenware Company, located at 21st and Dock Street. The company manufactured barrels and buckets. Such a business was known as a cooperage.

Jacob had lived a colorful life in Russia. He served his compulsory military service in the cavalry, which was by decree rather than choice. He continued his military service during the Russo-Japanese War (1904-1905) acting in a liaison position with Russian officers, as he was proficient in languages. While in the military service, one of his duties was to keep track of provisions and if a little liquid got left in a bottle, it wasn't wasted. (His position may have been similar to that of an American supply sergeant.)

Esther Hamre's mother, Katherine Margaret Walker, came to the United States with three brothers in 1906, and her father, John George Betz, came in 1910. They were married in Ritzville, Washington, in the fall of 1914 and came to Tacoma the same year. John Betz worked at the Tacoma Smelter until his death in 1918, in his early 40's.

Katherine raised her children, Esther and George, by doing housework. Ten years after her husband's death, she was able to purchase a home at 1930 So. Cushman. Today, Esther and her husband, Ben Hamre, now live at 2502 South Ainsworth.

Dorothy Klein's father, Frederick Bastron, came to the United States in 1909. Her mother, Katharina Eckhardt, was brought here as a baby in 1893. They migrated to Ritzville where they were married

on February 19, 1919 and four years later, came to Tacoma. Frederick worked at several places, among them Buffelen Lumber Company and American Pipe Company. Within five years after coming to Tacoma, Dorothy's parents bought a home at 2514 South Ainsworth. Dorothy and her husband, David, now reside at 2501 South Cushman, in a house which David had built for his parents who were also Volga Germans.

Some immigrant families spoke only German at home, but others started learning English from earlier-arriving relatives. Children "picked up" English from older brothers and sisters who had started public school.

Thinking it desirable to instruct young people in the German language, Peace Lutheran Church began a parochial school in the church basement. Classes started the first week in September and continued until the 15th of June. Bernard Frazier was hired at the sum of \$50 a month as teacher and he was helped in the afternoon by the pastor, George Koehler, who received the same salary for his teaching, plus ministerial duties. Fifty cents a month was charged for students whose parents were not active members of the church. A flooded basement in 1912 necessitated transfer of pupils to public schools.

The three women who were interviewed had attended Irving Elementary School, located at South 25th and Sprague, and they remember marching to the newly constructed Stanley School when Irving was condemned as unsafe. That was in the mid-1920's; sixty years later, Stanley was the condemned school.

The church was an important part of German life. There were three churches in the immediate neighborhood: Peace Lutheran at 21st and Cushman, the Evangelical and Reformed Church at 23rd and Cushman, and the German Congregational at 23rd and Alaska. Confirmation of youth usually occurred at about

age 15. Esther recalls that three Sundays were required for the process: the first for examination, the second for confirmation, and on the third, the children received their first communion. The German Baptist Church was located at South 20th and J Street next to the water tower. Its congregation was made up of Germans from Novka and other villages of Southern Russia.

Confirmation classes were conducted in German at Peace Lutheran Church until 1936, as were Sunday morning services. Sunday evening services were held in English, and by 1937, the Rev. G.H. Kittel used English in Sunday School and Luther League. By 1955 the number of members attending the German services had dwindled to a handful and the next year they were discontinued altogether. With the change of language, people of other nationalities and backgrounds became members of the congregation. At the founding of the church in 1909, only male communicants had voting privileges and it was 1957 before women were permitted to be elected to the church council.

Secular life found its social outlet in gatherings at peoples' homes. On New Year's Day children went calling on family friends with their parents and received a traditional gift of a nickel or a dime, while the adults drank toasts to the New Year.

Saturday night parties included playing pinochle and drinking beer. Women might not have had equality in church affairs but they were not denied a little alcoholic refreshment. The men-folks would go to a beer parlor on Center Street for buckets of beer. Babysitters were a thing of the future so the "kids" went along with their parents, were bedded down, and carried home when the party was over.

The Sons of Herman was a lodge for German speaking people. The original members may have been Germans from Germany, but inter-marriage and a desire for

sociability enticed a more general membership.

Early arriving immigrants helped later ones to purchase "American clothes," but the older generation tended to cling to their familiar garments. Some women would have nothing to do with what they considered to be "new-fangled corsets."

Large families, especially if a son was named for a father, had nick-names for their children. The Schwartz family, for instance, might call a blond member "White Schartz." Curley and Bud were other nicknames for obvious reasons.

Shopping needs for "Little Russia" were supplied by local merchants. Jacko's and Karpack's were two competing grocers who had butcher shops in their stores. Kohen's was a grocery store at 21st and M, and Couch's Grocery was at 23rd and Wilkeson. There was a drugstore at 23rd and K operated at various times by Hartman, Cartier and Riser. Although German women were known for their good cooking, they patronized a local bakery at 23rd and Cushman. Dry-goods could be purchased at Hans Johnson's or Meyer's, close to 11th and K. Daily delivery of groceries was enjoyed, one grocer being so accommodating as to go door-to-door to take orders. Peterson's Feed Store at 9th and K furnished food for fowl.

The iceman and the fishman with his horse-drawn wagon, were weekly callers. A card in the window was a request for the iceman to stop. The fishman announced his coming with a sound like a foghorn. Italians from "Little Italy," (South 11th to South 19th) went door-to-door, selling vegetables and fruit.

There were no welfare programs in "Little Russia." Neighbors helped each other in time of emergency. Families stretched their incomes by planting vegetable gardens, keeping chickens, and raising cows which were pastured on what is now Stanley School playfield.

Germans assimilated themselves into the American way of life with more ease than some other nationalities. As one author put it, they respected authority, understood the value of education and were hard workers.

World War II brought about an escalation of housing, bringing new residents to the South 23rd and Cushman area. Upward mobility and job opportunities caused an exodus of some of those born in the area. The flavor of the community was lost -- except in memory and history!

LITTLE ITALY

By Phyllis Kaiser and Wilma Snyder
From an interview

Nestled adjacent to the Russian-German enclave, Little Italy shared the same east-west borders; Sprague Avenue and K Streets; north and south it was bounded by 12th and 19th Streets. The purpose of immigration to this neighborhood, regardless of the generation, was perpetually the same; economic advancement. In Italy there were only two classes of people, the poor and the very rich. The Italians, as well as other nationalities, looked for a chance to reach a middle-class status in America.

The families of Mary Scornaienchi Guzzo, Amelia Manza Mazzuca, and Florence Cozza Reda can trace their families to the same province of Cosenza in Southern Italy. They lived in different villages, all within a "stone's throw" of each other.

FLORENCE COZZA REDA

Some time before 1900, during his early teens, my paternal grandfather, Gaetano Cozza, left Paterno in the province of Cosenza in Southern Italy, to come to America. He remained a few years and then returned to Italy and married Clementina LePiane from Pianecrati in the same province of Cosenza. They lived in Clementina's village where two children, John, my father, and Lewis were born. My grandfather wanted to return to America but Lewis was too young for the journey so was left in Italy with a "wet nurse." They stayed in Tacoma long enough for my father to receive about four years of schooling at Franklin Elementary but returned again to Pianecrati where a son, Anthony, was born. My grandfather was a shepherd before he came to America the first time.

A severe earthquake hit the area, which was frightening to the boys, and so it was off to America

again; this time to stay. Gaetano became a barber and had a shop at 1155 South D Street in 1910. My grandfather's brother, Guiseppe Cozza, started a poultry market at 1146 Market Street, which was a popular place for housewives to shop for many years.

My father, John, finished his elementary education and then attended Bryant when they held high school classes there. He returned to Cosenza, Italy to learn the jewelry trade. Back in Tacoma he worked for Solomon Cohen; the Cohen's lived across the street from Bryant School at 802 South Ainsworth. My father started a jewelry store about 1918 at 1520 Pacific Avenue and later moved to 948 Pacific, sharing the building with Bennet Typewriter Company.

My father married Louise Scornaienchi, who had attended Lincoln Elementary School located at South 17th, on the west side of K Street. My parents had a home built for their family on a lot at South 14th and Cushman. My brother Albert and I, were born there, delivered by Dr. James Keho. He had an office at 1110½ K Street, above where Samuelson Shoe Company was later located.

My brother and I were among the few Italians in Bryant School at that time and we felt some racial discrimination. I didn't like being called a "Dago" or a "Wop" so when I was asked what my nationality was, I replied, "Norwegian." When I went home and told the story my grandmother thought I should be proud of my Italian heritage. My Mother laughed and my father observed, "Florence, you look as much like a Norwegian as a Chinese."

MARY SCORNAIENCHI GUZZO

My father, Anthony, first came to Tacoma when he was just a young child. He attended Bryant School for awhile and remembered a time when the Italian and Chinese children were moved to another school. Although only eight or nine years old, he worked as

a water-boy for the Tacoma Railway and Power Company. He returned to Italy in 1914 and remained until about 1920. While living in Italy he had a drayage business and a vineyard. He married Barbara Lavorato and they had three children; John, Albert, and me. My mother, my brothers and I came to Tacoma on October 29, 1924. It was just two days before Halloween but I knew nothing about that celebration. A boy with a horrible mask attempted to frighten me and I let loose with a string of Italian words which probably frightened him because he ran away. I reproached my father later for not warning me about Halloween.

One more boy, George, was born after we came to Tacoma. We lived at South 13th and Sheridan for a short while and then my father purchased a home at South 17th and Trafton, which was outside the Italian community. He felt our family, especially my mother, would learn the English language faster in the new location. My father supported our family as a mechanic for the Northern Pacific Railroad. I attended Lincoln Elementary School but transferred to Stanley when it was opened November 28, 1925. I later went to Jason Lee, Stadium, and Beutel Business College at 937½ Broadway, above Klopfenstein's.

AMELIA MANZA MAZZUCA

My parents came from Figline in 1905 in the same province where Mary and Florence's families lived. My father, Gaetano, had fought in the Italo-Ethiopian War. He married Theresa Greco and had two boys while they were still in Italy. Their first home, when coming to Tacoma, was at South 17th and Cushman. His first job was as a laborer on the building of the reservoir on South 19th, opposite the Stanley School playground. I would sometimes take lunch to him which my mother had tied up in a dish towel, then we would eat together.

Later my father purchased some property at 1730

South Cushman and built a grocery store. He carried a special brand of spaghetti which came from Portland. Customers would come from all over town to buy the spaghetti in 10 or 15 pound boxes. He carried other Italian specialties which could only be found at Manza's.

He built a three-room house on the back of the lot for his family. I was born in that little house. Later he had a larger home built at 1728 South Cushman where four more girls were born; the smaller house was then rented. When my father's two brothers immigrated from Italy they settled nearby and that area became known as the "Manza Block."

I attended Lincoln Elementary School but later went to Visitation Academy which at that time, was located across the street from St. Joseph's Hospital. During an early year at Lincoln Elementary, after the Christmas holiday, the teacher asked us to each tell what we received for Christmas. A girl sitting in front of me said, "A doll, a doll buggy, and lots of other toys." I was embarrassed because my family couldn't afford Christmas gifts at that time. When it was my turn I repeated the same gifts the girl in front of me mentioned, but Harry Umbriaco, a neighbor boy in my class, said, "Amelia, that's a big lie!"

The Italian women provided good food for their families. Every household had a garden and fruit trees. Two or three lots were purchased for home sites in order to have a garden and to keep chickens and rabbits. Some families had pigs, goats and cows. It was an exciting day when the men would gather in someone's backyard to butcher a pig. Once a reluctant pig escaped his captors and there was a hairy chase through the neighborhood until it was caught. People in nearby neighborhoods were always glad to have door-to-door salesman offer fresh vegetables for sale from their gardens.

St. Rita's, built in 1924, was the parish church. The first three priests had last names beginning with "b." Father Bruno built the church; he was followed by Father Biagini and Father Buffaro. Father Sacco came about 1980. In the 1920's services were mainly in Italian and it was definitely an ethnic church, but now the membership is mixed; some blacks as well as some Vietnamese attend. Florence, Amelia and Mary were all married at St. Rita's.

Many of the Russian-Germans who lived nearby attended Peace Lutheran Church. The members of the German church were invited to St. Rita's for special services, and the St. Rita's parishioners were invited to Peace Lutheran for evening services and refreshments served later. The two nationalities seemed to live peacefully together; their children attended the same schools. Two German women, Mrs. Augusta Starkel and Mrs. George Maesner, taught some of the Italian women about German baking. Florence remembers Mrs. Starkel making a double batch of pie, cake or rolls which she shared with the Cozza family. In later years Mrs. Starkel was driving her car down the 9th Street hill in downtown Tacoma when her brakes went out. Sounding her horn to alert traffic, she crashed into the bulkhead at Fireman's Park. She was fortunate to have survived and not injured anyone.

When Florence, Amelia and Mary were interviewed, they told stories of their memories of funeral customs. Black clothes and black bands on sleeves of garments were customs which lasted until approximately 1930. Occasionally the casket might be brought to the home. Amelia remembered this happening for a young sister but it was not a common practice with Italian families. However, the funeral cortege would drive past the home of the deceased on the way to the cemetery. When the family returned home from the cemetery many friends would stop by to offer condolences. It was a trying time for the family.

There was more than one lodge which Italians could attend; The Sons of Italy and the Progressive Italian Club, which met at the Normana (Scandinavian) Hall, and the Columbus Lodge, which met in South Tacoma. The southend lodge had members mainly from Northern Italy. The Sons of Italy had a ladies auxiliary which helped with dances, dinners and picnics for the Italian community.

Ferry Park was a good place to bring young people together. It was located at South 14th street between Cushman and Sheridan. There were swings, a wading pool, teeter-totters, horse shoe pits, and a volley ball court. Bill Lemmon was hired by the park district as a director in the summer time. If someone misbehaved the director of the playground disciplined the child regardless of who he was, and the child could be banned from the playground for a week or the whole summer. Ferry Park was the first park in Tacoma on land donated by a Tacoma citizen, C.P. Ferry. The statues of the lions on the Sixth Avenue side of Wright's Park and the "draped" maidens on the Division Street side were originally in Ferry Park. After World War II, when the park department could no longer afford summer directors, conditions deteriorated, the facilities were vandalized, and the park was dismantled.

The Tacoma Community House at 1311 South M Street provided services for children and adults to learn English. At times it was a child care center and it offered citizenship classes. Boy and Girl Scout Troops met there and it was a sponsor for a Queen Esther Club. It was operated by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Thompson who worked under the sponsorship of the National Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Church. All nationalities gathered there for lunches and dinners, sharing traditional dishes from native lands. The sharing of food brought people closer together in their common effort to become Americans.

K Street merchants, 1940's. Courtesy of The Tacoma News Tribune.



K Street as it appeared in the 1940s

K-Street Boosters plan party

Group to honor old-time district merchants

By BETTY ANDERSON

A banquet to recognize former businessmen and women in the K Street District will be held at 6:30 p.m. Thursday in the Bavarian Restaurant, 204 N. K St.

Special recognition will be given to Joe Hawthorne, longtime banker at Puget Sound National Bank, and Charley Gage, former owner of the Value Store.

The Old Timer's banquet, sponsored by the K Street Boosters Club, will be a reunion of sorts for people who in years past have owned and operated businesses in the district. However, some of the businesses have changed and some buildings may have been demolished since they were there, according to Boh Luxa, new owner of the Value Store who is serving as banquet coordinator.

"K Street was the number one business center

for years and years," he said. "We want to get some of those old-timers back."

The shopping district has been in existence since 1905, according to early reports. Immigrants from various backgrounds and their descendants set up businesses there and some are still in business.

There is a mixture of German, Russian, Italian, Scandinavian, black and more recently, Indo-chinese merchants in the district, extending from Sixth Avenue to South 23rd Street and from about South J Street to Sheridan Avenue.

There are banks, insurance and real estate businesses and several hundred professional offices for doctors, dentists and attorneys. There are small restaurants with ethnic cuisine, drug stores, specialty shops, taverns, service stations, a bakery, cleaners, a furniture and appliance store and supermarket.

Luxa said information about the banquet may be obtained by calling him at his store.

MEMORIES OF THE K STREET DISTRICT

1935 to 1948

By Katheren Armatas

My dad Lascos and my Uncle Frank were business partners in the early 30's and 40's. The top of the 11th Street hill and South K Street seemed a good place to conduct their grocery business. First they had the northeast corner, where the First Interstate Bank is today, then they leased the site at 1101 So. K Street where Paulson's Appliance now stands and by 1938 Sarantinos Brothers Bay State Market was well established.

The old wooden building where they had their grocery store was flanked on the K Street side by Larsen's Pharmacy, later to become Meyer's Drug. On the 11th Street side, downhill, was Paulson's Jewelry. Further south on K Street was MacPherson's Federal Bakery; Russell Johnson's Confectionary; the K Street Club, a beer and billiards parlor; Lighthouse Electric; K Street Theater and a K Street Ice Cream shop. Across the street from their grocery was the Totem building which first housed Hogan's Food, where Harold Meyer Drug is today. Next to Hogan's was Cable Fountain and Cigar Store - later Brown's Star Grill, Zarelli's Shoe Shine Parlor, Samuelson Shoes - later Ostlund's, Craig and Son Hardware, Johnson's Dry Goods, Mac Marr's - later the K Street 10 Cent Store, Economy Drug, Crystal Palace Market Meats, and Takashima and Horiuchi Produce. P.S. Russell Johnson, 86 years old, the founder and patriarch of Johnson's Candy Company which now stands at 924 So. K Street, still puts in work time at his shop and has been a supplier to candy lovers for 60 years.

Every day, including Sunday, my father would open the store, waiting for my uncle to arrive. He would then go downtown to conduct his ordering or banking. He would either walk or use the trolley, later the bus, since he never owned or drove a car.

He enjoyed being out with the public, a familiar figure in various banks, the courthouse, City Hall, the fish and meat markets, and grocery wholesalers. He would take the late afternoon and evening shifts at his store, closing at midnight on weekdays and at nine on Sundays.

Besides canned and staple goods, their store featured fresh fruit and vegetables, fish, dairy products and flowers (especially during the holidays). The main counter, where customers brought their selections, also served as cold storage for dairy products and perishables. Behind it was the dry goods bins of fruit and pastas. The candy counter, an enclosed glass section, had those wonderful one-cent candy bars and during Christmas boxes of chocolate-covered cremes (the pink ones were the best). I was great at sampling all, especially the raisins by the handful.

Obviously I overdid it, for now I can barely tolerate them! Along the back wall, shelves held the staple items of canned goods, boxes of soaps, etc. Breads and cookies were arranged in a section next to the flowers. Next to the grocery section, Dad had his fish market counter. He offered all types of fresh seafood. That's where I learned to clean smelt and crab - by watching my father. His lutefisk and pickled herring (the best) drew Norwegians and Swedes; his smoked and kippered salmon drew the Jews and the snack lovers. He bought fresh fish every day for he didn't waste any or want to smell up the locker while storing it. In this same area, across the aisle from the fish market, the meat market stood. It was privately handled by various butchers through the passing years, Al Marucca and Vic Lichenberg, to mention two.

They were great guys and worked harmoniously with my father and Uncle Frank. In the late evening, if I wasn't sampling Dad's pickled herring and onions, I would sneak in the meat locker and

sample Vic's potato salad. His wife Venus made the best. Weiners, always available, hanging in ropes from the hooks, were a great side dish.

Uncle Frank was a specialist in vegetable and fruit display and his floral arrangement artistry was very eye-appealing. He could talk anyone into purchasing a fresh bouquet along with their groceries. He would stack fruit in straight rows, polish the apples for added gleam, and freshen the green vegetables with a water mist. The bunch of bananas hanging from the hook would be checked for over-ripeness as he whistled the tune, "Yes, We Have No Bananas." Of course, the over-ripe ones landed at my house. Since Mama never wasted anything, they were used in cake, bread, cereal and what-have-you. Guess who can barely tolerate these items now?

Uncle Frank had a peeve with any patrolman (flat-foot) covering the K Street beat who came in and helped himself to an apple or banana without paying for it. Once I saw him grab a cop's hand with an iron grip and make him drop the apple. The cop never again came in the store while Frank was there. Of course, at night Lascos, my Papa, was the soft touch; the cops on the beat would pop in freely. It was just as well; it gave him added protection.

One Halloween night, I was up the block, soaping the five and ten's windows, when I felt a tapping on my shoulder. Fearfully I looked up into the patrolman's stern face. His rough face cracked into a smile as he said, "Oh, Sarantino's kid. Go ahead, just don't use wax."

On September 20, 1985, at 1:42 am, a devastating fire gutted the Value Store at 1118 So. K Street. The hungry flames ate away all my childhood memories of waxed windows, sweet-smelling perfumes and delightful treasures that one could purchase for a nickel or a dime. Now there is just a gaping hole. It's ironic that the five and ten's address was one

block parallel to my old home, the green house at 1118 So. J Street. It too, no longer is there.

It was not unusual to see me around the K Street district during Papa's late hours; I practically lived there. After our supper, my mother would pack a basket with a hot meal for my late-working Papa, and I would walk with her through our back alley to the store.

Our house's backyard and garage were separated from the back of the K Street Theater by this alley. Many of my lost balls bounced and careened off it's roof. Mama and I fearlessly headed towards 11th Street, continuing down the alley where we could hear music coming from the K Street Tavern. The reek of stale beer and smoke, after a Friday or Saturday night, was enough to make me sneeze. Farther down the alley the MacPherson Bakery loading dock was covered with a coating of white flour and the sweet fragrance of baking bread escaped through the open door. Peeking inside, I could see the activity of white-aproned, red-faced bakers quickly pulling out the hot loaves from the oven. Walking around the corner and up 11th, we passed the Bazaar Dress Shop's beautiful display in the lighted window. Paulson's Jewelry's sparkling diamond rings and flashy golden watches beckoned to me with their splendor.

Approaching the side of the grocery store was a rickety wooden stairway leading to the second level of the building. Often Otto, the wino, would be sleeping off his late evening in a drunken stupor. He lived like a squatter, upstairs. Poor Otto, maybe he mooched from Dad, the Tavern, K Street Grill, or the Federal Bakery to survive. Who knows? One day he disappeared and never was seen again. Louie Rousseau still makes a mean sandwich at his grill on K Street.

After school classes, my two cousins, Serma and Pana Halkides, would come to help clerk at the store

and as my brother Angelo grew older, he too would help, but I was too young. That didn't stop Papa from teaching me to stock shelves, dust, help bag groceries and later use the cash register and make change. Once, on my own, I bravely sold a customer a pound of butter. How delighted she must have been to get it for ten cents! My father told me afterwards, when he learned of my sale, that it was cubes of butter (one-quarter pound) that sold for ten cents each. That episode eliminated my novice clerkship very quickly; it was decided that I should stick to dusting shelves.

Speaking of butter, it brings to mind the rationing and shortages during World War II and how they affected our grocery business. Our store had limited supplies of canned goods, meat, coffee, butter and sugar. Bread was short because the oil used in its baking was rationed. I recall why the doughnuts my Uncle Louis Evans baked and which we sold, tasted so odd. I was informed many years later by my brother Ange, that Louis used mineral oil instead of lard to fry them. "Ugh!" (The Baker Boys' Bakery is still in existence at its original site at So. Wright Street in the Oakland district of Tacoma. Both my cousins, Ernie and Bill Evans, produced fine breads for wholesale and retail sales for many years.) Back to the butter story: Butter was very scarce and when Dad received his allotted amount, we would distribute it first to our best customers, then to the other shoppers, always a cube at a time and the required ration stamps collected.

One day, a box full of one-pound slabs had to be cut into cubes and individually wrapped with wax paper. I was shown how, then asked to take it home to do it in privacy, away from the store. A fat lady, whom I had never seen before, peeked into the box as I was exiting out the door. With an infuriated look on her face, she loudly screeched, "Look at all the butter she has!" She then barged into the store, demanding some for herself. To

appease her, Papa told her to come back the next day. With a smirk on my face, I continued walking home, thinking, "Of all the people, this lady needs it the least."

Many events evolved around that K Street grocery setting. One was when the refrigeration system broke. My Dad had to be carried out the stairwell where the machinery was; the heavy fumes of ammonia had overcome him when he went down to investigate.

A damaging event occurred when the next door Meyer Drug Store caught fire. Our grocery was smoke-damaged only but the butcher shop's wall was completely scorched. Another time, we had a fright when Papa was hospitalized for bleeding ulcers; no small wonder that he had them, with all the pressures he had. It was touch and go at the hospital for awhile but with transfusions, followed by an operation, he licked the hovering white spectre, continued proof was his long life span. Papa was a born champion.

How he respected champions, especially Jim Londos, the Greek wrestler and boxer of the 30's. Dad was a great baseball fan, especially during the World Series. His store radio would be on full blast, just as it was in all the other K St. shops. It was fun to hear him defending a certain team. The Tacoma Tigers, though, were his baby. Often he would go to Peck Field on 15th and Sprague to support the local team. I'm sure he and Scotty Moore, the unofficial mayor of K Street, had a good rapport in this respect.

Scotty had a temper and I remember the arguments he had with Peanuts, the K Street taxi driver, and he didn't particularly like kids (at least he never smiled at me). But with his baseball cap forever on his head, he made an impressive figure. I heard he had mellowed with age. He died tragically in an apartment fire. In December, 1981, the

Scotty Moore Memorial Park on South 9th and K was dedicated to him. Now it is called Peoples Park (to me this name lost its spunk).

The K Street Grocery Store lease came to an end. The building owners had other plans. But so did Lascos. In 1948 he had his own store built. Sarantinos' Bay State Market stood at 721 South I for many years. His American dream was realized.

Papa died November 22, 1980. He was 95 years old.

THE KIDS

By Mary Etta Doubleday

I experienced some wondrous childhood adventures: walking the railroad tracks of the Tacoma Eastern in the gulch three blocks down the hill from our house at 4642 McKinley Avenue; jumping across the creek alongside the tracks, falling in frequently, and poling about on a raft at the swamp over the hill. We took for granted the vacant lots where we climbed to the tops of tall fir trees or played scrub baseball with a proprietary air, not caring whose property it was. We also climbed to the tops of telephone poles on the spikes on each side of the pole with no thought of suing anyone if we fell.

We were always intrigued with the workings of the fire station at 38th and McKinley Avenue. The firemen stationed there were of a jolly nature and invited us to climb the stairs and slide down the fire pole, an act that today would be strictly forbidden with all the liability suits; so from a kid's point of view, things were much better then.

One of my favorite places to play was at Mamie Betzler's home. Her father had converted a large old chicken house into a grand playhouse. There we spent endless hours cutting out paper dolls from the Pictorial Review, Delineator and McCall's magazines and served tea from dear little sets of dishes. The Betzlers also had a beautiful old photo album with a colorful velvet cover which reposed on a round table with a green velvet tablecloth. And right next door lived their Grandma Kegg who had an outhouse (I'd never experienced one.) It was kept immaculately clean and freshly painted and smelled of lime rather than the usual. Right up the street lived "Boob" Glastetter, a playmate, who suffered from an overly-protective mother. Next door to him were the Carpenters, old friends of my parents from their days in Wisconsin. My parents and the

Carpenters raised cabbage and together made crocks of sauerkraut, the odor permeating both houses as it ripened.

Tacoma, then as now, had good public transportation. The streetcar stopped on our corner and one of the daring deeds of the neighborhood "sprouts" was to hide in the night shadows and shake the guy wire across the street so that the inbound streetcar's trolley would disconnect as the car made the slight curve on 48th street. Of course, this necessitated the motorman's leaving the car to go out in the dark and try to maneuver the trolley back on its wire, while we stood in the dark and laughed.

Our family had a series of automobiles, among them a Buick touring car with isinglass side curtains. Then there was the brand new 1925 Essex; I was then 10 years old and my brother Kenneth, who was 10 years older than I, thought it a lark to teach me to drive. One day he sent me out alone in that proud chariot. When I was a few blocks from home I found it necessary to shift gears; nothing happened. The universal gear had fallen apart! So in near panic I left the car in the middle of the street and walked home and let Kenneth salvage the car.

NEVER A DULL MOMENT

By Wesla MacArthur

The Tacoma Police Department referred to our neighborhood as one end of the Cook/King Beat. Mrs. King lived roughly a mile away, but Ethel Cook lived nearby. Both women were unfortunately unusual. Mrs. King, for instance, was watering her lawn one lovely summer day while one of her neighbors was hosting a meeting. Guests had parked their cars in front of his and Mrs. King's homes. When a guest from the meeting came out to get into his new Volkswagon, he was a bit startled when he opened the car door to have gallons of water pour out! Mrs. King felt that her property line extended to the middle of the street. Parking at her curbing was, in her mind, trespassing. She honestly felt that anything she did to let car-owners know never to repeat that offense was quite justified. She had found that filling the offender's car with water worked quite well.

Most of our neighbors were quite normal--in a manner of speaking. However, I'm not sure whether "normalcy" was achieved in coping with Ethel Cook or whether we were truly rational. You judge.

In the corner house immediately next door to us lived two very blond sisters; one was taking a beauty course at a barber college. One weekend, having swallowed her customary dose of eight aspirins at one time, she felt that she was relaxed enough to dye her own and her sister's hair. One came out blue and the other turned green. Such hair colors were not yet in fashion, so the girls wore bandanas for a couple of months until their hair grew out and the original color returned.

Across the street from the sisters, on the southwest corner of the intersection, was a single-family house which had been turned into a duplex. The

upstairs apartment was occupied by a couple we had met at our church. The husband, Les Elliott, a salesman for a publishing company which catered to colleges, was away from home several days at a time. At one of those times the Elliott's young son, Tommy, quite innocently shocked a very elderly, sedate relative who came calling. The visitor asked Tommy what people he saw from the window. With the beautiful frankness of childhood, he replied, "Oh, lots. On Monday the milkman, on Tuesday the garbagemen, most days the mailman comes. But I like Fridays best, 'cause that's when my Daddy comes!"

Next door to us on the south side of our home lived Art and Betty Doll and their two children, Donna and Jeff. They had two Scottie dogs named "Mac" and "Tosh." Art taught music in the city schools and often played in dance bands on weekends. Betty had many artistic hobbies which always turned out beautifully.

Still moving south, the people next door to the Dolls were Ray Cook and his notorious wife, Ethel. Ray had worked for many years on the railroad, but by 1950 he was semi-retired. He was very hard of hearing which made it almost impossible for him to find out what had actually been done or said to irritate Ethel. If anybody walked on what Ethel considered her private sidewalk, she would rush out and turn the hose on the trespasser.

Once when the Dolls' house was being professionally painted, Ethel went to her upstairs window, slit the ticking of a feather pillow, and shook all the feathers out the window toward the fresh paint. Fortunately, the wind blew most of the feathers back into Ethel's window! Usually when something upset her, Mrs. Cook would call the police, the fire department or the humane society. This time it was the painters who called the police.

One very hot summer night, while our youngest

child was trying to sleep and teethe at the same time, I heard Ethel screaming for help, shouting "Murderer! Murderer!" I called downstairs to my husband and he ran out to see what was the matter. In less than a minute, he came running back and dashed for the phone. He called the police and asked if they had heard from Ethel. The desk sergeant said, "Yes, she's on another line saying something about a murder." Bill told the officer to relax. Art Doll had just come home from playing with his band at a dance. It was about midnight, so Betty had left their back yard lights on so Art could see the path from the garage on the alley to the back door. He was walking around the yard, pouring salt on slugs. That was the murder!

Obviously, poor Ethel had a problem. One good thing did come out of it all: every child on that block, and there were many of them, became acquainted with the police and firemen. Once Ethel called the police to report that one of the high school boys across the street from her should be arrested for indecent exposure. The police came out and picked up Larry McKinnon, who was washing his car clad in shorts, but no shirt or shoes. The police drove him in their car around to the alley behind his house and told him to stay out of sight for about half an hour. Then they went over to talk with Ethel. She said nothing more when Larry came out later to finish washing his car.

Before we moved from K Street, Ethel died quite dramatically. It was another lovely summer day. Everyone's windows were open to catch the slightest breeze. Ethel was playing gospel hymns on her piano and singing. Every time she sang, Mac and Tosh playing in their fenced in back yard, would howl. She thought Art and Jeff Doll were mocking her. They were not even at home. Ethel called the police. When they found out it was just the dogs howling, they went to Ethel's house to explain. She didn't believe them. She was using rather lurid language on the police and actually worked herself up to such a pitch that she had a stroke. By the

time a second police car, a motorcycle patrolman, a truck from the fire department, the yellow emergency ambulance, a private ambulance, and a TV photographer arrived; someone was being brought out of the house on a stretcher. At first, we all thought Ray must be the patient, for we all knew he had heart problems. The man holding the oxygen mask blocked our view. However, when Ray came out of the house to follow the ambulance to the hospital, we realized our mistake. Ethel was pronounced dead on arrival at the hospital. I phoned my husband at work to see if he could bring Ray home. Later Bill told me, "I've never seen anything so pathetic as Ray pacing that hospital waiting room. He kept saying over and over, 'They finally killed her, they finally killed her. I knew they would some day.'" Everyone in the neighborhood was terribly sorry for Ray. It was quite a while before he was willing to accept the report from the police department indicating that the neighbors were not in any way responsible for his wife's death.

A funny thing happened after Ethel's death. There was not a family on either side of that street who had not had at least one run-in with Ethel. However, after she died, the neighborhood seemed to fall apart. We'd already signed papers to purchase a new house, the Lundquists moved, the McKinnons moved, and the Dolls moved. The adhesive that had held us all together for so many years was gone -- Ethel Cook had died.

NEIGHBORHOOD ENTREPRENEURS

By Mary Etta Doubleday

Betzler's Grocery store just across the street, (48th and McKinley Ave.) was our source of all food that didn't grow in our garden. My favorites, if my mother was not at home, were canned Franco American spaghetti (a concoction I would not now feed to an obnoxious dog) and "French pastry" which was a flaky creation with sugar sprinkled over the top. The peanut butter dispenser in the store intrigued me; it was a tall metal cylinder with a valve near the bottom which slowly disgorged peanut butter in a manner that reminded me of a large animal defecating! Among the delivery trucks that brought supplies was Hoyt's doughnut wagon whose jolly driver, powder-sugar-dusted, would let us ride with him to 64th Street and back and always managed to find a broken doughnut or two for a treat. The enterprising "fish man" toured the neighborhood in his little black truck, holding a long horn which he blew frequently, reminiscent of a fog horn on the water from whence his produce came.

There were other businesses a little farther away. Acme Florist, west on 50th Street near the railroad tracks, had a row of greenhouses and some nursery stock. The large heating plant that supplied the greenhouses with steam heat with much hissing and clanking was very impressive, but the beautiful odor of damp earth and blooming freesias and gardenias will linger forever in my memory. Zea's Grocery and Meat Market was between 49th and 50th on McKinley Ave. Joe Cornish's service station was on 47th Street. Then there was a small grocery store between 38th and 39th that was open even on Sundays (unheard of then) and sold our favorite Walnetto suckers. Down in that same vicinity on 40th Street was Mac's Super Service, which must have repaired and serviced every car for miles around.

A nightly routine in those days, before radio and TV required so much of our time, was collecting our daily supply of milk. It came from DeFriest's cows and was stored in glass bottles. Emma and Al DeFriest's place was east of McKinley on 50th Street. They had cows, chickens, turkeys and a marvelous machine -- a large grindstone with attached seat where you sat and pedaled. I was privileged to operate it on occasion, but it required walking through the turkey pen to reach it and I was terrified of all feathered things, so I pedaled infrequently.

Adjoining the DeFriest's property was the Harmon family's menage. Being a part of a two-kid family and living in a small house, I was fascinated with big families who lived in big houses on big lots. One Harmon girl was named Nomrah (Harmon spelled backwards). Their house seemed huge to me with many bedrooms and a sleeping porch upstairs. They had an orchard, outbuildings and a cider press with its delicious output. The two Harmon boys knew more outdoor group games than I had ever heard of. Ed and Howard seemed to be the recreation chairmen for every occasion. They led three-legged races and baseball games at Sunday School picnics and led the "Simon Says" and "Prince of Paris Lost his Hat" at church socials. They also accompanied groups on swimming outings at the Nereides, the large indoor heated salt water swimming pool at Pt. Defiance Park.

This picture goes with the story on the following page.



Yunan and Yet Sue Ling with daughters, Jing Chu and Jing Ho, and son, Shun Lein, in front of business and residence at 1312 South Market Street, 1928. Courtesy of the author.

THE STREET WHERE I LIVED

By Jing Chuan Ling

It was a certified letter from the City of Tacoma dated January 17, 1986 that brought me back to Market Street, to the street where I grew up. It contained a notice that required every property owner to maintain his property free from vegetation and litter as defined in Section 8.31.010 of the Official Code of the City of Tacoma.

As I drove down to check on the property at 1532 Market Street, my thoughts went back to the days of my youth in the Market Street neighborhood downtown. When I was born, my parents, three brothers and two sisters lived at 1312 Market Street. My dad's N. Lan Chinese Medicine Company office was in the front area and our living quarters were in the rear. The Dewey Hotel was above us and its lobby was just north of us. Through the large hotel windows, men could be seen sitting in leather seats smoking their cigars and cigarettes, reading newspapers or talking. I do not recall seeing any women idling their time away in the lobby.

By the time I was three years old, the family had moved to 1556 Market Street. Three more brothers and a sister were added to the family here. We lived at this address for fourteen years. My father, Yunan Ling, an herb doctor and an importer of Chinese curios, had his office and display window on the south and front side. The rest of the area was partitioned off with panels to accommodate a dining-living area, a kitchen, a bathroom, a large bedroom, a small closet, a storage room and an attic. Above us was the Columbus Hotel which had several floors. Next door, to the north, was the Tacoma Jujitsu School. Jujitsu is a Japanese offensive and defensive show of strength without weapons. In the evenings, my brothers and I would take turns peeking through the keyhole to observe the activity of young men tossing and slamming their

bodies onto mats laid out on the floor.

To my knowledge, we were the only Chinese family on Market Street. Several Japanese families had living quarters in the rear or above their places of business. The Tofu Company Food Products was at 1546 Market Street, the Pacific Hand Laundry was at 1356 Market Street, and a grocery store was at 1354 Market Street. It seemed that these businesses just disappeared overnight along with all my Japanese playmates. I was too young at the time to understand or question the sudden change in the neighborhood when the Japanese were sent to concentration camps. What remains in my memory are the stickpins labeled "Chinese" which we were required to wear to identify ourselves.

Other thriving businesses in our neighborhood, during my young and innocent youth, were the "houses of ill repute" across the street, down the hill and at the hotel on the northwest corner of Fifteenth and Market Street. All I knew was that a lot of men, neatly dressed in business suits, frequently went in and out of those places. At night, a red light could be seen burning in a window. When Tacoma made national headlines, during the Crime Commission investigations in the early fifties, I recognized several of the personalities implicated. I never observed any outward display of solicitation which is so evident today in downtown Tacoma.

My brothers and sisters and I made friends with some of the single, older men and women who lived in homes in the neighborhood. We did not know all of them by name, but identified them by their kindnesses to us. Since my mother did not speak English, this was our way of describing the person to her. There was the "Peach" lady for the peaches she gave us, and the "Cherry" lady for the cherries she gave us. At 1548 Market Street lived the "Carpenter," Tom Nelson, who did miscellaneous carpentry work for my dad. I remember him for his ruddy face and bowlegs. These people are remembered for

being good to us and for allowing us to play in their yards. At the end of the block, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Riggio owned our favorite grocery store. They had the best chewy, chocolate-covered mint squares which sold for a penny a piece. To my knowledge, no other store had them.

Another person I remember vividly, is Eugene Rumbaugh. He lived in a big imposing house at 1136 Market Street, the only house on the west side of the street, next door to Corbitt's Poultry store. The house was surrounded by beautiful flowers and large trees. He is remembered for being so deaf. His deafness did not deter us from rattling his door whenever we felt like taking a break from shopping. We really had to rattle his door and peek into his window to get his attention. He always had a cozy fire in the kitchen. He would talk to us and we would respond by writing notes on his note pad which was always close by. I can't recall what we talked about, but I sure do remember his beautiful flowers and silver holly tree. He would pick the prettiest ones for us.

Another favorite stopping off point for us after school was the home where Mr. and Mrs. Ward DuKette lived at 919½ South Fawcett Avenue. They had the cutest little white house with a white picket fence and lovely flowers. It was like a doll house with adults living in it. They had many little knick-knacks and decorations. On their bed sat a beautiful doll, almost lifelike, with a full, fluffy satin skirt which covered the entire bed. Sometimes Mrs. DuKette would play the piano for us, and Mr. DuKette would play the guitar. Before we left, Mrs. DuKette would serve us the Chinese ginger candies, lichee nuts and cookies which my parents gave them as gifts. Mother did not know that we were the real recipients of the tasty treats until I told her about it years later. The DuKettes, having no children of their own, treated us as if we were their children.

In 1947, my parents bought their first home in my brother's name. As a non-citizen, my parents were not allowed to buy a home. Therefore, they had to wait until my brother, Shun Lein, became of age. When father died in 1960, my brother transferred the home at 1532 Market Street to my younger brother, Shun Chih, and me.

Shortly thereafter, Shun Chih, our reluctant mother and I moved to the home in which I now reside. As the years passed, the house on Market Street deteriorated and had to be razed and leveled, following the receipt of a similar certified letter from the City of Tacoma. The area had been rezoned commercial and it was no longer cost-effective to improve a single residential house in the area.

In response to the City's latest notice, my check of the property on Market Street revealed a squatter was making the place his "open-air" residence. It took many personal confrontations, police assistance, filing of a formal complaint and the cooperation from the people in the immediate neighborhood to get the squatter, Albert Mesplie, to leave. After the bulldozer cleaned up the debris, I looked around the area which I had called home for many years. How sad it is, I thought to myself, to have such a beautiful place to view Mt. Rainier and not use it as it once was years ago. I stood there and looked at the view to the east against the skyline. I could see to the north, the new Sheraton Hotel, the new Financial Center Building, the old Schoenfeld's Furniture Store, many old buildings on Commerce Street and beyond; across the street on Market the modernized Tutor Craft Building, and the old Restmore Mattress Company; and to the south, the dome of the old Union Station, the old Carlton Hotel, more old buildings, and the new Tacoma Dome.

Quite an interesting conglomerate of the old and the new.

FIFE SCHOOLDAYS

By Gladys Para

The few years I lived in Fife were a freeing-up time when my green birthday bicycle helped in learning an environment new to me. Previously restricted by roller skates to the Spokane streets from home to school and neighborhood park, in Fife I reached out of childhood and ranged new, preadolescent territory.

The details I recall from the period 1939-43 all are connected to sounds and smells and colors: purple boysenberries and red-green strawberry rows; a hot-blowing line of milk cows moving past my vantage point, chosen to avoid their splattering muck, and into the neighbor's barn each afternoon; the strange, sharp scent of sulphur-yellow broom dried between the pages of a book made of harsh brown paper towels.

The order of importance of those impressions of Fife is imposed by memory long after the fact and not chronologically. However, I know now that the move to Tacoma Junction was a major mark in my father's own chronology, for we ate better after we got there. His new job was with the Milwaukee Railroad as an electrical substation operator, and a house came with it. Our front door was separated only by a picket fence and narrow roadway from the thundering, frequent trains, but in our backyard lay lovely green spaces to explore.

A rather large pasture behind us was bordered on the north side by Highway 99, with Al and Mabel Bunge's Texaco Station and the old green bridge over the Puyallup, punctuating the far west corner. Bordering the field nearest our house was an impenetrable jungle of untended boysenberries. My younger brother and I were delighted when offered money to pick some by the Junction's telegraph operator. We

had never gathered food before on the sidewalks of Spokane, and the pay seemed undeserved. He handed us 50 cents and a huge stew cauldron. We filled it, learning much about new stuff like thorns, humidity and weight vs. volume of displacement.

That opportunistic operator spent his workdays in a tiny hut slightly larger than a phone booth, built up high and so close to the tracks I always watched to see if, next time, a swaying boxcar would get it. Opposite his office, on the near side of the rails, stood the huge, brick electrical substation where my father worked, a short stroll down a plank path from home. Home was one of the three houses assigned to the round-the-clock substation crew. The five buildings, with a row of shabby garages 1920's style-wide, made the total Tacoma Junction community.

My brother and I were accustomed to creating our own play, and at first we spent much time tramping through all that green, or daring the steep levee against the muddy Puyallup, and acquiring the fairly useless skills of walking swiftly on a rail without slipping and stepping smartly along every tie without missing. At dusk we sometimes held pretended Easter hunts and gathered dead light bulbs in the tall grass below the blinking "Milwaukee Road" spelled out on the highway side of our dad's brick building. Our rules required us to synchronize our movements with the blinks; look and grab while on, freeze when off.

But I grew older quicker than Ronnie did, and soon left him in the dust of my bicycle. I never used it as a means of getting to school--the snarling, stinking schoolbus was the approved way, and I think the gassy fumes must have been habit-forming because I looked forward to them daily--but my bike did take me to the wide "Otherwhere." I would meet with friends or go alone, east along the levee to Puyallup, or cross the highway for the back roads to Ducktown or on up to Lake Surprise; or

head west toward the exotic, foreboding stench of a small rendering plant situated, I believed, in hiding, under the bridge.

The other constant smells associated with Tacoma from the smelter in Ruston and the pulp mill on the tideflats, ebbed and flowed daily and we took them for granted. It seems to me they provoked far less comment than did the aroma of the beef cattle feed lot where I lived many adult years and which I also accepted as a given.

The Fife School, a campus of three handsome buildings and grounds for sports, was a stimulating contrast to my old grade school. The air of its lunchroom always held a subtle blend of macaroni and cheese, green beans and oranges being peeled. A home track meet meant the unmatched smell and taste of a hot dog with mustard, handed down when the money was handed up, out of a classroom window. I remember being far more serious about hot dogs than about competing in my own event.

I was very serious about taking notes in the dark during our classroom movies. Mr. Kruzner believed strongly in audio-visual instruction and I loved the irrelevant juxtaposition of the music that lurched alongside the action depicted. When the subject was erosion and water was shown growing from a drip to a trickle to a river, however, the music was usually right.

I can still hear the lovely WHOMP of my fist on the volleyball when I was on an unbreakable roll as server, one noontime game in the gym. And up in the highest bleachers of that gym I learned to associate a string of bright color with patience. A girl named Kazuko sat there one day, unravelling an endlessly tangled, multicolor line of balloons and I attempted to help her, just to watch her success happen.

Kazuko, a year ahead of me, was one of the kids

I went to find in the Puyallup Fairgrounds after internment was imposed upon Japanese-Americans. There is not much I remember about Fife after Pearl Harbor, for it has mostly been replaced by the experience of seeing my eighth-grade schoolmates taken away, suddenly. We moved away ourselves, two springs later.

It must have been the next June, for I remember stuffing red roses from the neighbors' bush into my bike basket, when I began riding down the levee on Sundays to the side of the Puyallup Fair. At first I wandered about the place, searching through the several gates for familiar faces, but soon learned in which compounds to ask for my friends. We understood what we had been told: "It's because of the war." But I was as mystified about why my friend, Esther Mizukami, had to be there as she was at the rupture in her life.

The year before we both had gone eagerly to the Puyallup Fair, holding in our hands the free entry tickets given to all the region's school children. It sure didn't smell like scones and cedar sawdust, anymore. To this day, the scent of a red rose brings Esther's face to mind.

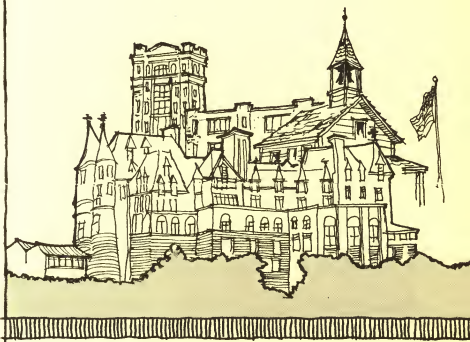
My first experience with giving a day's work for a day's pay was on the truck farms of the parents of my Japanese-American school friends, though I am not positive I worked for the Mizukamis. Those farmers must have hired us junior high-schoolers to pick their berries and beans as a last resort. We learned on the job how not to sucker corn and the wrong way to thin lettuce. Every sort of plant I worked in offered yet another shade of green. It was hot work; by contrast, inside Mizukami's greenhouse the enclosed dampness seemed sweet and warm.

The Gardenville greenhouses are once again supporting a Mizukami family, for Esther's big brother returned to Fife to earn his living. More than that, the community's citizens look to him for leadership

since electing him their mayor. I find it reassuring that Fife, whose every intersection has changed, still contains Esther's brother Bob's greenhouses in its landscape.



A singing group of upper grade girls at Fife Elementary School, directed by Miss Helen Thrane. From left: Alice Jeffries, Kazuko Sakahara, Gladys Hutchinson (the author), Barbara Fox in center, Irene Isacksen, Ruth Kvamme and Margarite Iselin. Courtesy of the author.



schools



This picture goes with the
story on the following page.



Fifth grade class at "East School" (Hawthorne).
Courtesy of the author.

THREE GENERATIONS AT HAWTHORNE

By Angeline Bennett

Entering Tacoma, driving west on Interstate 5, the focus of attention is a blue-diamond roof topping the city's most recent accomplishment, the Tacoma Dome. If one happens to be entering the city after dark, the flag atop the roof, spotlighted against a black night sky, stirs emotions and pride surfaces involuntarily. The address of the Dome is 2727 East D Street. At one time that address may have belonged to one of several in a row of houses lining that section of D Street.

Houses also filled the numbered streets west where the Dome parking lots are, all the way to the gulch across from Brown and Haley's candy factory. Homes occupied the area east to McKinley Park and beyond. Also, on East 28th Street between E and F, where the Dome is now located, was the newest of three Hawthorne schools.

That was the school's location from 1913 until 1981 when it was razed to make way for the Dome. Hawthorne had gone through several status changes within those years. Its predecessors, whose beginnings go back to 1885, had gone through both status and name changes.

Three generations of my family attended Hawthorne schools, first starting in 1901, but Hawthorne had had its beginning ten years before.

That beginning in 1885 was in rooms of the Michael Shea store building on the southeast corner of 24th and Pacific Avenue and was called East School.

In 1886 a meeting of the school board was held in which a director was elected to serve three years and a clerk to serve one year. Meetings in those days apparently were somewhat informal as other

business "as may come before the board" was held at the office of Dr. C.W. Harvey on Pacific Avenue next to Bonney and Kahler's drug store. (Records show that the drug store was a great advertiser of Gilmore's Aromatic Wine which claimed cures for both male and female problems.) At such a meeting it must have been decided that a regular school building was needed. The contract for such a building was won by Knoell and Bragonier. The site chosen was at East 31st between D and E Streets; a location providing a splendid view of the city and harbor, and in late 1886 the new East School opened.

Because of rapid population growth in the area, in only three years the original two room school-house could no longer accommodate its students. In 1889 six new rooms were added and the name was changed to Hawthorne in honor of the author, Nathaniel Hawthorne.

During the years between 1885 and 1901, in addition to the changes in Hawthorne School, the rest of Tacoma was building, experimenting and learning. In 1885 the first Polk City Directory was published; the census figures for that year showed the population just under 7,000.

In 1889 Tacoma students saved the hop crop when given a three-week vacation during a labor shortage emergency. The population went to 25,000 that year, there was a real estate boom and President Harrison signed us into statehood.

In 1897 new instructions for Arbor Day came from the superintendent to include exercises in the form of recitations and songs about the preservation of birds. Parents at that time were to be informed by letter of their children's truancy and names of those pupils were forwarded to the Chief of Police. The use of alcohol and narcotics by teachers was prohibited, and that year Hawthorne was painted and sidewalks were laid. The following year the principal

was given an office in the basement.

Again, in 1898, Hawthorne was one of the schools suffering from an overcrowded condition, and a room in the Methodist Episcopal Church was rented. No doubt Hawthorne pupils were also suffering from a situation that doctors began complaining about. That was the punishment of children who asked to leave the room. Such punishment was abolished in 1900 as a result of city health physicians having appeared before the school board two years earlier. Even so, 86 years ago, one doctor voted against the motion for abolishing the punishment.

Overcrowding was an ongoing problem in the ever-growing East Side, including Hawthorne School, but in 1901 the situation was largely due to admission of Indian children from the Puyallup Reservation. During that year and the next the overflow again attended classes in rooms rented from nearby churches.

It was in 1901 that Nina Violet Anderson began her education. She was that first one of three generations to attend Hawthorne. She would one day become my mother-in-law.

During the next several years, which were Nina's school years, there were problems concerning health, truancy, separation of church and state, and equality of pay for women teachers.

In her first year there was a smallpox epidemic in Tacoma and all pupils and school employees were required to be vaccinated against the disease. Unless this order was complied with no pupil could return to school after Easter vacation. Perhaps Nina was one of those not allowed to return. Her mother hated doctors, believed she could cure almost anything with either turpentine or kerosene, and the receipt for Nina's vaccination is dated 1903.

In 1907 Hawthorne School very likely suffered a below-normal attendance as did other schools, because of an epidemic of spinal meningitis. Standing water on school grounds, cesspools and out-houses must have added to the health dilemma.

Truancy in those years was not just children skipping school; much of it was due to their illegal employment in mills and factories. This fact was contained in a truant officer's report to the school board in 1903.

In 1905 in Tacoma schools, separation of church and state was dealt with promptly. When the superintendent's attention was called to the fact that printed invitations to church were being distributed in the schools, he sent out bulletins reminding them that it was forbidden.

Women teachers were attempting in 1908 to secure the same pay as men. Their request was turned down, as it was again in 1911.

On the plus side during those same years, was the appropriation of \$300 to pay for an exhibit of school work at the Lewis and Clark Exposition in Portland. An early closing of school on June 22, 1905 gave pupils a chance to enjoy the Rose Carnival Parade in Tacoma, and trees were being planted at schools in addition to the installations of heating plants, repairing of roofs and laying of cement sidewalks.

In 1906 the school board put the question of free textbooks to a public vote and those in favor won by a large majority. Also beginning that year no child under six was allowed to start school.

Crowding at Hawthorne, fixing up extra rooms here and there, and renting rooms from neighboring churches was an almost constant problem. In 1903 a two-story wing was added to the west end of the school and in 1904 Hawthorne was the third largest school

in the district, with 1062 students.

The early 1890's had seen the introduction of night school, manual training classes, and the teaching of music in Tacoma. Whether Nina received her musical education in school or privately, I do not know. A picture from an era in which she was school age has come down to me. It is a picture of a music class and she is holding a guitar. Other children have banjos, violins, mandolins; there is one other guitar and a zither. All of the girls are wearing white dresses -- so is the teacher. Some of the girls are wearing black stockings and "high-top" shoes. Not Nina. She has white stockings and white slippers fastened with bows. Her long brown hair has been "crimped" with a curling iron and has been carefully arranged to hang down in front of one shoulder so as to show off to advantage its great length. A bow, fastened to one side of it just above the ear, added a finishing touch. I have a feeling that her mother was standing not too far out of camera range and had posed her daughter in the best possible light.

Because of the opening of other schools in the area, attendance began to decline in 1908. In 1911 there was talk of discontinuing Hawthorne and sending pupils to other schools. Parents protested this because of the distance children would have to travel and the school board promised to consider the protest.

In 1912 land was purchased for the site of a new school. Contracts were authorized in January 1913 and students moved into their new building in the fall of that year. The new location was on East 28th Street between E and F.

That year because of requests by the Hawthorne Improvement Club and the PTA, the school board agreed to add the sixth, seventh and eighth grades the following semester. By 1919 people in the area were again requesting that the seventh and eighth grades be maintained at the school. Students were

then given the option of attending those grades at other schools or remaining at Hawthorne.

By 1920 Nina Anderson had become Nina Anderson Bennett and had a son, Jack, ready to enter the first grade at Hawthorne. That new pupil, some years later, became my husband.

In 1923 there was not a large enough enrollment in kindergarten at Hawthorne so it was discontinued and the room was used for a sewing class.

The following year, 1924, there was no longer a controversy over middle school as property for Gault Intermediate had been purchased. This was the school in which Jack would continue his education. In 1925 the contract was let for building and in 1926 the school opened -- just in time for Jack to enter. Sixty years later a plant sits on a simple little wooden stool in my home that he made in wood shop.

During his years at Hawthorne the despised short pants for boys was in style. Every boy seemed to hate them as Jack did and they probably were as vocal about it as he. They lived for the day when they could graduate to long pants.

Kindergartens came and went at Hawthorne during those years, poppies were planted at the schools as a memorial to the soldiers who had died in the first World War, and again as during his mother's school years, Jack's school came under the rule of compulsory vaccination for smallpox. An even greater dread was that of infantile paralysis.

In 1934, one of the depression years, schools began to furnish needy children with lunches. Even before that, Hawthorne was at least furnishing soup. I remember the corn chowder a neighbor woman made and served to children there. That also was the year the old Hawthorne site (originally East School) was leased to the City for the removal of

gravel. The lease was in use until 1939.

In 1942, as Mrs. Jack Bennett, I sent our six-year-old son, Gary, off to school -- at Hawthorne. Two years earlier it had been decided to transfer the classes to other schools so as to use part of Hawthorne for vocational training classes. Gary was not in that transfer and attended the first and second grades at Hawthorne. Then we moved to another area of town and lost personal contact with the school.

In the 1960's many homes in that area were removed in clearing for the Interstate 5 freeway. Protests raged against this move as many people had lived there for their entire lives. They were overruled eventually and one of the results was the decline in enrollment at Hawthorne. In 1963 the school was closed.

Hawthorne stood vacant for three years and then was reopened as a center for Head Start and other children's educational programs. This use continued from 1966 to 1973. At that time it was turned over to the Puyallup Tribal Council and it was the Chief Leschi School until 1980.

In 1981, from demolished brick and cement, from the spawning ground of dreams and scene of memories the Dome emerged to punctuate Tacoma's progress and promise.

Hawthorne alumni, fiercely loyal, have continued throughout the years since 1951 to meet and reminisce. They still do every fall.

In addition to personal knowledge, sources of research for this article were: "Brief History of Tacoma School District #10 - 1869-1940" compiled by the Works Project Administration. "For the Record A History of the Tacoma Public Schools - 1869-1984" by Winifred Olson.

SCHOOL BELLS RINGING

By Mary Etta Doubleday

*Referent to
Lincoln
page*

My school days began at Sheridan Elementary and the teachers who were my favorites were the Misses Monnis, Simpson, Baird and Allen. Several of the Sheridan teachers moved on to Gault Junior High School which opened in 1927. Both Miss Smith and Mrs. Wright taught there. Meantime I was taking piano lessons from Miss Jane Oliver and living in terror of the times when I would have to play from memory in recitals. Playing from notes for church and Sunday School and with the orchestra at Gault seemed fairly simple. D.P. Nason was music director for Tacoma schools and made periodic visits to each school. One memorable time at Gault when I was accompanying some dancers doing the Highland Fling, he decided to play his violin with us. We had rehearsed at the dancers' tempo, but Mr. Nason chose to pick up the beat to a pace beyond the dancers. They finally just walked off the stage.

High School days were an endless joy. There was little social climbing at Lincoln -- everyone was in the same boat -- poor. I had given up competing on the keyboard since there were in that large enrollment, very talented and capable piano players. I sang in the glee club and in the girls' sextet, quartet and mixed quartets. We performed portions of "The Messiah" each December and several operettas such as "Mademoiselle Modiste," "New Moon" and "Bohemian Girl." Our quartet and sextet performed in various competitions on the stage of the Temple Theater, on radio stations in Tacoma and Seattle and for such groups as Eastern Star and Masonic Lodge. Musical activities in those days were extra-curricular and required many after school hours of rehearsals and performances. Margaret Rawson Goheen was music director at Lincoln.

Working on the Lincoln News staff was most enjoyable and I acquired a "string book" full of by-line

stories. The paper won top (medalist) ratings in national competition. Homer A. Post was a very effective taskmaster and we learned the basics of journalism thoroughly. I went on in later years to write frequently for the Bremerton Sun whose editor was Julius Gius, also a Lincoln alumnus.

The ability to earn money loomed as a dark cloud and challenge. My only prior financial enterprise was trying to sell apples and cherries from our trees to people who already had an abundance of trees of their own. I was about six years old then, timid and terribly afraid of dogs, so the whole venture was a great unsucccess.

My mother hoped that I would become a school teacher and the future looked promising when I achieved the three-year honor roll in high school. The next year I enrolled at the College of Puget Sound. The scholastic competition there was worlds ahead of high school as was the social competition. Feeling that I was quite an accomplished writer, I was somewhat shattered to be in Dr. Lyle Ford Drushell's composition class with Morris Webster, a radio KVI announcer, who had a world of travel and experience from which to draw. Grading was on a curve and I no longer had all "A's" to show for my labors. CPS was also an expensive school. At the end of that year I enrolled in Tacoma Secretarial School in the Medical Arts Building. Lyle Lemley had just opened the school and acquired two fine teachers, Jessie Langstaff and Gladys Peterson.

The building was new and the south half of the third floor was unfinished when Tacoma Secretarial School set up shop, so we were allowed to keep multigraph and mimeograph machines and supplies there. The machines were in constant use. On occasion seminars and demonstrations for doctors and medical personnel were set up in the same open area. Cadavers were brought in and various procedures were demonstrated on them. If we were in the same vicinity to operate copy machines, the doctors assumed we were part of the medical world and invited us to observe their demonstrations. An overpowering squeamishness prevented my joining them and I stayed away as far as possible when their programs were in progress.

Meantime Bob Doubleday and I had decided to be married on November 19, 1937. In 1938 he accepted his first federal civil service appointment at the dam-site in Fort Peck, Montana. After a few months I resigned from my job and joined him there. The hospital needed a secretary and although I had not taken a civil service exam and was not on any register, I was hired on the spot in a temporary appointment. Our one year in Montana was an experience we will never forget. We made many good friends and lived through temperatures that ranged from -40 degrees to +40 in one 24-hour period. It was our first time away from Washington and families and we lasted one year. My husband resigned his position to go to school at CPS. I went to work at radio station KMO Tacoma which was owned by Carl Haymond. My days were filled with adwriting, bookkeeping and stenography and associating with a number of former Lincoln classmates.

In 1940 my husband was offered a federal civil service appointment in Puget Sound Naval Shipyard, Bremerton. I commuted from Bremerton to my job at KMO, riding the bus over Galloping Gertie (the Tacoma Narrows Bridge) until shortly before it collapsed. My husband worked his way up through various positions as administrative assistant and finally as personnel recruiter for engineers, scientists and blue collar workers. I worked one year in the shipyard's Material Section. It was at the time the British battleship "Warspite" came into the shipyard for repairs with all its battle scars much in evidence. I decided I would rather stay at home and start a family than be a part of the war effort.

We lived with the skies full of barrage balloons and the surrounding waters strung with submarine nets. Rumors kept the imagination a-twitter, visualizing enemy submarines lurking underwater, ready to destroy the shipyard. A neighbor was sitting at her dining room table, writing letters one morning, when the whole house began to darken. She was terrified and rushed outside to see what wartime tragedy had befallen the city. A barrage balloon had broken loose from its moorings and drifted away, deflating gradually as it draped itself over her house, blocking out all daylight.

When we traveled to Tacoma to visit our families, the ferries were blacked out and with no running lights, one could only hope the captain knew the waters well. We stood in long lines to buy nylons and cigarettes and gasoline was rationed and hoarded. Again, since everyone was living through that bleak time together, many close friendships were formed and simple amusements were enjoyed. Our first son was born in 1943 and his sister in 1945, then a second son in 1952. The years went by quickly in Bremerton until they totaled 30 and my husband could retire. He had never really divorced himself from Tacoma where he was born and we returned in 1978.

After 12 years of trekking to Arizona to spend our winters in the sun, we bought a house in the Westgate area of Tacoma and are back to the never-ending chores of the householder: maintenance and yard work. Retirement has certainly not been a bore. My husband and I are active in the Laubach Literacy program, a one-on-one method of teaching illiterates to read and write English. Each of us has a foreign student. To our weekly teaching assignments we have added the responsibility of ordering and distributing the books and materials used in the program. Tutor meetings are held monthly and new tutor workshops are held four times a year.

Our children and grandchildren live in Bremerton and Seattle and we spend time with them frequently along with keeping up with old and new friends.

And so it has gone, day after day and year after year, until they have added up to 70 this year. In retrospect, the time flew by and we have gone full circle from Tacoma and back to Tacoma.

OFF TO SCHOOL

By Robert Doubleday

My academic career began in 1922 in the old Logan Grade School, located at the corner of South Twenty-first and J Street. The building started out as the first home of the University of Puget Sound, the founders of which had been agonizing for some time on a choice of sites: Tacoma, Port Townsend or Portland. The Tacoma advocates won out and in 1888 the land on J Street was acquired, the architectural and construction contracts were awarded and in 1889 site excavation commenced. The building was completed in time for the University to open its doors to students on September 15, 1890 with Dr. F. B. Cherington as president. Dr. E. H. Todd in his book "College of Puget Sound - a Dream Realized", provides the details on the early history of the university.

Hard times followed the opening of the new building and the University occupied it for only one year when it was leased to the City of Tacoma for \$4,000 a year, to be used as a grammar school. It was known in the Tacoma District as University School. In 1896 its name was changed to honor John A. Logan, a prominent Civil War Union general and political figure.

My mother, who was born in Tacoma in 1890, attended Logan School and I went there for my first two years of schooling. Since this was in my "damp-behind-the-ears stage", I remember very little about Logan except that it was an imposing structure with a great central staircase, high ceilings, and a tower over the main entrance. I remember very clearly however, that I wore short pants and a sort of harness arrangement over my shoulders and underneath my shirt, with long garters attached, to hold up my long black stockings. I believe this was the costume of the time for young boys but I detested that whole blamed contraption; it was about on a par

with being in diapers! How deliriously happy I was when I pulled on my first pair of long pants when I reached the august age of nine or ten.

It was while I was in Logan that romantic first love imposed itself on me. I had a crush on a little brown-eyed girl in my class. My father, a loving and understanding man, would give me fifty cents so I could rent two Shetland ponies from a family named Sivertson, who stabled the little animals on their place near the South 19th Street water reservoir. My "tootsie" and I would ride down through our neighborhood so I could lord it over my pals.

These brief and happy days in Logan came to an end in 1924 when the building was closed preparatory to being razed to make way for the new McCarver Intermediate. Our class was moved into a temporary building on the grounds of the old Lincoln Grade School at South 16th and K Street. Our teacher, in this homely structure with its wood-burning stove, was a dear little soul, Miss Bosse. We all loved her. Unfortunately, our stay under her kindly tutelage didn't last. We were moved into the main building at Lincoln and delivered into the hands of a harridan with a worried eye and a rotten disposition. When Christmas season neared she chose to sing some carols for us. Several of the boys snickered at her efforts, at which she took umbrage and broke a yardstick over the skull of one of our stalwarts and sent me out into the cloakroom, where she collared me and sent me to the principal's office. Now the principal, bless her soul, looked as if she were about one step away from her eternal reward but I would have much preferred to enter a den of ravenous lions than to go into her office. So I passed it by and went on home where I told my Dad the story and he took me out of the clutches of the witch and sent me to Longfellow on South 25th and Yakima; here I had a peaceful time.

The schoolyard at Longfellow, like other elementary schools, was bare dirt and rock. There were

a few level and smooth spots which lent themselves admirably to the game of marbles which had been developed to an advanced level at Longfellow; we boys matched our talents in several circles scribed in the dirt. Our shooters were "aggies", (agates) "steelies", (steel ball bearings) or "glassies", (made of variously colored glass). The aggies were treasured since they were the most costly and had eye and snob appeal. Steelies were eventually banned since they were indestructible and so heavy that they damaged the other marbles. Glassies were the most common variety although there was a marble of even lower classification made of some sort of pottery material. Only the poorest kids used these and they broke quite easily. Two kinds of games were played: for fun and for keeps. When you played for fun the marbles you lost were returned to you at the end of the game. When you played for keeps the winner kept the marbles he had won. I rarely played for keeps since I was such a poor shot, typical of my other excursions in the field of athletics or games. I never had the right equipment to cut any ice as an athlete. No team captain ever picked me as his first choice regardless of what game we were to play, even if it was "spit on a crack." I was not an accomplished spitter, either.

The musical education of grade school students was supervised by Mr. D. P. Nason, who I believe, visited all of the schools in town, made an appearance in each classroom where he played semi-classical tunes on his fiddle, and then asked us some questions which we couldn't answer. I think we were somewhat bemused by this performance but it was a welcome distraction. I have no idea how our collective musical knowledge or tastes were affected by Mr. Nason. But I do remember him. That's something.

My days at Longfellow ended when our family moved to the country to "farm-sit" a twenty-acre place about a mile and a half west of Parkland. I walked across the prairies to Parkland Grade School. I believe there were only a couple of houses between the

"ranch", which was situated next to what has since become McChord Air Base, and the village of Parkland. The scotch broom was just beginning to infest the prairies after having been imported from Europe some years before by someone who felt that he was making an important addition to the local flora. In warm weather the seed pods would snap and crack like firecrackers when they opened.

Parkland Grade School had a manual training class where I learned, among other useful things, which end of a screwdriver to hang onto and where I made a bottle cap opener which I still have. Although I don't have much use for it anymore.

I have fond memories of the year and a half on that twenty acres where I had a pond and a raft and we had cows, chickens, ducks, turkeys, assorted domestic animals, and a few wild ones. The house we lived in was primitive. We had no electricity and no inside plumbing. The privy, on a rainy winter night, seemed to be about a mile from the house, although it probably wasn't more than a quarter of a mile. The underpart of the building was open and one time we kept hearing the cries of a cat issuing forth from that space. I crawled under the house to find a poor pussy suffering terribly, and loudly from a badly torn hind leg which was alive with maggots. Father was gone but I fetched his old rifle, crawled back under the house and took the cat's 9th life. Then, of course, I had to bury the mess. But I felt quite manly and very much in charge of the situation. I was about twelve at the time. And Lindberg had just crossed the Atlantic.

After a year or so on that ranch we moved back into town and I went to McCarver Intermediate School. It had been opened only a few short years and was quite grand, with an auditorium, stage, gymnasium, lunchroom and separate classrooms for each subject. We felt much older and wiser and took ourselves very seriously. I remember taking a year of Latin at McCarver - unheard of today at that level. And I

made new friends: Roy Wonders, Mel Miller, Jack Hadlund and Roy Peterson. Occasionally I see one of these chaps around town.

I went to Lincoln High School and remember clearly my exposure to Homer Post, the journalism teacher, and his persistence in demanding the best from us. We were proud of the Lincoln News which often won top marks in national competitions. Post's star pupil was Jim Reems who wrote sports for the Lincoln News. They battled constantly over nothing at all. Everyone knew that they had nothing but great respect and affection for each other. Jim went on in later years to found the "Navy Yard Salute", the house organ of the Puget Sound Naval Shipyard, and to remain as its editor for thirty years. I saw him often in the shipyard and we shared reminiscences of our days on the Lincoln News.

I took a French class from a handsome and impressive lady, Mrs. Messelin, who I believe was a war bride and who may have regretted leaving her beloved France. She was smartly dressed and wore her hair in a regal, upswept manner. On one of our annual back-to-school nights my parents met Mrs. Messelin when she was most impressive, in a velvet gown with ropes of pearls. She, too, was a demanding and competent teacher. There was no fooling around in her class. She may have had a sense of humor but I never saw any evidence of it. Serious was the word.

I graduated, without distinction, from Lincoln in 1934 in what was said to have been the largest high school class in the State. I've forgotten the exact number but it was well over 500 students.

TO SCHOOL ON FOOT

By Eunice Huffman

In the early 1930's, when I was attending high school, there were only two public high schools in the Tacoma District; Lincoln and Stadium. These schools drew students from a large area.

Very few students had cars so they had to seek other modes of transportation to school. Many teachers used public transportation. Some students were lucky to get rides in carpools, others thumbed rides, some rode bicycles, but many of us walked.

The students who lived a distance from school, such as in Spanaway or Hilltop, would have to rely on the streetcar for transportation. If connections were not good the student would be excused from rollroom or allowed to enter first period class late.

For those who lived in areas deemed too far for walking, school streetcar tickets were available. They could be purchased in small booklets at 40 for one dollar. Walking distance students were not allowed to purchase the tickets but sometimes one could find someone willing to sell a ticket or two. Today this would be called "scalping".

I lived near the corner of 37th and McKinley Avenue so was one of the walking group. I would purchase tickets, when available, to use in bad weather or when I had a need to go downtown after school. When riding the streetcar with a ticket you could get a transfer which was to be used at the nearest connecting point. For me that meant catching the streetcar in front of school along with many other students. The rule was you had to tear your ticket out of the book on boarding but because of the homeward rush, the conductor seldom queried those of us with loose tickets. My connection point was 24th

and Pacific Avenue to the McKinley Avenue car but on occasion I would ride downtown and then try using my transfer. This got me a lecture from the conductor but I always had cash for fare in reserve in case I met a strict conductor!

My walk to school was a mile directly east and west, across 37th Street as Lincoln High School was situated on South 37th and G Streets. There were two gulches to pass over which were spanned by wooden bridges. The roadway went downhill to the larger bridge and up a sharp hill on the other side. The Harrison Brothers Company gravel pit owned by Neil P. Harrison sat at the end of the bridge. Under the bridge ran the Milwaukee, St. Paul Railroad. Its route was to far away places like Morton. In the spring boys would often run down into the gulch and hop the empty log cars and ride away to a new adventure. The second gulch was smaller and did not afford much excitement. A few homes and large areas of vacant land completed the road site.

On rainy days the walk to school was not too pleasant. It meant donning a raincoat and rubbers and carrying a black umbrella. Mother had made me an oilcloth totebag so I could manipulate books and lunch along with my umbrella. At Lincoln High the girls' lockers were in the basement. The wet umbrellas were placed on top of the lockers to dry and occasionally one would disappear so I usually tried to secure mine to the locker handle or set it inside.

On occasion if I was walking alone, the father of one of my classmates would offer me a ride to school in his car or sometimes he would whiz right by me; I never quite knew what the decision was based on. There was one person who always stopped and offered a ride but I had been warned by my father never to accept a ride from him as his reputation was not good. Father never explained the man's problem but whenever my father told me something, I was sure to believe it.

Friendships formed on my walks to school made lasting memories. Now, however, 37th Street has been re-routed to 38th and the bridges and gravel pit are gone. A freeway spur runs up the gulch so 37th Street has been closed at the gulch. The smaller-bridged gulch has been filled and will be put to future commercial use.

HOLY ROSARY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

By Mary Olson

In January of 1930 my mother, Elizabeth Monta, was finally able to enroll me in the first grade of Holy Rosary School. I was eight years old and had learned to read and write at home. She had tried to start me in school the previous fall but the school was over crowded and they would not accept any more students.

Tuition was \$4 a month. Dad worked it off by shingling the old house back of the church which served as a convent.

We did not wear uniforms as many of the parents could not afford to buy special clothing for school. Each year Mother bought me five cotton dresses and one pair of shoes. These had to last all year. The dresses were bought at the Dollar Store on Broadway and cost \$1 each. I can't remember where the shoes were purchased, possibly at Pessemer's on Pacific. Stockings and vests, as little girls undershirts were called, were probably bought at Penneys, petticoats were made at home, usually out of flour sacks. I wore two pair of bloomers, one of flannel and an outer pair of black sateen! Long cotton stockings were held up by a kind of harness which fit over the shoulders. Sleeves had to reach to the elbow and skirts to below the knee. These were not school rules, but my mother's! Some of my classmates wore sleeveless dresses and ankle socks but I was not allowed such modern and shameless fashions. I should add that I did not resent this as most of my friends dressed just as I did.

Many lessons were learned by rote. In the first grade we sang the alphabet and sounded each letter, over and over. In later years, the times tables were learned the same way. I can still remember word for word, many questions and answers from the catechism.

We had spelling bees, not only for spelling but for other subjects, too. Prizes were little holy cards. Every phase of school life had its own strict rules.

School mornings started early. Mother called us at 6:00am and after a breakfast of mush with milk and sugar, or fried eggs and potatoes, we would go through sun or rain, sleet or snow, to the streetcar line, three blocks away from home, at South 78th and Yakima. Then came the long ride down Yakima to 38th. Between 48th and 38th on Yakima there were poles down the middle of the street carrying the power lines for the streetcars. We were cautioned to keep our hands inside the car. No reaching out to touch the poles or this might result in our arms being torn from their sockets! We turned down 38th to G Street and then to the Delin Street Hill, getting off across from the church at Tacoma Avenue.

The fare was 2½¢ a ride and Mother would give me two tickets every morning. If I lost the ticket, I walked home. Losing things like streetcar tickets, rain hats, umbrellas or school books, was something I did regularly. Many trips had to be made after school to the car barn at 13th and A Street to retrieve things that I had carelessly left on the streetcar.

Many afternoons were spent walking home voluntarily, to sell raffle tickets house to house. My girlfriend would take one side of the street and I would take the other. "Would you like to take a chance on a pair of pillow slips? Three chances for only a quarter."

Most doors were slammed in our faces but once in a while we would sell three to someone, and then, Oh, how tickled we were!

On arrival at school we went first to the coat-room where we hung up our coats, hats, scarves and

put away our galoshes. Then to the schoolroom to put our books in our desks and down to the basement to get in line, each class in its' own place, girls in front, boys behind. When all the grades were assembled, the pastor, Father Mark Weismann, would lead us in morning prayers. After that we all said the Pledge of Allegiance and sang the Star Spangled Banner. Then we all marched in formation to the church, where we sat according to grade. Boys on the right of the central aisle, girls to the left. First grade in the front pews and behind them the second grade and so on to the eighth. The church was crowded. Parishioners, other than schoolchildren, sat on the side aisles or in the back. Each class was watched over by a Benedictine Nun and woe to the boy or girl who dared to laugh or whisper. Sister had a thimble on her finger and would reach out and whack him or her on the head with it.

School was fun. I enjoyed learning new things, loved to read, and considered arithmetic a game. Once a week we had dancing or music lessons. I never learned to play an instrument but was given a triangle or notched sticks to keep time with. We were taught the musical scale in the second grade, again by rote, and taught to read simple music. I can still recall one of the little songs we sang to learn the scale, and have taught it to my grandchildren.

"One I love, two I love, Daddy dear and Mother.
Do do do, re re re, mi fa so, la la so.
Three I love with all my heart, darling little
brother.
So fa fa so fa mi mi, mi re re mi re do."

Once a year the school put on a show for the parents, to give us a chance to show off our skills. Oh, how proud we were in our costumes, going through our paces. I remember one year my class did a Dutch song and dance. That same year my brother, John, was a sailor and danced the hornpipe.

Of course, there were many religious holy days and feast days. Then we girls were dressed in white dresses and veils. The boys wore dark suits with white shirts and dark ties. We marched into church carrying candles, singing hymns and feeling oh, so proud of ourselves.

If there was a fight on the playground during recess the combatants were separated and sent to see the assistant pastor, Father Anthony. He would have them meet him after school in the alleyway to the east of the school building. There they would fight it out under his watchful eye. I never knew of a fight between girls. We were taught that we were young ladies and of course, would never do anything as crude as fighting! Even a tomboy like myself, who would fight at the drop of a hat in the neighborhood, would never have dreamed of fighting in school.

Spankings were administered by the sisters with the blackboard pointer, or there might be swats on the open hand with a ruler. Usually punishment took the form of writing sentences during recess or after school. It took a lot of playtime to write, "I will not talk in school" 100 times. Sisters had all the time in the world to wait there until you finished it.

Of course, they also had all the time needed to explain things that you were having trouble with. There were usually at least 30 children in each room and yet each child received all the individual attention they needed.

Homework was an every night chore. It was done after supper, in the living room, seated on the piano bench and using the closed piano as a desk. This too was largely learning by rote. Spelling words were written ten times each. Catechism questions and answers were repeated over and over until they were learned by heart. We had geography and history lessons to study. We learned to write in

First Grade. Printing was considered more an art form than something we would need in everyday life.

Now I have had the pleasure of watching four of my grandchildren attend that same grade school. Waht fun it has been to go back to the same classrooms in which I sat, some with the same saint's statues still watching over the children, like old friends there to welcome me back. Most of the sisters are gone and lovely young ladies now teach the children, who are a great deal bolder than we ever dared to be. But in reality very little has changed. Every year I attend the same type of show, and laugh and applaud to see the children showing off their new-found skills. And I know just how proud and happy they feel, for I've been there before them.

THE BEGINNING OF A LONG CAREER IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

By Wilma Snyder

Bryant Elementary School

Bryant, built in 1891, was the first school built in Washington after statehood. High School classes were held for eight years on the third floor, district administration offices were on the second floor and elementary classes met on the first floor. The original wooden structure was in use for seventy years before it was demolished in 1961 and a modern school built.

Mid-year enrollment was the practice in the Tacoma School District when I entered the first grade at Bryant. The school was located at South 8th and Ainsworth, not too far from my home. Kitty Bramble was my first teacher. I was only five, but I was anxious to be in that place where all those great "kids" were.

Schoolrooms were almost monastic compared to today's bombardment of learning carrels, reading machines, computers, learning kits and reading series with multiple components. My first grade room had desks for students, a teacher's desk, blackboards, chalk, a Beacon Phonetics Chart and enough readers for each pupil to have one. Miss Bramble seemed as old to me as my parents, but she must have been reasonably young. Almost twenty-five years later, when I was teaching first grade at Lowell, I was asked to give a demonstration with a few of my students, on the use of audio-visual material in the classroom. I was demonstrating a very old-fashioned version of an overhead projector, and Miss Bramble came to the demonstration. She didn't look any older to me than the way I remembered her when she was my teacher!

When a student entered an elementary school, an assignment was made to the 1-B, a progression made

to 1-A, and so it went through all the grades. (I had twice as many teachers in elementary school than pupils now have.) My other first grade teacher was Eleanor Murray; second grade, Alice Hawthorne and Inez Howard; third grade, Gladys Peterson and Loretta Hinckley; (Miss Hinckley is still living and I had the unusual experience of being a co-hostess at her house for a New Year's Eve Party since I retired from teaching); fourth grade, Frieda Schumacher and Katherine Showalter; fifth grade, Elizabeth Hopkins and Myrtle MacLennan. (Mrs. MacLennan is still living and I was her roommate at a retired teachers' convention in 1979.) Marguerite Davy was my teacher for all of the sixth grade.

I liked and respected all my teachers and am grateful that somehow in my early years they collectively made it exciting to learn new things--an interest which I have never lost.

Our principal was May Hall, a stately woman who wore high black-laced shoes and long dresses which covered most of her shoes. I was only called to her office twice: once with my sister and a neighbor girl to reprimand us for telling another girl that her pants showed below her dress. (Actually, they were made of the same material as her dress, and perhaps were supposed to show.) Our explanation to Miss Hall when she told us that the girl had complained, was that a recent lesson about George Washington's cherry tree had compelled us to tell the truth. She didn't laugh or scold, but made us feel that we were capable of making more mature judgments about when it was judicious to tell the truth.

My second visit to the office was with Fayette Foote and Mabel Engevick. Mrs. Davy had sent the three of us to show the principal how well we had learned to tap-dance. In the basement, where we learned the dance, we had the music, "Sidewalks of New York" to dance to, but in the office we had no music. Miss Hall asked me how I could keep such

good time without any music and I told her that I hummed the music to myself as I danced.

Miss Hall was always in her office, as I remember. She never was on the playground to help supervise the children during recess. In fact, I don't remember any teacher standing around on the playground, watching us. We did have supervision in the mornings when sixth grade students acted as monitors as we marched in, en masse, to go to our individual rooms.

Boys and girls had separate playgrounds and separate indoor basements for foul weather--we never played games together. There were no structured P.E. classes except the tap-dancing, and that was segregated, probably only for girls. If the weather was nice, the girls played hopscotch or jumped rope. When a Norwegian girl with beautiful blond braids enrolled at Bryant, she taught us her native version of hopscotch. I enjoyed walking around with her, pointing out various items, pronouncing the word in English, and feeling extremely pleased when she understood what I was trying to do and responded.

Christmas programs were the highlight of the school year, especially if you were in the sixth grade. After lunch, on the day Christmas vacation started, we all marched from room to room to admire decorations and to see what each class had made for gifts to take home. The sixth grade girls, shivering in white summer dresses and carrying lighted red candles, walked through the halls singing carols. Each class lined up behind us as we progressed up to the third floor auditorium which was not used at any other time. The dinner scene from Dickens' "Christmas Carol" was enacted by sixth graders as part of the program and then the boys sang "Oh, Holy Night." The order never changed but it was something that the students looked forward to as observers, and when they were old enough, as participants.

The walls in the halls of the school were hung with large pictures depicting the story of King

Arthur and Sir Lancelot. Another "plus" when you reached the sixth grade was having a tour of our private gallery with explanations about the pictures. Mrs. Davy read us stories about the Knights of the Round Table; it was an introduction to what now would be considered classical education.

Another memory of the sixth grade was the requirement to learn the last verse of "Thanatopsis", a poem about death, written by William Cullen Bryant for whom the school was named. It has been said that the poem was written when he was only 16 years old. I can recite it, but I looked it up for the accuracy of phrasing:

"So live that when the summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent hall of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slayer at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

When I was still in the sixth grade, a music festival was held in the spring at Jason Lee Junior High. All the other sixth grades in the elementary schools in the area learned the same songs, and we had a massed chorus singing, "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life", "Songs My Mother Taught Me", and "Trees".

Jason Lee Junior High School

The school was first known as West Intermediate School and was the first and largest of the six intermediate schools built in Tacoma. It stood on the second site of the campus of the College of Puget Sound. Classes started on September 5, 1924. It had been built to accommodate 1200 students but more than 1600 were enrolled by the end of the first year.

When I enrolled I worried about getting to class on time. Stairways were designated "up" and "down" and there was the additional hazard of learning how to operate combination lockers. Like everybody else, I eventually learned how to leave the locker "set" close to the last number, which made for fast opening if you were in a hurry.

Boys and girls were still being separated, at least in the seventh and eighth grades. On the first day of school all new students went to the auditorium to hear their rollroom assignments. Classes were further segregated by ability: one's, three's and five's for the girls; two's, four's and sixes for boys. Names of the top group were read first. It must have been embarrassing to be the last to leave the auditorium.

Ruth Sturley, an English teacher, was my first rollroom teacher. Other English teachers were Elizabeth Scholes, Evelyn Partridge and Frances Thompson. Miss Thompson also taught dramatics and I was in a play she coached. I played the part of a nurse in a doctor's office in a mystery play. The part called for a loud scream on my part, and I found out how difficult it was to scream if you weren't frightened!

Edith Soper taught general mathematics in the eighth grade. She taught us a very practical skill: how to make out a check. Maud Graham taught algebra and Marie Myers taught Greek, Roman History and Latin. Elizabeth LaPrad, teacher of American History, had a nice, affirmative approach of praising her pupils. Evangeline Acheson was my sewing teacher in the seventh grade, but she left to take a trip to Russia and Martha Mellinger took her place. We made ugly, ill-fitting white aprons for cooking, a hot pad, a headband, and a towel--and it took a whole semester to do it. The second semester we made a cotton dress; mine was as ill-fitting as the apron! I have often wondered whose idea it was for the next required project: a pair of shorts

(boxer style) trimmed with a border of the material matching the dress. I do not think I ever wore either of them, but in the process of their making I managed to run a sewing machine needle through the tip of my finger.

Cooking was a little better than sewing; Mary Walsh and Ruth Hallen guided eighth graders through a regimen almost as inconsequential as sewing. We never made a whole recipe of anything. When we made sponge cake it was baked in a pan that could have come from a playhouse set of cookware. We did complete one meal and that was a breakfast. The class was divided into groups of eight girls who had to arrive early, prepare a breakfast, and eat it before the first period class. How Mrs. Walsh must have tired of the same menu, which was Eggs a la Goldenrod! The whites of hardboiled eggs were diced into a white sauce--and I do mean white. I doubt if there was much butter in it to give it either color or flavor. The pale concoction was then spread on white toast. To give it color, the yolks were pressed through a sieve over the top--for eye appeal. Actually, it had the look of pol-len. I have never made nor served Goldenrod Eggs since.

My handwriting was my downfall in the class I took from Miss Hallen. My sister and I were cooking partners and we did most of our cooking on a gas burner, one of many running along a cooking counter. Our mother had won first prize in a cake-baking contest sponsored by the News Tribune and we followed her advice one day when we made a tiny cake; we put the baking powder in with the last of the flour. When the teacher complimented us on the light texture of our cake we told her (innocently) of our mother's advice. It was not accepted with the same spirit with which it was given. I was crushed, especially since I had been required to get down on my knees and light the gas oven for the class that day. I was afraid of the concept of holding a match to an open gas line. The teacher

stood over me, which made me even more nervous, and of course, I did something wrong because a blue flame leaped out and singed the hair on my right arm. I didn't have much hair on my arm but I wasn't in favor of losing what I had, besides, the odor was similar to that of a singed chicken.

There were no more catastrophes and we had good results in turning out the rest of our doll-sized recipes. When I received a 75 in cooking (this was when 70 was just a barely passing grade) I felt humiliated. My twin sister had received the same grade and bolstering each other's courage, we decided to go to the teacher and ask for an explanation. The explanation given was that our handwriting in our composition book of recipes, which we were required to keep, was not very good. I could agree with her about the handwriting (I probably got a low grade in penmanship from Miss Violet Ahlberg) but I wasn't sure what writing had to do with cooking. The grade was not changed, and I didn't believe the excuse about the handwriting. I have a hunch it was the baking powder bit. So much for reasonable grading!

A dear teacher, Bertha Bailey, whom I always remember smiling, was my art teacher. She was tolerant of my awkward hands in an art project in which we were required to cut a design with a razor blade out of a piece of construction paper to be used as a corner design for a desk blotter. I doubt if razor blades are in junior high art rooms today.

My awkward hands which were not an asset in penmanship or artwork gave me trouble in typing also. That and an uncontrollable urge to look at the keys in order to have nice looking copy, were probably adequate reasons for my getting a D in typing. That grade I did not contest.

Marjorie Dammon was the gym instructor and she discovered my lack of coordination when it came to

shooting baskets. However, we had some dance classes and those I loved. Maybe it had something to do with the rhythm of the music. I wonder if I could have done better if we had been allowed to shoot baskets to music?

May Stewart, the manager of the lunchroom, had prune whip on the menu from time to time. Most items on the lunch were five cents each, and one day I spent my fifteen cents on three prune whips instead of a more balanced meal. The lunchroom was open to the public and it just so happened that a friend of the family was eating there that day. She observed my three desserts and was the kind who would call a kid's mother and tattle. That was the end of my buying lunch for awhile.

A friend, Jane Barnes, who once taught at Jason Lee, helped me to recall first names of the Jason Lee teachers. She reminded me that Mr. Kepner, the principal, was named Frank. "He was a good disciplinarian", she said. But about all I remember about him was that his girth reminded me of Herbert Hoover.

Jason Lee Pep Song

Hit the trail for J.L., for J.L. leads today!
We'll show the boys of our town
That the Crimson-Cream holds sway.
We'll do our best again--victory or die!
So give a grand old cheer, boys,
As the J.L. flag goes by!

We sang this song during basketball games. Today the word "girls" would probably be sung as well as "boys" when appropriate. Students from McCarver have told me that Jason Lee was nick-named "Chasin' Fleas" by other junior highs.

Stadium High School

The elegant French-style chateau building, originally intended for a hotel, was about to be demolished in 1903 when school board members decided

it would be appropriate for a high school. On February 19, Frederick Heath, an architect, took an hour to pronounce the feasibility of the plan; a special school board meeting was called for 1:30 a public meeting at 3:00 and by 4:00, an agreement was reached to purchase the defunct hotel for thirty four thousand, five hundred dollars. The first bond issue did not pass, but little more than a year later, one did pass for two hundred thousand dollars. The first classes were opened on September 10, 1906. The beautiful natural amphi-theater carved out of Old Woman's Gulch, was opened as the Stadium Bowl in June of 1910. Tacoma is probably the only school district in the world which owns such a spectacular stadium with an even more spectacular view. It has brought a lot of publicity to Tacoma because of the famous people who spoke or performed there.

High School was not as threatening as Junior High. I was used to having a variety of teachers; Junior High had prepared me for a change.

I found myself classifying teachers. Miss Cooper who taught English, looked like a heroine from a Bronte novel. Her shiny brown hair was done up in a demure knot at the back of her head, and she had what might have been described as a "patrician" nose, slightly pointed, but narrow and delicate. Her skin was flawless - if she wore any makeup at all, it could have been nothing but a light dusting of powder. She smiled often, not a wide smile with her teeth showing, but just a tiny turning-up of the corners of her mouth. I wasn't always sure what she was smiling about, but I felt she was enjoying her students.

Mr. Daniels, another English teacher, taught advanced composition. His classroom was in a sort of dormer room on the third floor. His class was the first I had taken which had as its aim, the purpose of developing creative skills. Chemistry, biology, geometry, Spanish, shorthand, etc., became to me

forms of textbook exercises to work your way through until the end of the semester. One of Mr. Daniels' assignments was to write a conversation piece between yourself and His Satanic Majesty. I chose to make my conversation political. One of the nicest compliments I ever received from a teacher was given to me by Mr. Daniels the day I read that assignment. "If your name was not on your paper", he said, "I would know who wrote it. You are beginning to develop a style."

Mr. U.N. Hoffman, who taught journalism, was not as appreciative of my style. In his newswriting class we were taught the who, when, where, what, and why should be in the first paragraph of each news story and then enlarged upon in the rest of the piece. I continued to write in a feature story style, not from obstinacy, but just because it was natural. The upshot of it was that while getting an A from Mr. Daniels, I got a D from Mr. Hoffman. I desperately wanted to be on the Stadium World staff (the school paper) so I switched to an ad-gatherer. My beat was Sixth Avenue and my familiarity with the merchants made my job much easier.

Miss Susan Spencer was my geometry teacher and she must have known how frightened I would have been to have to go to the blackboard to explain a theorem because she never called on me to do so. I don't know how I deserved the B I got!

Languages (I took Spanish) were not my forte, but I liked Miss Hartman. You never went to her class unprepared, and the very first day she began giving directions to us in Spanish.

I took shorthand from Miss Drummond, a very business-like woman with a puffy hair style, which, I decided in later years, was probably a wig. She complimented students if they dressed in such a way that would be appropriate for a business office. She made me feel good the day she complimented me

on a navy blue suit worn with a white pique blouse and a bunch of flowers pinned to my jacket lapel.

I learned a lot of helpful things from Miss Fraser who taught public speaking--skills which could be used for a lifetime.

Mrs. Fowler was the Civics teacher and the advisor for Triple S. I won a prize one year for the best dressed doll which I had made to be distributed with the traditional Elks' Christmas boxes.

Mr. E.E. Perkins was the principal, and Howard Carr the vice-principal. My twin sister and I had been flower girls for Mr. Carr when he married Marjorie Hallam, a friend of our parents.

The things which have been of value to me throughout my life were not so much what was learned in the classroom, but what I acquired in outside activities. Debate, dramatics, Triple S activities, and being co-chairman of a Girl's Club candy sale with my twin sister, offered opportunities for leadership and responsibilities outside of preparing daily assignments.

There was one teacher for whom I felt extreme sympathy and that was Mr. Butrick, who had charge of the downstairs study hall. How dull that assignment must have been! One year when I was on the honor roll, I was excused from 6th period study hall. I had a cousin who had left the Texas dust bowl and come to live with us. His first job was as a doorman at the Roxy Theater. He would let me in free to go see the movie, and the next day I would sit in study hall for my twin while she went to the show. It evidently didn't matter who was in the assigned seat, just so it was occupied. I do not remember Mr. Butrick ever smiling.

Stadium, because of its unusual architecture, its nearby bowl, and its historical background, holds a special place in the hearts of all Tacomans.



jobs



SPOT A GON ON THE WYE

By Robert Doubleday

My first real job was with the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific Railroad in the old passenger depot at South 25th and A Street. I had worked at cutting firewood, picking fruit, feeding a printing press in my father's shop and other assorted tasks but these I didn't consider much more than putting in time. They were not something to brag about to one's friends.

I had been attending Lyle Lemley's Tacoma Secretarial School in the Medical Arts Building and had about soaked up all the lore that the staff could pound into my head when, in August 1936, Mary Etta Peirson, the employment person for the school, found a job for me as the secretary to the chief dispatcher of the Milwaukee Road. In those days male stenographers were more commonly used in industry than they are today. Apparently there was a feeling at the time that ladies just didn't fit in certain kinds of offices.

The dispatcher's office, as well as those of other Pacific Division officials, was on the second floor of the modest, frame building which was the passenger station at the western terminus of the Milwaukee main line. It was a small, two-story structure, built by the Tacoma Eastern Railway in 1906 to replace its original station, erected in 1902 and later destroyed by fire. The station became the property of the Milwaukee when it acquired, in 1909, the real estate and equipment of the Tacoma Eastern. Travelers from the east arriving on the Milwaukee's crack train, the Olympian, must have been somewhat dismayed to find themselves debarking at that shabby frame structure. They may have thought they had gotten off in the wrong town after having heard and read about the wonders of Tacoma and Puget Sound. For many years the Chamber of Commerce, as well, I

suspect, as other influential locals, had been urging the Milwaukee to abandon that poor old building and move into the Union Depot. Milwaukee management demurred, however, citing all kinds of reasons for declining the kind invitation. Pride, I suspect, had something to do with it, maybe more than anything else. At any rate, the Milwaukee continued to use the old station until 1954 when it opened its new passenger terminal on company-owned property on the tideflats, underneath what was known as the Milwaukee viaduct. Not the most attractive site in town.

Incidentally, it might be well to point out that this was the Milwaukee "Railroad," a distinction which seemed very important to its officials and employees. The Great Northern, Northern Pacific and Union Pacific lines, used the word "railway" in their company titles and Milwaukeeans (if this is an appropriate term) liked to equate this to street railway systems - a denigrating comparison.

I approached my new job with minimal, but adequate skills; however, I was burdened with a load of business college lingo which may have been employed elsewhere in the world of commerce but was not to be found in the railroad industry. Railroaders, I learned quickly, have an esoteric language which is sensible to them but has no meaning whatever to others. As a result, my first day on the job was a confusing one. For example, the chief dispatcher dictated to me a message, which I was to transcribe, addressed to the agent at Chehalis. It ran something like this: "Number 27 has a drawbar down and a hotbox. Spot a gon on the Wye." That may not be the exact wording - fifty years have taken their toll on my memory - but it is close enough to give you a general idea of what I was up against.

There were five of us in the dispatcher's office: the chief dispatcher, mainline dispatcher, two branch-line dispatchers, and myself, the secretary. The chief, Tom Corbett, had a very demanding job; he

was on call for just about twenty-four hours a day. A nervous, chain-smoking man who had stomach trouble understandably, and indulged in occasional shouting matches; he was uncommonly kind, tolerant and patient with me. Why, I don't know. I tried very hard to please him. Maybe he sensed that. Anyway, we got along just dandy. When he learned that I knew nothing of "railroadese" he would explain to me, after he had dictated some gibberish, just what that nonsense would mean to the recipient. And then it made sense. Just barely.

The mainline dispatcher sat in a private, glass-enclosed space. He had the only voice-communication system in the office, other than the telephone. It consisted of a rather crude microphone and speaker arrangement with which, after much shouting, he could contact the stations on the coast division of the main line. Since he was the only one to sit in a private office, made necessary because of his microphone-speaker system, he may have been impressed with the august nature of his job. He didn't associate much with the branch line dispatchers nor, of course, with me. He was an ardent Republican and wore an Alf Landon sunflower button all that summer before the election.

The branch-line dispatchers sat at desks facing each other, perhaps six or eight feet apart, and to the best of my recollection, never spoke a word to each other. Elmer, I've forgotten his last name, always wore a green eyeshade, a vest and black cuff protectors. The other branch-line dispatcher, Michael John O'Connor, was a stout man, not very tall. He dressed well and sported an impressive Stetson hat which I never saw removed from his head. He reported for work with it on and left at the end of the day with that Stetson in the same place. When he came into the office he would remove his suit coat and exchange it for a cardigan sweater that was on a hanger suspended from a nail in the post behind his desk. Mike was not a "brown bagger". He always disappeared during the lunch

hour. Later on I found one of his haunts. He and Corbett seemed to enjoy the sort of mutual respect that didn't call for any unnecessary conversation. They had their jobs to do and they did them very well, I expect. Like Corbett, Mike was very helpful to me, the greenhorn. He coached me in railroad language and customs.

Since this was the headquarters office for the Milwaukee, modest though it was, there were occasional visits from other company officials, the yardmaster, trainmaster, to name a couple, and the switchboard operator, a lady named Rose, for whom everyone seemed to have great affection, would enter our office occasionally when she could get away from her post.

There was usually quite a stir going on in the dispatcher's office, not surprising since these men were guiding the movements of all the Milwaukee trains operating west of the division point in Deer Lodge, Montana. There was the constant clacking of the telegraph keys of the branch-line men; the raised voice of the main line dispatcher could be heard from behind his glass cage and the chief was on the telephone much of the time, issuing instructions affecting the shipment of freight and the coordination of passenger traffic. One of the concerns that usually raised blood pressures was the swift passage of the "silk train" to its destination. The cargo was raw silk that had been transferred from a ship from the Orient and off-loaded to Milwaukee cars. The nature of the stuff demanded that it reach its eastern destination with all speed. This required some rather complicated manipulations on the part of the dispatchers and frequently brought on disquieting moments and no small amount of agonizing.

The Milwaukee's premium train, the Olympian-Hiawatha, arrived from its eastern points at 9:30 a.m. daily except when some untoward event interfered. On those days when the train was late it would lay

over on the passenger station track until about noon when I would take my brown bag along and go aboard to view the splendors of the first class section and to daydream about the time when perhaps I could abandon in such luxury. It was a splendid train and many years later I had the good fortune to ride in those cars from St. Paul to Chicago. My daydreams were not in vain.

Railroads are accustomed to operating on schedule. Apparently the schedule required that the passenger station, including the dispatcher's office, be painted in August. It may have been the hottest August of record and very few of the windows in that old building could be opened. They had been painted shut years before. Railroad paint smells like no other I have ever come across, except perhaps battleship paint. In those days I believe railroad painters manufactured their own concoctions and they managed to incorporate some ingredients that were guaranteed to wring tears from the eyes of a cast-iron statue. We had some very unpleasant days that August of 1936 in that old building with the windows closed and the painters crawling all over the place.

I would happily have gone on with Corbett, O'Connor and company except for the mysterious workings of railroad employment practices. I had no seniority date - I was a temporary employee. A chap in the office in Othello, Washington, who did have seniority, applied for the job I held so I was "bumped". I'm not at all surprised that he wanted to get away from Othello, particularly in August. You may have seen Othello today, fifty years later, after the coming of the Columbia Irrigation Project it looks like an oasis. But it isn't too hard to imagine what it may have been like in 1936.

Corbett was nice enough to say that he would have liked to keep me on but the system would not permit this. On my last day Mike O'Connor took me to lunch at the Snappy Service Restaurant, one of his

favorites, at 2315 Pacific Avenue, not far from the depot. I had a hamburger.

THE RUSSIANS PAID IN CASH?

By Phyllis Kaiser

My first job interview! It was January, 1945. I gingerly walked across Tacoma's downtown streets in the direction of Dock Street. The sounds of the city surrounded me; car motors raced, impatient motorists beeped horns, delivery trucks rumbled on to their next stop, a boat horn tooted in the distance. The day was crisp with a gentle breeze moving massive white clouds slowly across the sun's face, an occasional ray beaming down to brighten my route. I wondered what Fred Dravis, owner of Dravis Engineering and Machine Works, would be like. I was nervous! In training nothing was discussed about conduct and expectations during a job interview. I felt unprepared.

Initial plans at Knapp Business College, then located at 8th and Pacific Avenue, had been to study accounting along with secretarial skills and at some time to become a Certified Public Accountant. Tuition was \$25 a month and one could attend any number of classes offered. Enrollment was low because of the war and students attended classes for an average of three months before finding work. Jobs were plentiful at Seattle-Tacoma Shipbuilding Corporation in Tacoma. I completed all the available classes and then found I was the only student in Corporate Accounting. In short time, I too decided to find a job.

I approached 11th and A Street, walked down the concrete steps alongside the Perkins Building, and to the ramp under the 11th Street Bridge. The wooden car ramp, approached from Cliff Street, circled under the bridge to Dock Street below. I walked beside the ramp to a long flight of wooden steps. Cars driving past vibrated the heavy wooden planks of the ramp; the hollow sound of the "bump-bump-bump" echoing under the bridge made me move faster. At the foot of the steps I stopped to catch my

breath and look around. I had never been on Dock Street before. A fishing boat tied to the dock was apparently having maintenance work done by the men climbing around from bow to stern. Rows of railroad tracks, shining from lots of use, were on the west side of the street. Large wood frame buildings lined the water's edge and fronted Dock Street. The first building I came to had "Dravis Engineering and Machine Works, 1101 Dock Street" painted across the upper front.

Fred Dravis was a short, bouncy, jovial man; the type of person one would feel at ease with. I believe his pipe and grey hat were a part of him; he was never without either. The pipe was perpetually packed with tobacco, lit and relit, puffed until the tobacco burned down, then scraped clean and the procedure repeated. I was hired! I wondered if I had been the only applicant for the job. My salary would be \$160 a month with a two week paid vacation after a year. Hours would be 8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., Monday through Friday, with one hour for lunch. I was pleased! I would have a monthly paycheck!

Shopping was foremost in my mind when I received my first paycheck. Prior to that first payday I had spent quite a few lunch hours window shopping in town. I carried a brown bag lunch to work every day, usually eating at my desk. To make the most of a lunch hour for shopping, I gulped my sandwich as I hurried to the shopping district. The first purchase from my first paycheck was a sterling silver compact for face powder; something I seldom used. I am saving the compact as a memento of a foolish purchase which cost me about \$40. All my succeeding purchases were more practical.

The offices were in the northwest corner of the building and comprised three small rooms. The front door opened into the reception area beside a long counter. My desk was behind the counter, facing the windows with a fold-away oak typewriter

desk directly behind my tilt-type swivel chair. The chair was designed more for an executive who could lean back and prop his feet on the desk than for a typist. Gilbert Clinton, the superintendent, occupied the next office with his files, drafting materials, blueprints and a small desk. Fred Davis' office was at the corner of the building, the largest and nicest but the least used; he was more often out on business. The office machines were limited to an Underwood typewriter and a manually operated, non-electric, adding machine, set on a high metal stand. One could surmise the machines had been a part of the company for many years.

The office was a one-girl operation. I was receptionist, stenographer, secretary, bookkeeper, accountant, payroll clerk, and of course, errand girl. The company had wartime contracts for working on United States and foreign merchant ships docking at the Port of Tacoma, and occasionally, Seattle, in addition to regular machinery and fish-boat repairs. Work performed on the merchant ships consisted of repairs to engines, winches, pumps, gauges, piping, bilge cleaning, and bulkhead painting. Large crews of part-time workers would be called in from a hiring hall in town to finish the work quickly.

Paperwork to accompany billing on the merchant ships was voluminous. The United States government required twenty copies of all papers; however, foreign governments required only half that amount. The typewriter was from an age of sturdy machines and held up well. No copy machine was available. I pounded the typewriter extra hard to make an original with nine tissue copies. It was worth the effort and the last copy was readable. Strength, speed and accuracy were important. I didn't like erasing errors on ten pages, or worse yet, retyping the whole page. The average work orders consisted of four 8 x 13 pages; resulting in a sizeable stack of papers to mail out for billing.

Foreign officials, with heavy accents, would sometimes dictate lengthy work orders over the telephone for me to take in shorthand and type. Gilbert would listen on his phone to help me if I couldn't understand. Most astounding was the way Russian officials paid bills. They were prompt and paid in cash. The first time a Russian came into the office, placed his briefcase on the counter, and handed me bundles of U.S. "greenbacks" totalling thousands of dollars, I gasped! Gilbert stood back chuckling, later telling me, "I forgot to tell you, the Russians always pay in cash." I would have been more comfortable with an escort to the bank. A thousand dollars then would be equivalent to many thousands now; a lot of money to be responsible for. No one else seemed concerned. I stuffed the bundles in my expandable, hand-crocheted black bag and hurriedly started for the bank. I walked along Dock Street, up the wooden steps and under the bridge, glancing cautiously from side to side as I clutched the bulging bag tightly in front of me. I was relieved to reach the bank and deposit the money. On the third occasion of a Russian cash payment, Fred Dravis thought maybe luck was pushed a little far and arranged a driver for me.

On August 14, 1945, Gilbert returned from town, eyes sparkling and wearing a smile that measured ear to ear. "The war is over", he said. "People in town are so happy they're dancing in the streets!" He opened the door so I could hear the horns blowing, the noise driving home the reality of something we all had prayed for. I too was smiling, ear to ear.

The war had ended and work on the merchant ships ceased. The company was back to pre-war work; machine work and fishing boat repairs. My work went from one extreme to the other; from too much work to not enough work. I became extremely bored. I passed time looking out the window, watching trains pass by, some with hobos standing in empty boxcar

doorways; counted boxcars and read their markings; watched the rodent control man walk to located traps and remove the rodent to put in a bag for later analysis. When my Aunt Lea asked me to join her on a two month vacation to California in the summer of 1946 I couldn't resist the invitation. Fred Dravis consented only if I found someone to take my place. I trained Bea Rayno, a friend who was on summer vacation from the College of Puget Sound. The arrangement was ideal for both of us.

After returning from vacation the work remained minimal. I felt stagnated and within a short time informed Fred Dravis I would be leaving. During my employment at Dravis Engineering I had gained valuable experience and self-confidence in my work. From there I went on to employment at the office of St. Regis Pulp and Paper Company.

I MADE A JOB OF MY OWN AT STADIUM HIGH

By Wesla MacArthur

"How to Find a Job" was not one of the subjects I'd been exposed to in High School. My chances of finding a summer job in 1932 when I had no experience of any kind--not even as a babysitter--seemed to me very slim. However, I was determined to try. The school secretary at Stadium High said there might be a part-time summer job available in the school office if I'd be willing to work only to gain experience--not money. From the viewpoint of the school officials, my salary was right, so I got the job.

During the endless hours of uninspiring filing, I had to do something to keep awake. The closest thing to think about was those stacks of cards and how much easier filing would be if they were more legible.

Over sandwiches at noon, I asked Miss Larsen, the attendance clerk, just how those cards were made out. She explained. "Every teacher has a home room class. A card for each member of that home room is given to each teacher. The teacher writes the name of the student on a card and his daily schedule of classes. Each teacher fills in the grades of his/her subject; history, English, etc., then the cards finally go back to the home rooms. The home room teacher must then check each card to see if any spaces have been skipped. Assuming that all is well, the home room teachers turn the cards in to the school office for filing. By the time I'd absorbed this explanation, I was as confused as the teachers probably were. Those poor little cards, tired from their journeys, were what I was filing.

"What would happen," I thought, "If someone typed out those cards, filling in everything except the grades?" Having most of the tedious handwriting

typed, the teachers would have many hours freed to do better teaching. They would still be responsible for proof-reading the cards and determining that there was one for each student. Another benefit would be that filing the cards would be simpler since they'd be more legible.

In those by-gone days, it did not take an Act of Congress to start your own business. I talked with the principal. "What will you charge?" he asked. I remember very clearly gulping a little as I suggested one penny per card. He seemed to think that was quite fair and authorized me to talk with any of the teachers to see if they'd like such a service at such a price. Most of the teachers thought the idea a good one and the price dirt-cheap.

That job lasted for my senior year and provided more spending money than I'd ever had in my life! Years later, I discovered that my little enterprise had opened up a full-time job for at least one more person in the office of some schools in District 10. I always feel a warm glow deep inside when remembering that very first job.

ELECTRIFYING JOB IN THE THIRTIES

By Eunice Huffman

My father owned Midget Water Heater and Specialty Company, which was originally located in the basement of a building at 34th and Pacific Avenue. When in Lincoln High School I was always interested in accounting courses, so my father allowed me to work in his office after school and on Saturday. My wage was 25¢ an hour and I felt lucky to have such an allowance.

When I graduated from high school in January, 1933, there were few jobs available for teenagers so I continued to work for my father while diligently looking for another position. I also took civil service tests when they were offered. During the summers I worked in food canneries in Puyallup and Sumner.

My opportunity finally came in 1935 when a customer at our shop, Don Demick, asked me if I'd be interested in working as a secretary for him at Home Electric Company, located at 1316 "A" Street. I accepted gladly and was very excited about starting a new job. I was to replace a girl who had been doing the job for 16 years but was going to a new position for higher wages.

Home electric originally was at 934 Commerce Street but in 1920 moved to the "A" street address. It was a wholesale house that carried hundreds of items pertaining to electrical needs and Mr. Demick was the buyer for the company which was owned by William S. Anderson.

The office was divided into three glassed sections: Mr. Demick, Tom Miller, the inside salesman, and I occupied one side of the building, each in our own section. Mr. Anderson and the salesmen had their offices in the middle area and three women handled

the accounts and other secretarial work in offices on the far side of the building.

My main duty was to maintain the entire inventory by item and price. Every item that came in or left the company was recorded by hand on a card index. All accounts receivable invoices were priced by me before going to the billing department. I also did correspondence for Mr. Demick and talked with salesmen when he was out of the office.

There was one of our salesmen who was very long-winded in his dictation so none of the secretaries wished to handle his correspondence. I was lucky because Mr. Demick did not like to dictate and would make notes in the margins of any letters to be answered and I would compose the letter. Occasionally the other girls would send "Windy" to me, claiming they were too busy to take dictation. I sat through his long dictation and then transcribed the letter in shortened form as it should be written.

The work day began with my leaving home by streetcar to 13th and Pacific Avenues. Carfare was 10¢ a ride or three tokens for 25¢. From there I walked to the office, hopefully arriving before 8 a.m. Lunch hour was from 12:00 to 1:00 a.m. Patricia Spolarik, one of the other secretaries, and I would "brown bag" our lunch and walk to the Olympic Dairy Ice Cream Parlor on 11th and Court "C" across the alley from the second floor of Rhodes Department Store. There we purchased a quart of milk for 10¢ and shared it. We alternated our day to purchase. Five o'clock was quitting time Monday through Friday and noon on Saturday.

Payday was the first and fifteenth of the month and I was shocked when I received my first paycheck covering a two week pay period, and it was \$27.50. I had replaced and was fulfilling the duties of the former girl who had earned \$90 a month. I discussed the matter with Mr. Demick and he suggested that I speak with Mr. Anderson, which I did.

After a bit of conversation we agreed on a \$10.00 raise to \$65.00 a month. I married Frank Whyllie in November 1936 and he did not want me to work but I had agreed with Mr. Anderson that I would stay until the yearly inventory was completed. It was completed in February 1937 and I departed as a \$75.00 a month worker. Actually I had received a \$10.00 raise January 1, but that was only for one month.

One time before I left I answered the phone and a gentleman asked for another person in the office. Before I got the call transferred I momentarily fell asleep and when I wakened I did not know who was on the line! I politely asked the person who he wished to speak to, explaining that the line had been disconnected. He said that he wondered what had happened and we both laughed and I put his call through. I was glad no one knew what had really happened!

BERRY PICKING IN PUYALLUP

By Mary Olson

When Mother's voice came intruding into my dreams I snuggled down farther under the covers and pulled them over my head. As I opened my eyes the room looked ghostly and cold in the pre-dawn light and I definitely didn't want to get up. There was never any heat in the bedrooms and I knew that once I put my feet out of bed and onto that cold floor all chance of getting more sleep was past.

Mother called again. Well, there was no getting out of it. I grabbed my underwear, overalls and sweatshirt and made a rush for the stairs. Once down the stairs and along the hall, I opened the door to the kitchen and was immediately enfolded in the warmth of the old wood stove. Johnny not being around to claim it, I got the oven door and proceeded to sit on it while I put on my undershirt, fitting my garter belt over my shoulders, then pulling on my long cotton stockings I fastened them to the garters, then into Johnny's hand-me-down overalls and the white sweatshirt that he had outgrown.

"Mr. Aikins won't wait if you're late," my mother said, as she ladled out my mush and poured creamy milk over it. At ten I was old enough to know it did no good to try to argue with Mother, so I just headed out the back door to the outhouse and then back in for a quick wash-up at the sink in the pantry, before sitting down at the kitchen table to eat my mush and the thick homemade toast spread with Mother's good blackberry jam.

A quick kiss from Mother and, of course, words of admonition from her to be good and mind Mrs. Aikins and I was out the front door, grabbing my jacket from it's hook in the front hall as I went. "

When I arrived at Connie's house, Mrs. Aikins was just clearing up the breakfast dishes and Connie and

I lost no time in getting out the back door and into the back of the pick-up. No sense in taking chances of having to help put the dishes away!

Beulah Aikins, Connie's mother, and Buddy, her little brother, got to sit up front with her dad, Roy Aikins, but Connie and I had to sit on the blankets in the bed of the truck and it was cold. We tried to arrange ourselves in the blankets so that we were cushioned by them from the cold of the truck but still had some blanket left to cover up with. I never got over the thrill of riding in the back of the truck, or of riding in any car, for that matter. I thought it was as much fun as a ride at the Western Washington Fair.

Soon we were on the road heading down Park Avenue towards 72nd. We went down 72nd to Canyon Road and then felt that we were really out in the country. The road cut through a forest of fir trees, which fenced the road on either side. Wild flowers along the edge of the woods were heavy with dew. It was chilly in the back of the old Model A pick-up as it shook and rattled its way toward the Valley, and Connie and I scrunched down under the blankets to keep warm, but our noses were always up over the edge of the truck so we could see what was going on around us.

It was just past dawn and the fog drifted through the woods and covered the Valley below with a light mist as we descended the last winding hill to the clatter of the old truck and the wail of the train that cut through the Puyallup Valley every morning. The train sent a plume of smoke out behind it and always filled me with a longing for a ride to far away places.

We made this trip every morning during the berry season. I was lucky that Mr. and Mrs. Aikins would let me go along as it was the only way I could earn money for my school clothes. We would pick all through the season, but always missed out on the

bonus because we would have to go back to school before the last of the berries were picked.

When we reached the Valley we went past the white buildings and red roofs of the Washington State Experimental Farm. We were in awe of the people who worked there. Our folks talked of the marvelous experiments that were carried out there. The work at the Experimental Farm was helpful to the Puyallup Valley farmers. We were sure that inside those buildings scientists were doing amazing things to fruits and vegetables and growing new cows that would give just oceans of milk.

At last we arrived at the berry farm where we were to pick. Connie and I piled out of the truck and ran to get our stand with the berry baskets on it. We looked for a "good row," one that had lots of berries showing. We filled our baskets as fast as we could, running a race with each other to see who could get her flat filled first and take it to the shed to get our tickets punched. Mrs. Aikins and Buddy were never far away, so we didn't dare fool around too much.

The leaves of the raspberry plants were full of fog and dew and we were soon wet and our feet and knees were muddy from crawling under the bushes to get at the berries that were hidden. The rows had to be picked clean or we'd be in trouble with the lady who ran the field. Kids that didn't pick clean weren't allowed to come again. The field was steaming now in the heat of the sun. As the rows dried, the area between them grew dusty and by noon we were really a dirty mess.

Finally, Mrs. Aikins called us to lunch and we were more than happy to bring in our baskets. We went to the truck and sat on the running board to eat our jam sandwiches and drink the cold, clear water that we had gotten at the pipe on the edge of the field.

After lunch we wandered over the farm, wondering

what it would be like to live in such a grand house and to have horses to ride. We went down to the edge of the river and dangled our feet in the cold water and talked about anything and everything. I envied Connie because she was little and dainty. Her parents were young while mine were old. Her mother even wore lipstick and smoked, which in my eyes, made her a woman to be admired! She had a little brother whom she could order about, while I had two big brothers who did their best to make my life miserable. Oh, Connie was much to be envied!

All too soon Mrs. Aikins called to us and we went back to the rows of berries. The lady in charge of the pickers told us we would have to pick over some of the rows that had been picked the day before. Darn! That meant that we wouldn't get as many flats picked that afternoon.

Connie and I always picked on opposite sides of the same row and were considered good pickers, but being kids, sometimes our hands would meet as we grabbed for the berries and then we would giggle and maybe even play a bit. Sometimes it's hard to just pick berries and not have any fun.

We always quit work by supper time. The pickers who stayed there on the farm would pick until dark. So, it was back into the old pick-up again and back home in time for supper. We crawled in under the blankets and speculated on how much money we had made and what kind of dresses we would be allowed to buy.

Home again and back in the warm kitchen, I would dream of living on a farm in the valley, riding horses every day, showing off for all the lesser people who would work for me. My daydreams weren't very practical, but then when you're nine, you can dream of anything and think that it has a chance to come true.

IT'S THE BERRIES

By Jack Sundquist

Whenever I see a box of raspberries I feel a little twinge of sympathy. I picked raspberries once when I was a child. I hated every minute of it.

In the late 20's and early 30's we used to pick berries every summer. First we picked for Andy Holt in Milton, in 1929. We stayed in an old log cabin he had on a hill in back of his house. Mama would sew some sheets together, stuff them with straw and put them on the floor in one of the rooms. Then she put blankets and quilts on top. We all slept there together: Mama; Papa; sisters Lillian, Ivedell, Anita; Elmer and me. Mama would get up and make a fire in the wood stove and make breakfast for Papa so he could drive into work at the St. Paul Mill, then she would make breakfast for four-year-old Anita, seven-year-old Jack, ten-year-old Ivedell, 13-year-old Lillian and 18-year-old Elmer. Elmer would ride in with Papa since he worked at McCormick Brothers Department Store. After washing the dishes, Mama would herd her brood out to the berry fields. In the early morning the bushes were dew-specked and your hands would get wet as they reached for the berries hiding under the leaves. We carried worn wooden carriers which held six boxes. Some carriers had legs which allowed the picker to remain fairly upright. One had to brush the leaves upward to be sure to find all of the berries. As the berries filled the box and lost their crispness, they would collapse slowly and the box would have to be filled again. When filled the carriers were taken to the central station, usually a rough table-like affair with a small roof. Here the owner or boss would check over the boxes for fullness and cleanliness. Each picker had a card about three by five inches with numbers around the outside. The boss would punch an appropriate number, take out the boxes and put them in a crate and the picker would put new empty boxes in

his carrier. This went on and on and on and on until lunch and then dinner. Some pickers were fast and others slow. I believe that 40 cents a crate was the rate in 1930. A good picker could pick four or five crates a day.

My sister Ivedell was the best picker of the children. Ivy worked like a beaver. Lillian kept up a steady pace, Anita played between the rows near Mama. And Mama, Mama toiled diligently, always cheerful, thinking about lunch that had to be prepared, and dinner, and washing clothes. I was the worst picker. I would pick for awhile and then began to imagine that the rows were hiding Indians that had to be held off, or that I had to protect Mama from robbers in Sherwood Forest.

My output was pitifully small and at the end of the day I demanded my 20 or 30 cents and spent it at the nearby store. Ivedell hoarded her money, dreams of new dresses in her head.

As the sun climbed in the sky the leaves dried and dust would spurt up from the clods between the rows. One person picked on each side of the row. Mama and I would pick together and she would always get ahead of me even though she had to watch Anita also. So she would reach the end of the row and then come down on my side to help me finish. The bushes always seemed to be smaller and thinner at the end of the rows. Ending a row was often a reason to get a drink of water or make a trip to the weather-beaten outhouse on the edge of the field. I found many opportunities to take a break from the hot sun but when I returned the raspberries would have sagged in their boxes and I would have to fill them again. When I turned in the boxes the boss would look at them quizzically, perhaps take one box and use it to fill the others to the overflowing aspect he desired, and hand the empty box back to me with the short, "Better fill this up again."

Near lunch time, when Mama had filled a carrier she would check it in and with Anita trailing behind

would head uphill to the log cabin and prepare lunch of sandwiches and milk as we children rested. Mama was always so efficient; once she had cooked for 40 men in a dredging crew in northern Minnesota when she was 17. In the afternoons Mama would lead us back down the hill to the waiting rows of raspberries. Afternoons were hotter and I worked more slowly and sought the shady sides of the rows. Ivy picked with her usual speed and Lillian more slowly, but doggedly. Sometimes Mama would spread a piece of old quilt on the ground and Anita would nap there, curled up in the sun. Mama, with a straw hat on her head, would pick and pick; encouraging us, sometimes singing a snatch of song and keeping an eye on Anita as she planned the coming supper.

When the end of the day came Ivy would have the most punches, Mama next, Lillian third and I a distant and dismal last. Mama would take a now very tired and bedraggled Anita and head back for the cabin to begin supper. Papa and Elmer would be returning from work and Papa expected a hot meal on the table with meat and potatoes and gravy even on the hottest day of summer. So Mama sweated over the hot stove, which gave off extra heat. We sat at the table discoursing on our day as we loaded our plates and consumed our food. After dinner it was wash the dishes. When Mama washed clothes I can't remember. She had a washboard and a tub and heated water on the stove. Papa wanted to buy her a washing machine but she did not think they washed as cleanly as hand work.

We picked raspberries with their tiny slender black bugs crawling in them; blackcaps, which were a combination berry; loganberries; and later pie cherries for a Mr. Brandt in north Puyallup. Ivedell became a real tornado when it came to strawberries but I never did develop an affection for field work. Even now, when I see a box of raspberries, I think of standing in the hot sun with Mama on the other side of the row and singing through the green leaves of the bushes.

HANDYMAN AT VIRGES DRUG

By Jack Sundquist

In January of 1940 I graduated from Stadium High School and looked around the job market but there wasn't any. It was the end of the Great Depression of 1929 and jobs were scarce indeed. I had had many temporary jobs: mowing lawns, picking berries, finding unwanted milk bottles, selling magazines, and delivering papers. But, having reached that point in my life when school no longer was necessary, according to law, I saw the doors of opportunity swing wide.

My first job was as a general helper, sweeper, and delivery boy for the Virges Drug Stores of Tacoma. There were three stores; one was on Broadway near 11th, a second on Pacific between 9th and 10th, and a third on Pacific between 10th and 11th.

I was to sweep all the stores, help stock the shelves, and act as a deliveryman and messenger. For this I received \$2 a day which I spent with wild abandon, on wine, women and Baby Ruth candy bars! I was living at home and Mama's food was too good to give up. My brother, who was married and had a child, was working as an elevator man in the Rust Building for \$100 a month and I thought I would be on the top of the world if I could rise to such heights. Meanwhile, I was learning good work habits.

Only one employee worked in each store - the pharmacist. All three were steady men, moving quietly as they filled prescriptions but always with an occasional glance around the store. They seemed to have a knack of recognizing the "visitor" who may have been looking for something to pick up. The druggist had a marble slab for mixing ointments and delicate scales to measure ingredients. Ninety-five out of 100 of today's prescriptions have ingredients that were unknown in the 40's.

This picture goes with the story on the following page.



Delivery trucks for West Coast Grocery Company, 1732 Pacific Avenue, Circa 1923. Courtesy of the author.

THEY EVEN DEALT IN FURS

By Terry Grant

"AMOCAT" was the name on the building across from the Union Station which I saw from the bus each day as I rode to Racine's Western Institute on the third floor of the Washington Building in downtown Tacoma. Everyone knew that "Amocat" was Tacoma spelled backwards, the trademark of one of the largest wholesale grocery establishments in the northwest. Little did I know that soon I would be a member of the office staff of that company.

I had been attending business college at Racine's for about a year. After three years of educational training at Bellingham, I had not been snapped up by any school board for a teaching position. My cousin, a teacher at Racine's, got me a job as evening school clerk in the office for my tuition. I also earned my lunch by cashiering across the street at People's Department Store's lunch counter at 11th and Pacific for an hour each day. There was no worry about minimum wages; I just felt lucky to get a free lunch for my services.

By September 1940 I had completed the usual courses in shorthand and typing and had just started taking bookkeeping, which I enjoyed far more than the other subjects. One day Mrs. Richmond, the director of the school, called me into the office for an interview with Mr. Orren Judd. (As I recall, my slip was showing and I had a run in my stocking.) He interviewed two or three of the other students that day, but wonder of wonders, he hired me! I was to replace the girl in the "Red and White" accounting department of West Coast Grocery Company, who was leaving for greener pastures at the Todd Shipyards, which had just opened. "Red and White" stores were a chain of independent retail grocers who bought from the wholesale house, sold some items labeled "Red and White" and advertised together.

On September 16, 1940, I appeared at 1732 Pacific Avenue. My predecessor had already left so breaking in was up to my supervisor and coworker, Dick Tilley. Dick was probably in his late 20's at the time. I was 20. Both Dick and I reported to the treasurer of the company, Ethan R. Brines.

My job was to post the ledgers and prepare monthly statements for about 30 grocery stores. This service to the stores was a convenience for them and also a way for the wholesale house to keep track of how well their customers were doing. We charged from \$5 to \$15 per month for the service, which included preparation of sales and payroll tax returns and monthly financial statements.

My equipment consisted of a small electric Burroughs bookkeeping machine on a metal stand with casters, a hand-operated Burroughs adding machine and a Royal typewriter which I would transfer from a counter to my desk as needed. My salary for this position was \$65 per month, \$5 more than some of the clerks in other departments were receiving.

Paydays were on the 15th and last day of the month. Our pay came in cash in a little brown envelope with the gross amount, deductions and net pay shown on the outside. My deductions were only 33¢ per payday for Social Security. Our work week was forty-two hours with a strange arrangement that brought us in for three and one-half hours on Saturday. Shortly after I started, we changed to a five day, forty-hour week with no decrease in pay.

The president of the company, Robert H. Hyde, had his office in the back of the area on the other side of a ramp. He was a quiet man who kept a low profile. He used a door near his office and came and went so quietly that I was seldom aware that he was around. I used to wonder what was being discussed in his office when the door was closed. When the door was open, I never gave it a thought.

Quite the opposite in disposition was the vice-president of the company, Charles Welker. Mr. Welker was a large man with a crew cut and a loud voice. His office was near the foot of the stairs and we always knew when he was around. When he wanted to place a telephone call, the switchboard operator by the front door didn't need her earphone to hear the number - we all heard it. I'll never forget the time he came booming out of his office with the announcement that the Narrows Bridge had tumbled into the bay. Rumor had it that at home he was a very quiet man.

Gradually I became acquainted with others in the office. Mr. Judd, who had hired me, was the secretary and office manager. He was a rather handsome, mild-mannered man with pale blue eyes and straight, white hair parted on one side. His secretary, Ida, married soon after I came and left the company. Mr. Welker's secretary also married and was terminated; married women were not expected to work in those days! A year later this rule was thrown out; Pearl Harbor changed that overnight.

Ellis Walrath took orders for the Country Desk. He was a slender, wiry man, reputedly the best dancer in the company. As he was over 60 years of age, this seemed incomprehensible to my 20-year old eyes. I later found out that it was really true; he was an excellent dancer. I can't remember who took the orders at the City Desk. Earl Hetrick was the credit manager. He was a friendly fellow who subsequently went to work for a stationery company.

The cashier, Edwin Carlsen, who came soon after I did, was an older, gruff fellow who really intimidated me. Later we became good friends, but I must admit I was rather afraid of him at first and gave him a wide berth.

Mike Antush was the bookkeeper. He had a high stool and worked on his journals and ledgers at a

high counter. I can't recall for sure whether he wore a green eyeshade, but I think he did. Next to him was the accounts receivable clerk, Anna Kationa. She slaved over a bookkeeping machine with a huge carriage that clattered back and forth all day long. It seemed as if she was always worrying about the end-of-the-month closing.

George Shull had the Alaska desk. He was a short pudgy man in his late 50's who sat across from our fur buyer, Harry Lorber. Maybe fur buyer isn't the right term, but Harry was the one who had the most to do with furs in the company.

At that time West Coast had several fur traders in Alaska who were their customers. These traders bought from West Coast on credit and shipped furs to the company to take care of what they owed. They originally obtained the furs as barter from their native Alaskan customers. West Coast supplied not only groceries but other items, such as stationery and hardware, which they bought for the traders in the Tacoma area. Once a year a ship would take these orders to Bristol Bay and up the Yukon for delivery to the traders. The ship would bring back the furs in payment. It was a very "trusting" arrangement.

When the furs arrived, they were put into lots. The pelts were mostly silver and cross fox, muskrat, mink and seal. Fur buyers, mostly from New York City, would have a chance to evaluate the lots and then an auction would be held in the company lunchroom with Harry Lorber as the auctioneer. The bidding was very secretive and Harry had to know the signals used by each buyer in the bidding. When the sales slips came back to the office, some of the clerks would process them to determine how much the buyers owed, how much brokerage was due West Coast and how much would go to the trader to be credited to his account. It was all rather exciting.

Almost everyone in the office was on a first name basis. One exception was Miss Tuthill. She was a

gray-haired lady who had been with the company for many years. I remember part of her job was involved with railroad and vendor claims. She was very accommodating as she sold candy bars and cigarettes at her desk. If there was a particular kind of candy bar or cigarette you wanted she would do her best to get it for you. Of course, her inventory came from the company's stock. Miss Tuthill was everyone's friend.

Carl J. Gunnerson, or "Gunnie," ran the candy and tobacco department. His office was behind Mr. Welker's. He had lots of samples in his office and once in a while we would get a handout.

Johnnie Gould was the warehouse manager. He was rather prim, white-haired and neat, but always friendly.

Bill Storaasli was shipping clerk. He was a tall blond man who always seemed to be in a hurry. I think that most of his trips into the office were to determine whether or not a delivery was to be C.O.D.

Veronica Covach and Pat Lampe were two of the women who worked with sales invoices. There was also an office girl who handled the mail and did some of the filing.

One day I noticed a young, blond fellow in the office with a very thin face, accentuated by a crew cut. He seemed to know his way around. His dress was rather unconventional--a crew neck sweater rather than the regulation coat and tie. I soon found out that he was Charlie Hyde, the boss's son. He had been in Alaska visiting the Ketchikan, Juneau and Fairbanks branches. At that time he was the only one of the three Hyde boys working for the family company. Eventually Bob and Bill joined the company. Charles became president when his father died.

Our lunch hour was 60 minutes, long enough for a person to hike uptown and do a little shopping, if

one hurried. I usually went to town, as it was something to do and I enjoyed the exercise. If the wind was just right on Pacific Avenue there would be a sharp, burning sensation in one's mouth from the fumes emanating from port industries.

At Christmas time in 1940 the company gave each employee a Savings Bond. Most of the employees received a \$50 bond, but I felt lucky to receive a \$25 bond after being with the company only three months.

The other day I noticed a newspaper story about the sale of West Coast Grocery to a Minneapolis firm. It is sad to realize that another locally owned company has been swallowed up by large conglomerates. It seems as if companies cannot survive with their headquarters in the greater Tacoma area - with the notable exception of the Weyerhaeuser Company.

I only hope that the subsidiaries which used to be independent can maintain their identities enough to retain brand names and keep payrolls in the local area. Unfortunately, too many of the local companies have been purchased only to be closed down in a few years. Let us hope that that doesn't happen to West Coast Grocery Company where I enjoyed my first job.



Masonic Temple at 47 St. Helens Avenue. Drawn by
Myron Thompson, The Tacoma News Tribune.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF MY FIRST JOB

By J. Smith Bennett

Up and down! Up and down! I felt like a monkey on a string!

My first regular job, with hours, was running the elevator at the Masonic Temple on St. Helens Avenue. All that can be said for the job was, "It had it's ups and downs."

That wasn't the first work I had ever done. I had babysat for my neighbors. Then there was the time my pal Tom Smith and I picked pie cherries for the YMCA near Orting. I had mowed lawns and polished the neighbor's car, all for the great sum of 50¢ and I had furnished the polish and cloths! Well, the polish was from my father's supply and the cloths from mother's rag bag. Usually though, the lawns were done with the neighbor's tools. There were some who insisted upon my using my family's tools. Guess they were afraid I'd not put theirs away properly. There was a period when I waited tables at the various events at the Scottish Rite and the Masonic Temples. My pay was 50¢ an hour and all I could eat. Being a teenager, I think they lost money, but then, how much apple pie can one eat? At least, I didn't drop anything and I didn't spill coffee on any of the guests.

My father had been hinting that since I had graduated from high school perhaps I should find myself some summer work. In my usual procrastinating way I kept stalling. Guess I was scared to ask and then I thought maybe I might get stuck with some kind of job I wouldn't like. I wanted something on the glamorous side, something that wouldn't interfere with my social life. One evening my father said, "Get in the car. We're going down to the Masonic Temple and talk to Mr. Miller. He has a job that maybe you can do -

running the elevator this summer." As they say, "I interviewed" and got the job; five nights a week, from six o'clock until everyone was out of the building. My pay would be \$35 a month. I didn't figure it out until the other day. You can see how slow I was. It worked out to be about 43¢ an hour. That was less than waiting tables, but my father said, "At least it's steady."

For two evenings prior to my taking over, the little old lady who I was replacing for the summer months coached me on the rudiments of operating an elevator. Handle to the right, we'd go up, to the left, we'd come down. When the next floor was in line with the opening bar, shut off the power and the cab should coast to the floor. Well - almost! There would be a great deal of jiggling trying to even the cab with the floor. I'm quite sure many of those who rode with me missed the even operation of that little old grey-haired lady.

No one had told me that the elevator was in need of repairs. I took a load of Shriners from the fifth floor down to Fellowship Hall in the basement. Did everything according to Hoyle and instructions from my predecessor. Cut the power as the cab passed the cross bar and watched as the elevator coasted past the basement floor, dropping into the pit by twelve inches. Pushing the lever to the right - the cab didn't move! I was stuck! Fortunately, the building janitor was there. He took me up to the penthouse, showing me how to raise the cab should I get stuck again. He explained the elevator system needed work but the lodge didn't have the money. Before the evening was over, I dropped that cab into the pit five times. Five times I ran up the stair well, crawled up a ladder to the penthouse, then down the ladder and raced back down the stairs to my elevator. One time I had to do it all over again, since I hadn't raised the cab enough. All because those Shriners would crowd one more into the cab. It was only designed to carry a designated weight, but those guys would always squeeze in

one more, until I began to know the feeling of a sardine!

There were other times that I'd have to make that long trip up the stairs, climb the ladder to the penthouse, just to raise the elevator a foot, then go back through the entire process. Once I started up the stairs and encountered the janitor, who told me to return to the cab, call up the shaft and he'd raise the elevator. Returning to the main floor, I found the door open, the cab gone and a woman on one crutch leaning into the shaft, telling me, "You know, young man, there is no elevator here!" The janitor had raised it before I had a chance to yell up the shaft I was ready. Then came the job of trying to retrieve the cab to my floor.

Many evenings there would be nothing happening at the Temple. On those evenings, I could leave early. My key let me out through the Temple Theater, so I often would sit in the balcony and watch the last picture. In those days they had a doorman who would take your ticket and we became fairly well acquainted. One evening after I had locked up the Temple and he had finished his chores at the theater, we went down into the orchestra pit and turned on the pipe organ. He was a fair organist, and as I had been taking popular piano, he coached me into the workings of the theater organ. About the time our concert was getting under way, the manager of the Masonic Temple appeared on the scene. Since he and his family lived in the building, the vibrations of the organ were keeping him and his family awake.

On slow nights my only customers would be those retired Masons who lived across the street at the old Bonneville Hotel. Apparently, there must have been a "NO SMOKING" sign in the lobby or perhaps they were too gentlemanly to offend the ladies who also lived there, with their cigar smoke. They would saunter across St. Helens Avenue, go up to the game room, light their cigars and read the evening

paper. When finished, they folded their papers and wandered back across the street to the Bonneville and their rooms. Those would be the nights I might practice pool. The elevator was close enough to the game room that I could hear the buzzer if anyone wanted the elevator. One evening, just when I thought everyone was gone, I heard the buzzer. Running out to the cab, I found I still had the cue. Holding it between my knees, I started the cab and the cue caught in the cross bar on the door and became kindling wood. I dropped the remains down the shaft.

None of my chums ever dropped by to see how I was doing. I'm sure they had better things to do. One time a friend, Bob Manning, and I had gone to the Rialto and had seen a double feature. Stopping at Horluck's for a malt, we found we had time for another show, so took in a double feature at the Orpheum. By that time I had to get to work. Seeing it was going to be a slow night, I called Bob and said, "Hey man" (or something to that effect). "How'd you like to see another movie? They got a good one here at the Temple; the "Secret Six." He came down, I let him in the back way, telling him I'd join him as soon as I locked up. We saw five movies that day!

Much to my father's disgust, I wanted to quit at the end of summer. I wanted to go on to school. He thought I could do both. I was lazy and didn't want to exert that much effort. It was the Standard Oil Company who settled both our problems. With the depression deepening, they decided to consolidate their Tacoma and Spokane operations with their Seattle office. We moved to Seattle.

So much for my first regular job!

OSCILLATOR VS. OSCULATOR

By Margaret Whitis

My husband and I arrived in Tacoma on January 2, 1943 in a 16 foot trailer. We stayed a few days in the back yard of the Frank Reynolds home at 610 South Steele until we located a place at South 12th and Sprague Streets, next door to a gas station. My cousin and her husband took us to Dick's Tavern on Sixth Avenue on our first night in Tacoma. We were introduced informally to Tom, Clyde, Fred and Fay. It was the first time I had heard people introduced by just their first names. In our previous neighborhood I would have expected to hear something like, "Karen Anderson, I'd like you to meet Margaret Thurston who just moved here from Sunnyside."

My husband found a defense job in the shipyards and I went to work at the Quartermaster Laundry, Unit I, at Ft. Lewis, where I became timekeeper and payroll clerk.

I learned to punch a time clock and how to ride city buses after a day or two of walking from Pacific Avenue to Sprague Street. I had to ask the bus driver how to buy bus tokens that other riders nonchalantly tossed into the metal container, and I learned how to ask for transfers if I made short stops. I had to be downtown by 6:10 in order to get to work before 7:00 am. It was a new experience to live in a city. I had always lived and worked in a small town where Main Street was the hub of town.

Fog was also a new experience. From our trailer which was just across the street from a bus stop, I could hear the bus tokens being dropped into the coin box but I couldn't see the bus.

My job required a lot of sitting all day and I soon came to prefer walking down to Pacific Avenue

to the bus station at 13th and Pacific and to climb back up the hill at day's end. I was slender in those days, and my legs were still sturdy from tramping behind teams of horses on a Montana farm.

We had no refrigerator in our trailer so I stopped daily at the corner of 11th and K Streets for fish, meat, vegetables, fruit and something to take in my lunch the following day. Some of my purchases were made at Sarantinos' Market and I also patronized the Federal Bakery, where I bought delicious custard puffs for five cents each.

After so much walking I soon needed a new pair of shoes which at that time were rationed. I found a handsome pair of brown suede at Pessemiers' which too soon became scuffed. Since I knew I'd have to wait days and days to have them repaired, I decided to do it myself. Some "city person" told me to use a wire brush and vinegar; it merely removed the suede, so I wore bald shoes for the next several months.

Riding the buses to and from work allowed us to hoard our gas rationing coupons for weekend drives to Sunnyside to see our pre-school daughters. We bought them inexpensive toys from stores in Tacoma so both girls were always glad to see us arrive, but it hurt us to hear their sobbing when we had to leave. My mother, who kept the children, always gave us a dozen eggs or so to supply us until we returned on another visit.

I enjoyed every minute of my work in the laundry office with about 16 other girls. It was a new experience and it was actually fun. As I delivered messages to the employees, I had the opportunity to see the mammoth laundry vats, the wide presses (ironing boards) and other equipment which I found fascinating. Sometimes while an employee was reading a statement to be signed, I had an opportunity to ask a foreman about the operation of his department.

I had a promotion of sorts when I was put in charge of bond drives for the 184 civilian employees in the laundry as well as my original payroll clerk and timekeeper duties. I still wasn't fully occupied so asked for more work. Many of the younger girls chatted on the job and didn't get all their assignments completed each day. The day I received my first promotion after only six weeks on the job (I wasn't too popular) I was given the additional job of inventory clerk. I had to write requisitions for all supplies, including office materials for both units one and two of the laundry. When writing the first letter in my new capacity, I put carbon in backwards and had to redo the requisition!

One day the supply sergeant brought me a large, unlabeled box and said, "Here are your music rolls." "I didn't order any," I told him. "Oh, yes you did," he insisted. The box contained toilet paper and I blushed.

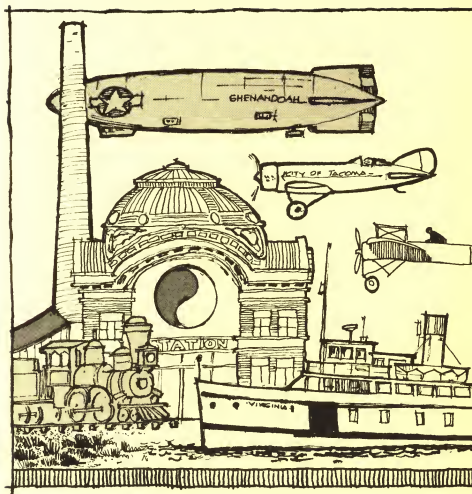
One requisition I wrote was for an oscillator for a washing machine. I misspelled the word so that it read "osculator." A few days later my supervisor approached me with a chuckle, saying that the lieutenant at headquarters had phoned in a message stating that they would have liked to fulfill my written request for an osculator but regulations would not permit them to comply. I felt stupid at making the mistake and wished I could hide my red face. The whole office had a good laugh at my expense and eventually I could laugh at myself.

A major in the inner office was the "top boss" and was required to sign all correspondence leaving our office. While he proof-read and signed letters, I studied a map he had on his office wall of the European and Pacific war areas. My only brother was in the 5th Division which had served in Africa, Sicily and Italy. Pins indicating areas of action were moved daily and a rubber band

was placed around the pins to high-light battle zones. I didn't dare ask questions, but could keep up with Loren's infantry division. The map couldn't tell me if he was safe, however.

Gas masks were standard issue and we were required to carry them for a time. I only used it once when I donned it during an alert drill. We were directed to march out of our office, a large concrete building, and hide out in the woods. The trees were rather sparse and I was glad it was only a drill.

A year and a half later when my brother had returned safely from the war, I showed him a snapshot of me in the gas mask and he teasingly said it was the best picture he had ever seen of me.



remembrances



FISHING WITH PAPA

By Jack Sundquist

Papa would touch my shoulder and shake it quietly and say softly, "Come, Yack, come" and as I came out of the darkness and warmth of sleep, I would realize it was Papa and that we were going fishing. When you are ten years old there is a difference between your mother and your father waking you at night. Your mother is a warm nest of love, a refuge from pain or fear or sorrow, and a protector from all of these. But a father is a leader who says, "Come, we will go out into this strange and terrible world together and I will show you the way, together we will battle the dragons." They don't really say that, but that is the way you feel when Papa says, "Come."

So I would slide out of bed and my feet hitting the cold floor would chase the last of sleep from my body. Then down the steps and into the kitchen where Papa had made a fire in the stove. I pulled on socks, pants, shirt and shoes in front of the open oven door. Papa had made mush for breakfast, oatmeal mush with cream and sugar and we sat together at the kitchen table and ate silently but there was a feeling of togetherness, of father and son. There were seven in our family. Mama was always busy around the house and Papa worked all day at the mill. When he came home there was work on the car and other things that seemed to take his time; there was little left for me. So when we sat together I felt I was very privileged for I was the only one of the children who got to sit with Papa alone. It was worth getting up at three a.m. to have breakfast with Papa while my brother and sisters slept above. It was also a special treat because Mama always cooked everything and to have Papa cook something for you showed that he really did something special for you for he never cooked anything for the other children. So we would have our

mush and milk in the darkness of the early morning, for Papa thought that one should be fishing before the sun came up.

After breakfast we would get in the old 1926 two-door Studebaker and drive down to the deserted Mill B by the mouth of the Puyallup River, where St. Regis Paper now stands. The mill had been built in 1926, run for about six months, and shut down. A small float was at the water's edge and the company allowed Papa to keep a rowboat there. A single lightbulb hung over the float and illuminated the water surrounding it. One morning as we came down the gangplank which led to the float we saw the lighter shape of a giant dogfish slip through the water next to the float. It seemed eight feet long but I suppose it was only four, but its sleek shape, silently slipping through the water, sent a shiver through my ten-year old spine.

We would get into the twelve-foot rowboat that Papa had made of cedar boards planed so carefully that the edges needed no caulking. Papa had painted it a dark red with "Gary" painted across the stern for his first grandson. Out into the darkness we went, Papa rowing slowly and I sitting in the stern. Sometimes there was fog, making our world a small ball of grey with the two of us within, surrounded by a small patch of black water. Occasionally other boats would emerge from a fog-bank like beings from another planet. Like two fish, we would move to avoid each other and carry our own world away from them. No one used an outboard motor in those days, I suppose one would have considered them fish chasers with their popping and droning. One did not even talk so as not to disturb the fish. We communicated with whispers for we had gone into the world of the fish and must consider his privacy. We saw the familiar places, the docks with a few lights, the long pile of rocks that marked the mouth of the Puyallup River and the wooden marker at the end, and,

if the night was clear, the galaxy of lights that was Tacoma on the west.

In those days we used very simple gear, heavy dark green cuttyhunk line wrapped around a board or a metal reel that had been used to hold electrical wire. Papa's salary as a welder did not allow the luxury of a professional reel so he made do with what he could. He would have thought it a sin indeed to spend money on such frivolities when he had a wife and children to provide for. Besides, he had that sense of not wasting, claimed by Scotsmen, but used by others, and he would seek an alternative, an "almost as good as." With his machinist and welder's skills he would produce his own version which might not be as pretty, but worked almost as well. (He was the despair of his daughters at times. When the driver's window of his 1936 Ford broke he replaced it with a sheet of black steel with a steel handle welded near the top.)

We would row back and forth off the mouth of the Puyallup, taking turns rowing, moving carefully when we changed places. I shudder today to think we never wore life preservers or had any in the boat. Neither of us knew how to swim. But then, I don't remember anyone else using life preservers then either, so there you are. We used a shovel and a rudder, I believe - a straight piece of metal followed by a curved piece that revolved as it was pulled through the water, and that followed by a leader with herring as bait on a hook. The revolving metal was supposed to mimic a salmon's tail revolving or thrashing through a school of herring and the herring was hooked so it acted like a crippled herring. A salmon seeing this was supposed to grab the herring and then the fun began. The jerking of a salmon on the line is one of the top thrills of boyhood or manhood and days and weeks of cold, wet and misery are suffered yearly by myriads of men to enjoy that thrill. A man can shed his problems and become a boy again with a fishing pole in his hand.

As morning came and it grew lighter our world expanded. The sun, peeking over the hills, would paint the water in golden forms that gradually encroached upon the black night. Then the black became dark blue and lighter and the sky revealed itself, sometimes with streaks of clouds crowned with pink, or orange, or red. Some of the magic left then, for Papa and I were not alone, but surrounded by other men and boats. Sometimes I thought that the same water that came down the river and past our boat went out into the ocean, evaporated into the sky, became clouds which moved in over the mountains, fell as rain or snow and moved down the streams and the river again; had done the same thing many times and would do the same many more times. But there was that one special time when it was remembered by a small boy who sat with his father in a boat long ago.

Sometimes we caught salmon - bright, glistening, and we carried them in triumph to Mama, the primitive hunters returning to the home cave. Mama was always properly amazed. But to me the reward was not the salmon but being alone with Papa in that small boat in the darkness of the morning, just we two, facing the dragons.

I do not care to go to Heaven if it means sitting in a chair listening eternally to a heavenly chorus singing hymns, or angels discoursing on salvation. Heaven may be achieved by a mother holding her firstborn child, by love's first kiss, by a child's feeling of safety in his mother's arms, or a parent's pride in his child's success. One of my Heavens was sitting with my father in the darkness of the morning as the sun came up and painted the water gold and black.

STEAMBOAT'S A-COMIN'

By Robert Doubleday

Not many of us who were around sixty years ago would want to go back to the time when we had to build a fire in the kitchen stove if we wanted a cup of coffee, nor would we be willing to give up our automatic washing machines to go to work again over a scrub board. But there were a few things we could do in those days that were decidedly more pleasant than their substitutes today. Making a day trip to Seattle by steamship was one of these.

My father frequently took me with him on his business trips out of town. We never went very far: to Olympia, Portland, Aberdeen, Raymond and, of course, Seattle. Our favored means of visiting the Queen City was on one of the steamships operated by the Puget Sound Navigation Company: the TACOMA, INDIANAPOLIS or WASHINGTON. Of these, our choice was the TACOMA, for perhaps chauvinistic reasons.

The ships left Tacoma from the Municipal Dock on an every-other-hour schedule, starting at 7:00 a.m. with the last trip at 9 p.m. We would ride the streetcar down K Street to 13th, where we took the cablecar bound for downtown and got off at 11th and A Street. There was a pedestrian walk suspended beneath the deck of the 11th Street bridge (portions of this walk are still to be seen) which led down to the waiting room in the Municipal Dock. Money wasn't wasted on foolishness in those times and the waiting room exemplified this thrifty concept. It was a vast cavern of a space, or so it seemed to a child, sparsely decorated if at all. Apparently there was a lunchroom attached to the waiting area. At least the City Directory listed the Municipal Dock in its register of eating establishments. I remember nothing of this since our family means didn't permit such indulgences. If we

ate lunch it was usually one which mother prepared and we packed along in a paper bag or disguised in my father's briefcase.

There was an air of excitement, to me at least, while the passengers shuffled around on the bare wooden floor, awaiting the blast of the steam whistle announcing the arrival of the ship. Soon the Seattle passengers were streaming down the fragile looking gangplank and then the signal was given for us to board. There is no feeling quite like that of stepping off the land and into the hull of a ship buoyant upon the sea and pulsing with the power of its engines. One can sense the liveliness of the vessel even in calm water.

We entered the great mahogany-paneled passenger cabin of the TACOMA which was outfitted with theater type seats and, if we had the price, we would drop a coin into the slot of the nickelodeon to be entertained by tinny renditions of "Red Wing" or "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," "Somewhere the Sun is Shining" or other numbers popular on the vaudeville stage. With another blast of the whistle to announce our departure, Captain Everett B. Coffin made a skillful maneuver to turn the two-hundred-and-fifteen-foot long TACOMA around in the City Waterway and head north for Seattle.

No matter what the weather it was a pleasant trip. I recall one winter day when there was ice on the streets and the Brown's Point lighthouse was barely visible through a snowstorm which we watched from the sanctuary of our cozy warm cabin.

We were at liberty to prowl the ship and frequently did so. The hurricane, or top-side deck, was open to the weather and was a favorite for summer tourists, who hung on to their hats when the ship got up to her top speed. The lower deck contained the baggage space, engine compartment, additional passenger seating, a dining saloon and a "Gentlemen's Smoking Room" which, in earlier times, had a

bar to succor the weary. In the years when I knew the TACOMA her once elegant furnishings had begun to look somewhat seedy. I don't recall that the dining room was serving meals, probably not, and the bar had been reduced to serving soda pop, peanuts, candy bars and the like. What a terrible fate!

The TACOMA was powered by a four-cylinder, triple-expansion steam engine of 3500 horsepower which, when she was launched in 1913, earned for her the title of the "fastest single-screw inland waters commercial vessel in the world." Whether or not that was true, it was a nice title anyway. She had a measured speed of twenty-one knots, which, even today, is quite respectable. I can remember being awed by the sight, sound and smell of those great engines throbbing with power as we knifed through the waters of the Sound.

The Seattle Construction and Drydock Company designed and built the TACOMA specifically for the Seattle-Tacoma run. She was ordered in 1912 by the Inland Navigation Company, later known as the Puget Sound Navigation Company, and her acceptance trials were conducted on June 16, 1913 at which she easily met her speed requirements. She went into regular service on June 22, 1913 and was in continuous use until the end of scheduled passenger service in December, 1930. She was used occasionally as an excursion vessel in the early 30's and finally was scrapped in 1938.

The other ships on the Seattle-Tacoma run, INDIANAPOLIS and WASHINGTON, had a great deal more history going for them. The WASHINGTON was the old FLYER, reoutfitted and renamed for her new assignment. The FLYER had been around the Sound for a number of years and was a favorite because of her speed and reliability. The first part of her career had been on the Columbia River and when she came up to Puget Sound it was found that her narrow hull rolled to a degree that was unsettling to the

passengers so she was widened by the adding of sponsons. In 1917 she was extensively rebuilt, including the enlarging of her passenger cabin, and renamed WASHINGTON. But all the old timers knew her as the FLYER.

The INDIANAPOLIS was one of three inland steamers built on the Great Lakes, by the Craig Shipyards of Toledo, Ohio, for the Puget Sound Navigation Company. The others were the CHIPPEWA and the IROQUOIS. The INDIANAPOLIS, completed in 1905, was 180 feet in length with a beam of 32 feet and had triple expansion steam engines. Her effective cruising speed was 16 knots. She entered Puget Sound after her trip down the St. Lawrence and around the Horn in February 1906 and first served on the Seattle-Victoria route. She later was placed on the Seattle-Tacoma run. Unfortunately, when she reached her top speed she threw a wake that raised Ned with marinas, beach cottages, log booms and other assorted waterfront activities. There was a flurry of lawsuits until an agreement was reached on the speed limits to be observed that would placate the waterfront interests as well as the ship operators.

The run to Seattle took about an hour and twenty minutes, give or take a few minutes, and the round-trip fare ranged over the years from a low of fifty cents to a high of eight-five cents. The ships tied up at the old Coman Dock. Adjoining the entrance to the passenger waiting room was the "Olde Curiosity Shop," facing on Alaska Way. Its front was framed by the tusks of some great creature (or were they whale bones?) and its innards were a delightfully disorganized mess of birds' nests, shrunken heads, taxidermists' monstrosities, scrimshaw, fake Indian baskets and other like treasures.

For some reason which I have never divined, my father did not like Seattle. He was furiously devoted to Tacoma and found it hard to be charitable or kindly toward the Queen City. Our visits to

Seattle therefore, rarely extended beyond the limits of father's business interests. I don't believe we ever visited the Ballard Locks, for example, or even the site of the old Alaska-Yukon Exposition on the campus of the University of Washington. Once, we did take lunch at the Pig 'N Whistle, a very popular eating place, located I believe, on Second Avenue.

My memory of Seattle in the 20's was sharpened by the peculiar but not unpleasant smells associated with the waterfront area. There may have been a number of coffee roasting and spice processing plants in that part of town, all of which were making manifest their presence. We could stand some of the same in Tacoma nowadays. Anyway, my earliest recollections of Seattle are always enveloped in those unfamiliar but not unpleasant aromas.

If you were of a mind you could take other voyages in those days. In early January, 1924, there were listed in the Tacoma News Tribune the following sailings:

California:

SS MULTNOMAH	1/5/24	SS WILLAMETTE	1/5/24
SS CELILO	1/8/24	SS WAPAMA	1/9/24

Alaska: (From Pier 2, Seattle)

SS ALASKA	1/5/24
SS VICTORIA	1/15/24

Pacific Steamship Company (from Seattle)

To California:

SS RUTH ALEXANDER	1/3/24
SS ADMIRAL SCHLEY	1/7/24
SS DOROTHY ALEXANDER	1/10/24

To Alaska:

SS ADMIRAL ROGERS	1/9/24
SS ADMIRAL WATSON	1/18/24

A day boat and a night boat made regular sailings to other Puget Sound ports.

It is pleasant to conjure up visions of the old boys with their derby hats, walrus moustaches, celluloid collars and detachable cuffs, gathered in that old bar on the first deck of the TACOMA lifting a glass or two in that Havana-scented air while slipping through the waters of the Sound on their way home from Seattle.

Contrast this sociable scene, if you will, with the frantic stream on Interstate 5 today with the commuter wrapped in his steel cocoon, eyes fixed on the bumper ahead of him, out of touch with his fellows and at the mercy of the caprices of weather, traffic and other drivers.

We've made real progress!



The Crystal Palace Public Market, June 18, 1927.
Courtesy of the Tacoma Public Library.

This picture goes with the
story on the following page.

WHAT'S IN A NAME, ANYWAY?

By Phyllis Kaiser

Is this downtown Tacoma? Its face has changed! I am on Market Street--but where are the markets? Newcomers to Tacoma or younger generations who have no memories of Tacoma's past, might ask themselves this very question: "Where are the markets?" Market Street is 14 blocks long, extending from St. Helens Avenue on the north to Jefferson Avenue on the south. As I walk south to 15th I find a small store, Kenny's Grocery, at 1554 Market, the lone survivor of a past era.

Turning the years back, through research, I learned Market had been known as D Street until nineteen-fifteen. City Market, the first market on D Street, was located on the southeast corner of D and 9th as early as 1889. The following year City Market moved to C (now Broadway) where other markets and produce stores were located. C Street was a heavily populated district of markets and hotels in the early 1900's. The Public Market, later known as Tacoma Public Market, was operating by 1910 on the southwest corner of D and 11th. After that time there was a gradual movement of other markets to D Street. The largest number of new vendors came to Market Street in 1915, (the year D became Market) predominately Japanese, selling fruits and vegetables. Some people may remember the Sanitary Market at 1106 Market, dating back to 1918.

I remember Market Street in 1939 when my father began working as a meat-cutter at Baker's Washington Market in the Crystal Palace. At that time most meat and produce markets were situated between 11th and 13th. The J. Cozza and W. H. Corbett poultry shops were side by side and adjacent to the northwest corner of 13th and Market. Their businesses dated back to 1916. On that site today is the new

downtown YMCA. An interesting feature of those poultry shops was allowing customers to select live poultry from a number of holding pens, or choose fully dressed poultry from the display case. The same was true for rabbits. At Easter-time parents could purchase fluffy baby chicks or cuddly white bunnies, as gifts for their children; bunnies and chicks were often displayed in the front windows. Few parents could resist buying them. Sometimes Cozza or Corbett bought back the rabbit or chicken when it was fully grown. A child finding a full-grown pet missing, might learn years later that a parent had sold it to the poultry shop.

In 1927 the "City of Destiny" was moving ahead! Tacomans read about a mammoth market as large as ten markets (of that day) built on the southeast corner of 11th and Market. It was the previous site of an old hotel and rooming house. Dedication and opening of the Crystal Palace Public Market was held on June 4. A special section of the June 3, nineteen-twenty-seven issue of the Tacoma News Tribune gave coverage and congratulations from many city businesses. It was described as the "Northwest's Greatest Food Emporium," and was featured as the "Honest Weight Market." That tells us something about other markets of that day!

The Charada Investment Company, the firm financing the venture, was headed by Arthur E. Goodwin, President and General Manager; C.B. Hurley, Vice President and Secretary; and C.L. Hawley, Assistant Manager. Goodwin was also president and general manager of Pike Place Public Markets, Inc. of Seattle, and was a former chairman and member of the advisory board of Crystal Palace Public Market in San Francisco. Preferred stock in the venture was advertised at \$100 per share with 8% dividend, payable semi-annually.

A.H. Albertson had been commissioned as the architect. He first traveled around the country with Goodwin, visiting big markets for ideas before

making his design. The building was of heavy reinforced concrete, a fireproof construction. Inclined runways went from lower to upper floors, taking the place of steps. Fisher's Department Store offered the convenience of elevator service and from their third floor one could cross the Court C Bridge, thus making Fishers and the Crystal Palace "practically one building." Of the four floors the first was entered from Court C; the second from the side hill of 11th Street; the third, accommodating the largest number of shops, was on the level of Market Street; the fourth, rented as offices and apartments, stretched narrowly atop the building from north to south, leaving open roof space on the east and west sides of that floor. The Crystal Parking Garage was entered from Court C.

Among the numerous tenants of the 1940's were Federal Bakery and Van de Kamp's, the latter known for flavorful Oatmeal bread. Guy and Helen Satterthwaite's Crystal Barber and Beauty Shop was a part of the Crystal Palace from its beginning to its end, as was also true of the Gravatone Press. Thomsen's Health Store advertisements intrigued many health enthusiasts with Mountain Valley Mineral Water from Hot Springs, Arkansas, claiming to "help stimulate kidney action, soothe bladder irritation and combat uric-acidity." This store was later purchased by "Vitamin Virg" Groff as the start of his lucrative health food business. Two fish markets, Marush and National, sold fresh, ocean-caught salmon for 45¢ a pound and oysters at 60¢ a pint. At the Savon Drug Store one could buy Carter's Little Liver Pills, Doan's Kidney Pills and Phillips Milk of Magnesia, each for 59¢, or Alka Seltzer for 49¢.

Services were available from R. H. Phinney's real estate office, Lawrence R. Brehmer's shoe repair, and a little-known dressmaker. George Nein and Angelo Bartoy operated a butter, cheese and egg stand; Peter Nelson's business was the Crystal Creamery. Many of us remember Ernest and Gladys Colosimo's Crystal Grill, a small but long-term restaurant, as well as

the Green Parrot Lunch and Charles Peterson's Restaurant. Produce stalls prominent in the market were those run by J.A. Stamiris, Harris Ward, Hallis Brothers, Robert Wilmesmeier, and William Zimmerman. Fruits and vegetables were always arranged artistically and neatly, with colorful patterns drawing customers closer to inspect freshness. Thanksgiving 1944 ads listed potatoes at 10 pounds for 37¢, cranberries 39¢ per pound, Texas oranges at 9¢ per pound, delicious apples, 4 pounds for forty-three cents or solid head cabbage 5¢ per pound. Gunnar's Grocery and Jack Normo's Franklin Food Store also had their specials, with Hill's Coffee at 31¢ for a one-pound glass jar, flour one dollar-nine cents for a 25 pound sack and sugar ten pounds for 63¢.

Meat markets were prudently located throughout the Crystal Palace. Steve Dimmick's New York Quality and Bert Dean's (later Uhrich Quality Meats) were on the third or Market Street level. City Market on the second level used the 11th Street entrance. Cornelius Baker's Washington Market on the first level, had a Court C entry. T-bone steaks sold for 38¢ per pound, pork roasts at 33¢ per pound and veal roasts 29¢ per pound. Thanksgiving turkeys for 47¢ per pound if over 20 pounds and 51¢ if under 20 pounds. Prices were usually one to several pennies less on Market Street than at suburban stores, however, merchants did not practice undercutting prices.

The Tacoma Times for December 16, 1942, stated in bold print, "Loss of Japanese tenants 'breaks' downtown market." The war with Japan and subsequent internment of Japanese were blamed for the failure of the Crystal Palace. The market, the principal asset of the investment company, went into receivership that day. New management suffered from the continuing business decline. The Crystal Palace, mostly vacant for many years, met the inevitable "Wrecker's ball" in about 1973, a feat that proved its sound structure. Today the site appears as a

huge hole in the ground, accented by surrounding structures. The "hole in the ground" now serves as a parking lot.

My father and brother, Jack and Richard Uhrich, bought Bert Dean's Market, located halfway back on the third floor, in late 1945. Richard first learned the meat cutting trade at the Crystal Palace, beginning as a delivery truck driver in 1940. He has continued in this trade to the present, currently employed by Safeway Stores. Looking for an improved location with maximum foot traffic, they bought the New York Quality market in January of 1950, next to the 11th and Market Street entry.

Most regular customers lived or worked in the downtown area. Many elderly people living downtown were on social security retirement and often lacked wisdom managing meager incomes. Monthly they came in to cash retirement checks and buy food. My father and brother watched with concern as they departed for the slot-machines, then legal, and "pumped in" much of their money, hoping to "hit it big." They never did! Their addiction for slot-machines continued until legislation made them illegal.

Mr. Crow, a newspaper salesman, became a perennial fixture on the corner of 11th and Market. His long overcoat, hanging almost to the ground, was a part of his identity. He was never without it except on the very hottest of days. Many people will remember the short, stocky man, unconcerned about the heels catching the overcoat hem as he walked, or people scowling at him as he spat a tobacco wad into the gutter. When someone gave him a camera it was his pleasure to go through the Crystal Palace, taking pictures, later giving one to each businessman.

Some evenings I drove downtown to get my father after his 6:00 p.m. closing. While waiting in the parked car I had a glimpse of Market Street "after

hours." Trash cans lined the sidewalk, waiting for the regular "garbage scroungers" to come. One by one they came, each with a large burlap bag slung over one shoulder, already bulging with unknown contents. Leaning, they reached deep into the trash can, sorting and inspecting contents that would go into their bag; then suddenly straightening, they sauntered on to the next can. I noticed even the last "garbage scrounger" to come by always found useful items to put in his bag.

The evenings when I arrived at the market early enough I went inside to help my father put things away. I noted how well the vendors could communicate in that large area with no aids. I sometimes found myself surrounded by cross-store conversations; vendors passing on news of the day, using all their vocal strength to be heard part way across the building. My father carefully wrapped the daily receipts in butcher paper to match the meat packages he would be taking home. All the packages went into his canvas carrying-bag. I watched vendors leave with their food packages and believed they were using the same ruse as my father. To my knowledge, none of them was ever threatened by a robber.

Large food markets in downtown Tacoma will remain a memory for many of us. Today I read about the building of Washington's largest market, a super super-market. I begin to wonder, "Will it be ten times as large as the Crystal Palace?" Construction cost will be \$6.2 million at a site on South Eightieth and Hosmer. It would dwarf the Crystal Palace! I believe the concept of markets will continue to change in coming years; only with creative thought can we speculate what those changes will be.

THE OLYMPIC DAIRY ICE CREAM PARLOR

By Jack Sundquist

Going downtown with Mama in 1930 was an adventure because downtown was the shopping center of Tacoma. Streetcar lines fed into Pacific Avenue and Broadway and the cable car ran up 11th Street to Kay Street and down 13th to A Street. Rhodes and Fisher's Department stores were on 11th and Broadway, with Penney's also on Broadway and Peoples on Pacific. Kress and Metropolitan Ten Cent Stores offered their products on dark red counters. Specialty shops offered everything from shoes to drugs and clothing.

Restaurants abounded. Rhodes, Fisher's and Peoples had their own in-store restaurants and other restaurants large and small, were scattered along the streets. Mannings on 11th, the Mecca on 13th, and Browne's Star Grill were favorites but after a tour of Rhodes and Fisher's one of Mama's favorite stops was the Olympic Dairy Ice Cream Parlor.

The Olympic Dairy Ice Cream Parlor was across the alley called Court C, from Rhodes. A door led into one large room with a very high ceiling and a long high counter running along the south wall. Here you ordered your ice cream cones, sodas or sundaes. Then you took your choice to one of the number of chairs which lined the walls. The chairs were wood painted white with a table arm just like the ones used in college classrooms. A second room about the same size was just north of the main room. It too was lined with chairs. It was a nice place to rest and relax and some downtown workers brought their sack lunches and ate there, buying a coke, small bottle of milk or dish of ice cream. Mama's favorite was a variation of a root beer float, consisting of Green River with a scoop of orange sherbet. As she drank and stirred, the orange mixed with the green and slowly turned into

an unpleasant brown, which nauseated me! Eating an ice cream cone in the coolness of the Olympic Dairy and watching other people, old and young, enjoying theirs, is a pleasant memory of my childhood in Tacoma in 1930.

OUR FIRST AUTOMOBILE

By Robert Doubleday

Volumes have been written about the Model T Ford so nothing I am about to say could be thought of as original except that these impressions come from my own boyhood experiences.

My father, a journalist by trade, didn't own a car until he was about 60 years old, when he acquired a 1917 Model T Ford when we returned to Tacoma after a three-year stay in Peekskill, New York.

In the language of the day, our Ford was described as a "touring car." It had a cloth folding top and was open on the sides. During the winter months "side curtains" were attached to provide some shelter from the elements. They were not very successful in their purpose.

It is best to describe our first automobile in terms of what it did not have. It did not have a self-starter. It had to be hand-cranked and at the same time, its arcane internal organs were manipulated to coax the engine to life. It did not have windows, a glovebox, a trunk, a heater, electric headlights, a radio, instruments of any kind, arm rests, power steering, ash trays, backup lights, cigarette lighter, power brakes, electric windshield wipers or windshield washers, turn signals, hydraulic brakes, defroster, a spare wheel or an accelerator pedal, to say nothing of the more effete features of modern autos, such as tinted glass, air-conditioning, electronic ignition, tilt-steering wheel, four-way seats, cruise control, stereo tape player; to name a few.

Our Model T was not much more than a self-propelled buggy, mounted high on great, wooden-spoke wheels sporting skinny tires of about three inches in cross section. It teetered and sputtered down

our rough streets, powered by a cranky, noisy engine subject to a host of peculiar maladies. I have heard it said by some that they drove their Model T's fifty miles an hour. Perhaps. Ours never proceeded at that break-neck speed. Father insisted that the Ford was designed to operate most efficiently at twenty-two miles an hour.

Our home was about two blocks from the street-car line and my mother and I both liked to walk so the Ford was used on Sunday to go to church; on other days for Father's business trips to town, to carry heavy objects and for picnicking and camping trips. During pleasant summer days we enjoyed an occasional joyride through the Puyallup Valley, to the Steilacoom waterfront and to Point Defiance Park and its "Five Mile Drive."

Every couple of years in the summer we would make the two-hundred-mile journey to Selah, in Eastern Washington, to visit Aunt Della, my mother's sister, her husband John and son Richard. John was an orchardist, struggling against the forces of plant disease, poor markets or poor crops. Our trip through Snoqualmie Pass took three days. We usually stayed the first night in Falls City, the second in Easton and we would finally get to the ranch after dark on the third day. The Snoqualmie Pass road at that time resembled a dry stream bed, strewn with boulders, crushed rock and loose gravel and frequent stops were made to repair those puny little tires that were pounded into submission by the unyielding stone. It was a miserable trip and I am amazed now to think of our having even started out on such an insane venture in that rickety, fragile-looking vehicle on those terrible roads. Our parents were made of stern stuff!

You have probably seen photographs of the "Oakies" on their dismal migrations out of the dustbowl with their Fords staggering under loads of dunnage that would blanch a camel driver. Every one of our

camping trips resembled those pictures. There was no place in a Model T to store anything other than passengers; no trunk, no glovebox, roof rack, luggage rack, no console, not even an ashtray. Everything that was inanimate had to be strapped or tied to the car in some fashion, left to the ingenuity of the driver. This provoked a variety of homespun solutions even the best of which, gave the whole contraption the appearance of a moving flea market as it flapped its ungainly way down the road. The more orderly souls designed folding picnic boxes that rested on the running boards and opened out to display an array of dishes, silverware and pots and pans. My father's skill as a carpenter didn't reach this level, so our Ford was festooned with lumps of bedding, clothing, kitchenware, tent and groceries, as we sailed along the highway on one of our grand adventures.

One of the truly wretched tasks that was the lot of the Ford owner was that of repairing a flat tire - an unfortunate event that occurred much more often than you can now dream possible. Until the advent of the demountable rim, repairing a flat called for wrestling the tire and tube from the wheel which was attached to the axle, patching the ruptured inner tube, putting the whole thing back together on the wheel, and then pumping with hand-pump to about sixty pounds of pressure. Not a job to be taken lightly and yet one that had to be faced frequently on trips outside the city on country roads.

I mentioned that our Model T had no electric starter: During cold weather father would heat a teakettle full of water, pour it over the intake manifold of the engine and then commence the hand-cranking routine. He was a patient man and of good cheer fortunately, as the car frequently didn't start willingly even with this Christian treatment. On one occasion it backfired, the crank handle spun in reverse and broke father's forearm. He knew of this hazard but forgot to duck.

Taking aboard a load of gasoline was an adventure in itself. There was no fuel level gauge so the driver had to carry a sort of inborn sense of when to keep an eye out for the nearest service station. Henry Ford managed to find the most awkward possible place to locate the gasoline tank - under the front seat. The driver and the front seat passenger had to dismount, remove the seat, unscrew the gas tank cap, plumb the tank's interior with a little wooden paddle, and make a guess as to how much fuel to buy. We rarely filled the tank. There were no pressure-sensitive automatic shut-offs on gas station pumps and no filler pipe on the car's tank, so filling it was a precarious enterprise. I mentioned that both the driver and front seat passenger had to exit the car: this resulted from one of the more curious features of the Ford manufacture: there was no door on the driver's side of the car! I have never heard an explanation for this apparent bit of lunacy but all earlier Model T's were so designed. Apparently old Henry was not about to admit that he had made a mistake.

Father wrote publicity for the Western Washington Fair in Puyallup and one year when I was quite young - perhaps before I was in school - he took me to work with him during Fair week. After a long and satisfying day at the fair, we would make the trip home to Tacoma in the Model T on the old "Valley Road." The nights were cool and the car was open. Father would bundle me up in the back seat; wrapped in blankets and with the brisk air in my face, we sputtered the eight miles home. I was usually asleep long before we arrived but I have a pleasant memory of the mystery of the night, the cold air in my face, and the security of my warm berth in the back of that old Model T Ford.

UNION STATION BLUES

By Wilma Snyder

The station master's voice echoed in the dome of the Union Station in Tacoma as he called out the train stops: "Ellensburg, Yakima, Pasco, Spokane, Missoula, Cheyenne and all points east," he sang out in a funereal bass voice.

The "all points east" was the phrase which transferred eager anticipation into action. My parents, my twin sister, Florence, and I would then descend the gracefully curving marble staircase to the lower floor of the depot. As soon as I grew tall enough to reach it, I enjoyed running my hand along the highly polished brass rail that curved along the wall of the stairway.

Downstairs we hurried to the windows to watch for the approaching train. We also watched for the sign, printed with the names of the cities we had heard upstairs, to be hung above a doorway. When the station master opened the sliding door to that stairway, he was opening the door to a lively adventure.

Redcaps carried our suitcases and we caught glimpses of our checked luggage being pulled to the baggage car on large green carts with red wheels.

Our family would walk along the platform, looking for the Pullman car identified on our tickets. Now the cars have numbers; then they had geographical names indicative of the route the train was to travel. Our father, William Ittner, was a railway man and we were allowed to travel on passes. Berths were half-price, but we paid full prices for meals. It was with the utmost confidence that we followed our father down the platform. We trusted him implicitly to handle all the details of our trips.

We often traveled to Kansas where our parents had been raised. Each trip was a geography lesson. Timetables were available for passengers and our father taught us how to read them as we traversed almost two-thirds of the United States.

A metal stool was always placed at the steps of the railway cars to help old or small legs up to the vestibule of the sleeping car. The porter opened the heavy door for us and after a short walk past the restrooms we were in the aisle, searching for our seat number. Our family usually reserved a whole section. Our mother and father shared the lower berth and my sister and I had the upper.

The seats, upholstered in red or green plush, were scratchy and hot in the summer in the non-air conditioned cars. Ornate light fixtures which had been converted from gas to electricity swayed to the motion of the train. Frequent trips were made to the water fountains at each end of the car. The water was ice-cold, but the folding paper cups were quite flimsy.

The coal-burning engines had a definite odor which seeped back to the passenger cars, and coal dust settled on the window sills. When stops were made time was allowed for taking on water for the engine and for the washing of the windows with long-handled brushes. Stops were long enough at larger cities to allow passengers to alight and take a stroll outdoors. It was a thoroughly relaxed and comfortable way to travel.

At bedtime we undressed in the ladies' dressing room. A heavy green drapery covered the recessed doorway, which made for easier entry than a door would have been, with hands full of night-time necessities. It was fun to get ready for bed and try to keep your balance while stepping into pajamas. Water in the stainless steel wash basins sloshed from side to side. There was also a tiny bowl

just for brushing teeth. This ritual was mundane at home, but a different experience on the train. I suppose there isn't a kid alive who ever rode on a train who didn't watch the ties rush by when the toilet was flushed.

We usually watched the porter make up the berths. The mattress ticking was a silk material with red and green stripes. The bedding was tan and brown with a big letter "P" for Pullman in the center of each blanket. An extra sheet was used for a spread. A small green cord-hammock was suspended from hooks for bathrobes, slippers, etc.

The porter would bring a carpet-covered step ladder for my sister and me to clamber into the upper berth. We thought we were in heaven; we didn't mind that the top berth had no windows. We had our own separate light switch and Mother couldn't turn the lights out on us, as she did at home, if we wanted to read. You were supposed to call the porter if you wanted down during the night but we soon learned to climb down on our own. We felt sorry for the porter who had to sit up all night, waiting for calls.

When we were sixteen, after the death of our father, my sister and I made a trip to Kansas by ourselves. For the first time we discovered a new experience; sitting up in a darkened lower berth and watching lighted platforms at night-time stops. Trains were not so speed oriented in the 1930's and frequent stops were made in cities, towns and even villages.

Eating on the train was as exciting as sleeping. Our mother usually brought along a lunch for the first day of the trip which invariably included fried chicken. She must have been very busy preparing for a trip; washing and ironing clothes, packing, closing a house and still finding time to fry chicken. When we were ready for lunch we rang for the porter who brought us a folding table which

fit into grooves under the windows.

The highlight of the trip was going to the diner. Glistening white table linen, shining silver and sparkling glassware made the dining car a spectacle to young eyes. Before we traveled by ourselves, Daddy always wrote out the meal orders. Amtrak still follows that custom of passengers writing their own orders. The meals were superb. Lamb chops were thick and juicy, with paper frills on the rib bone. The Northern Pacific specialized in extra large baked potatoes from Idaho. The butter was unsalted, sugar was almost as fine as the powdered variety and the cream was so rich its color matched its name. My favorite dessert was sliced peaches swimming in the rich cream.

There were a few Harvey Houses in existence when I was very young. These were restaurants at specific stops along regular routes. Passengers and crew would all debark from the train for meals. My memory hints of counters and stools and of eating in a hurry--a contrast to the luxury of the dining car. On our return trip from Kansas when we were four, we traveled to Texas and returned home through California. If I remember correctly, it was the Southern Pacific that used Harvey Houses.

Going to the observation car in the evenings was an after-dinner treat. The black leather-covered chairs swiveled so as to allow passengers to better enjoy the scenery. Magazines in black leather covers with titles stamped in gold were for the passengers' use. On one trip a tour group was on the train. They had a hostess who explained the passing scenery, and the whole train enjoyed her services. We stopped and got out of the train at the site of the "Battle of the Little Big Horn" and heard her tell about General Custer. We learned some valuable history lessons as well as something about geography.

On one trip on the Union Pacific which took us

through the Columbia River Gorge, there was an outdoor observation car. Smoke and cinders drifted back from the engine, but we weren't a family to pass up any special accommodation. It was a chilly and dirty place to ride but it was part of the train bug which bit me at an early age.

Men were sometimes provided with a special car where it was possible to be shaved--if you were willing to trust your throat to a hand more experienced in coping with the motion of the train. In my youth, there were no lounge cars as prohibition was enforced. Lounge cars were far in the future, and even then their services were discontinued while traveling across "dry" states.

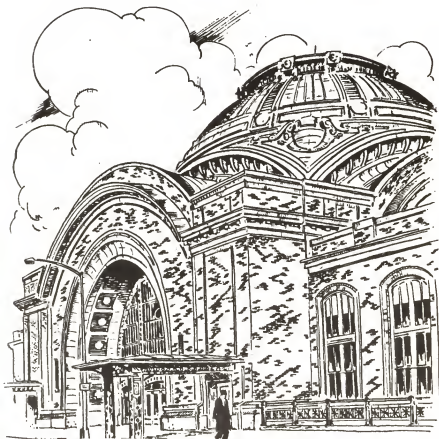
When the return was made from the observation car to the sleeper, the berths were usually already made up. If not, you could watch the well-rehearsed routine of the porter as he made up bed after bed in a never-ending pattern.

The men who supplied the portering services offered a good deal of ease and comfort to travelers as did the dining car attendants. They may have coveted those jobs during the '20's and '30's, but circumstances changed after World War II as work in factories and military service widened job opportunities. My memory of those pleasant men who went out of their way to make a trip a happy occasion is something which shall never be completely repeated. Cossetting passengers may be a thing of the past. I observed my father as he dutifully tipped the porters for their courteous service.

My memories form a strong basis for an ongoing love affair with trains. Even when I could no longer ride on a pass, I continued to ride trains whenever possible. Denver, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Detroit, New York and Philadelphia were ultimate destinations of various train trips. I have traveled on Amtrak recently, in spite of disappointment with food services. But there is something to be said for seeing the country at ground

level, arriving rested, having the opportunity to walk around, and getting acquainted with other travelers.

At night, when I'm home, I can hear the whistle of trains as they proceed along the waterfront from Tacoma to Steilacoom. The whistle has a haunting tune, and I wish I were in a berth, being rocked to sleep by motion and by sound.



Union Station in Tacoma, a treasure worth saving.
Drawing by Myron Thompson, The Tacoma News Tribune.

A BEASTLY BEGINNING

By Mary Olson

The pest house was on the corner of South 38th and Warner. My brother Bill was sent there in the winter of 1921 when there was a smallpox epidemic in Tacoma. I'm sure they wouldn't have sent him home as soon if they had known that he was still contagious. Mother was pregnant and certainly wouldn't have chosen to have to struggle through another case of smallpox, especially with a newborn infant as the patient, but that's the way my life began.

When Mother realized that Bill still had running sores on his body, she immediately started to clean house. She had no indoor plumbing, no running water, no washing machine; none of the things that today we take for granted to make house cleaning easier. Mother set to work with just strong soap and water, heated on the kitchen stove; a scrubbing brush for the floors, cupboards, woodwork; a galvanized tub and a scrubbing board for the clothes with a big copper boiler on the kitchen range for boiling the white things. After boiling them and scrubbing them she put them through two rinses, one clear and one with bluing in it, to make the white clothes even whiter.

The washing was hung out on the clothes lines that stretched between the back door and the outhouse that stood at the back of the lot by the alley. Alongside the clothes lines ran a walkway, convenient for hanging up the clothes or for finding your way to the outhouse on a dark, rainy night. The clothes were carried out in a big wicker basket and when dry, carried back in, smelling wonderfully of fresh air and sunshine. Dad had his work cut out for him, too. He fumigated, papered and painted. Thus, with plenty of hard work and lots

of elbow grease, they prepared the house for the baby about to be born.

Many years later, during the Second World War, when I had to scrub down my house before bringing my baby home after a bout of scarlet fever, the memory of my mother, nine months pregnant, preparing the house for my birth, gave me the strength to carry on and get the job done. I hope I've passed at least a little of that stick-to-it-iveness on to my grandchildren.

On January 21, 1922, my mother called the midwife and took to her bed in the back bedroom of the little house at 7819 South G Street. Dad called the doctor. Who won out, I don't know but I'd bet on Dr. Hards letting Mrs. Travis, the midwife act as nurse while he delivered the baby - me.

I was small and as soon as I was born, was wrapped in outing flannel and put in the clothes basket on the oven door. The same clothes basket that all through the fumigating and cleaning had sat out on the grass under the clothes lines. Two weeks later I became the youngest person in Tacoma to have smallpox! By coincidence, a man in his nine-ties, also from Fern Hill, was the oldest person in Tacoma to have smallpox in that epidemic. He also survived. Now we no longer have to worry about many of the terrible plagues that used to strike children. My youngest granddaughter was one of the first babies not to receive the smallpox vaccine. The cure had become more dangerous than the disease.

Mother said that I was covered with the pox so closely that you couldn't put the head of a pin between them, but then she was always given to exaggeration. She got a prescription from the doctor for a salve containing boric acid to relieve the itching. When Dad brought it home from Cram's Drugstore, instead of using it on me at once, Mother tested it on her own cheek first. It burned her skin! Somehow instead of boric acid some other acid

had been used. Luckily I had a careful mother. Another lesson I used with my own children - I never used any medicine on them without trying it on myself first.

Mother said I would turn blue when I was a baby. I never really gave any credence to this story. Mother loved to embroider the truth, and I figured she was exaggerating, as usual. Then one morning I awoke to find my two-week-old daughter in her bassinette with her skin a deep blue, and the area around her lips and eyes almost black. Scared me half to death! As soon as I touched her she opened her eyes and turned pink again. When I called the doctor he seemed to take it quite calmly. He just said that some babies sleep so deeply that they forget to breathe. Only then did I realize what my mother meant when she told me about her "blue baby." Another bit of lore to pass on to my grandchildren.

STOP-OVER

By Angeline Bennett

In the 1930's money was scarce,
and walking our main locomotion.
Fare for the streetcar was only a dime
but obtaining a dime in those destitute days
took a lot of intensive promotion.
So we walked to the store
and to school and to work
and we walked to the parks and to shows.
We walked all the trails going through vacant lots
we walked with our girl-friends,
we walked with our beaus.

From Tacoma's east side to Tacoma's downtown
was considered a trivial jaunt
which provided a harmless excursion for those
whose purse only jingled with want.
About halfway there was the Union Depot,
a magnificent place in its prime.
We always stopped in to be awed by its size,
touch marble, see redcaps, or just to kill time.

Or maybe the stop was of serious import
with timing a countdown to fractions.
For, all those who walked knew the depot's
restrooms
were one of its major attractions.

JOSEPH WARTER SR., MY DAD

By Madeline A. Robinson

My Dad, Joseph Warter Sr., served as both father and mother to me. And oh! what a dedicated mother he could be. He pounded down the rising bread dough which was in a large pan in the warmer on top of the stove, the day Mother died. The next day he braided my pigtails like concrete streamers if there could be such a thing. He wanted to send me to school with my hair fixed just right. How it pulled and hurt.

His quick and observing mind surprised many in his family. They did not realize the things that he noticed concerning their lives, but he always knew when something was wrong. He was 75 when he gave up his life in an accident, but he died on the road as he would have wanted it.

Born in Europe, he carried into this country the "old country" practice and ways of prudent living. His face was rigidly handsome with a well-thinned mustache, which added to his physical looks, outshining his heavy face and hands. He was a stout, short and pudgy man in loose-fitting clothes. At times this description would not fit him. He was a sharp dresser on those occasions which required his presence as an important person in the road-building world.

His hands were rough, muscular, sinewy, tanned, with unkempt nails. He was always willing to help with outstretched hands, with any type of machinery. These were the hands of my father as a busy man. His hands would search through his bulging pockets to find accounts of anything important. Perhaps it was a time book for a laborer demanding a checkup on his hours, or a check to be written for a discharge from a job or notes on specifications to stir his memory.

In the pockets of his clothes he carried his figures and plans on any subject or project he had in mind. Notations, estimates, time and date book bulged from vest, suit-coat or overcoat pockets, depending on whether it was winter or summer. In this conglomeration one could find a checkbook which he had to carry if a laborer was fired or if someone asked for an emergency check. Why he did not carry a case of some kind, I will never know. There was always a bundle of plans under his short, stocky arm. Sometimes, I believe that as his daughter, I've inherited his way of sticking papers here and everywhere until a final day of seek and find.

There were times when the sweet aroma of a good cigar encircled him, coming from the mild puffing of a constant enjoyment. He had times when he liked his smokes. On an evening when he attended his favorite "smoker" (fights at the sports arenas) he made sure he had a good cigar. His favorites were always in a box on the top of his desk.

With his black Stetson hat, he was quite distinguished in a crowd. His judgment on Studebakers and other cars was respected by car dealers. But his rough driving habits were not well thought of by the police or by the mechanics who cared for his cars. He never realized how he wore out parts to his cars through carelessness. In a rush to get parts after breakdowns and to get projects going again for the best use of machinery and men, he would forget speed limits and would have the law on his tail. In the pandemonium he would get the help of the city or state police and try to explain his way out of the situation.

Another habit he had was to drive in the wrong gear or strip gears. Sometimes this happened after imbibing at the bar too long with his cronies. The bar men knew him well and made good tips off him when he treated others. Then came the problem of how to get him home without the car. They would

call my married brother who would walk to wherever his "haunt" was in order to drive the car and Pa safely home.

Another idiosyncrasy of my Dad's was his unusual jokes, done mostly to please people. He never missed shopping and giving my step-mother something nice on her birthday. Unfortunately, one time he was restricted to his bed because of broken ribs from an accidental fall from a plum tree! He had attempted to prune a tree from the top and came tumbling down to the ground and needed help to lift him up on his feet and get him into the house. Jokingly, he asked my little brother, "Why didn't you hold your plum sack underneath me and catch Papa?" My stepmother's birthday cake was about to be served downstairs and he called me upstairs. "Here, Madelena, take this to your Ma for her birthday." On opening the package she found a beautiful string of pearls. He had called Mr. Burnett of Burnett Jewelers and ordered them a week before. I had picked them up for him after school, not realizing why I had been given the check to pay Mr. Burnett. When my stepmother asked my father how he did it, he said he lay on a starter and hatched them for her while he had his stay in bed.

His political donations and help to others yielded many favorable returns to him. Officials and police, both city and state, were always helpful in roadwork safety or in other ways -- like seeing him home safely when services were required in any car breakdowns.

One of his daily habits was to blow the horn of the car as he came down Fife Street to let us kids know he was home. That meant helping him unload groceries and meats out by the gate, or running and pulling the back garage doors open in the alley. When he found himself safe and sound at home, he seemed relieved and would head for the house through the kitchen, leaving any special food he had purchased on the kitchen table to be fixed for him or

the family that evening. Then he would walk slowly to the dining room where the door was always open. He used the top of the door as a catch-all for heavy coats or his Stetson hat. Then he settled down at his desk or reading table in the living room.

I remember my father vividly at the celebration of the opening of Martin Way, the old highway to Olympia. My father was not as good at speech making as he was at giving orders, but he was asked to make a speech. In front of the many dignitaries, he claimed that he was not a speech maker nor a lobbyist, but a roadbuilder.

Men stood in line for job assignments during the time of WPA or PWA contracts when it was important to meet deadlines. Restrictions of needed requirements by the government depressed him. At the time I believe WPA and PWA funds were used a great deal in rebuilding the economy. He put his experience to use in improving streets and roads. He believed in good roads for farmers and travelers alike, and in keeping money at home in our country.

He kept contractors and crews of as many as sixty busy. If not kept busy, the costs of idle machinery or of absent foremen and engineers when consultation was needed, were high. Steamshovel men were hard to find after being idle; their absence left the camps depleted, bookkeepers behind and new payrolls to adjust before a new start could be made.

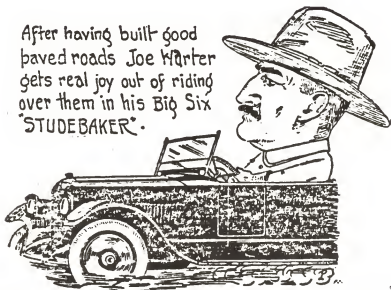
The years went by with tragedies, celebrations, successes and a few failures. He was entering his seventies when the first Narrows Bridge was being planned and bids were opened for the concrete bridge approaches.

My father's bid was the lowest for the approaches but he was without his young son, who had been killed during the unloading of a heavy screeder that had fallen from a truck, striking him in the head and pushing him face down in the gravel. My

father's will to work had faded and my older brother, his superintendent, and I convinced him to stop before he took on too much responsibility. He sold all his equipment and his low bid to a contractor, his best friend and competitor.

A caricature of Joseph Warter, Sr., in one of his many Studebakers. Courtesy of the author.

After having built good paved roads Joe Warter gets real joy out of riding over them in his Big Six "STUDEBAKER".



To state that Mr. Warter is now driving his tenth Studebaker proves conclusively that he is entirely sold on Studebaker sturdiness.

THE DEPRESSION

By Mary Olson

When I was young we had a large house and I had my own bedroom. There were winter rugs that were taken up in the spring and replaced by straw rugs, the woolen rugs were beaten and placed in the attic. Curtains, too, were changed from heavy, dark drapes to light, airy, ruffled dimity or lace.

Mother didn't work away from home. She was there to bake and cook and clean. We even had a washing machine with an electric wringer and I had my own electric iron which I used to iron pillowslips or tea towels when I was so small that I had to climb on a stool to reach the ironing board. We had an electric vacuum cleaner and even had running water in the house, which, believe it or not, many of our neighbors did not have. It was not hot water at first, cold water had to be poured into the "reservoir" at the side of the kitchen stove and then dipped out for use in doing dishes or taking baths. I remember how tickled Mother was when we got a new cookstove that had coils around the fire box to heat the water, which then miraculously ran out of a second pipe in the pantry.

The depression hit just about the time I started school. I don't remember any great changes. We had always had chickens, rabbits, a cow and a big garden. I guess the biggest difference was that Dad was home most of the time. He was a shingler and no one had money to have their roofs redone. I knew there was no money and sometimes my parents would quarrel about it. Instead of getting shiny new shoes with buttons up the sides to close with a button-hook, my shoes would be of a sturdier kind and when they needed repair Dad would take them out to the workshop in the back yard and re-sole them himself. He had metal lasts to hold the shoes and would cut and shape new soles, sometimes out of old

car tires. I thought it very clever of him. It never occurred to me that it was done of necessity. When I needed a white dress to be in a procession at school a box would come from Canada. There I had cousins who had a little girl just a little older than myself and her hand-me-down dresses did me just fine. I thought they were beautiful.

Eventually Mother had to go out to do housework in order to have enough money to feed us. This made Dad furious but I don't suppose there was anything either of them could have done about it. She worked for many different families, all in the north end, of course. There was, in my mind, a definite class difference between the people who lived in the north end of Tacoma and those who lived in the south. I can't remember any of the names of the people she worked for, except for a Mr. and Mrs. Leshner, who lived somewhere in the Sixth Avenue district. When she first went to work there Mrs. Leshner told her that it wasn't necessary to iron the whole of Mr. Leshner's shirts. "Just do the fronts and the collars and cuffs," she was told. "He never takes his coat off at work and so you needn't do the whole shirt."

Mother was scandalized! For as long as she worked there Mr. Leshner's shirts were properly ironed all over!

I remember going after school one afternoon to a house out in the Sixth Avenue District where, apparently, Mother was taking care of the children overnight. At any rate, she and I spent the night there and I got to play with their little girl. When it came time for bed Mother allowed me to take a bath with the little girl in their, to me, very posh bathroom. We had no bathroom at home. Baths were taken in a wash tub in the kitchen in front of the open oven door so that was my first experience with bathing in a real bath tub. They even had a shower and I had to wear a cap to keep my curls from getting wet.

Mother also worked one evening a week at Hoyt's Doughnuts on Sixth Avenue. She wouldn't get home on those nights until 9:00 p.m. and then would put the bread in the oven that she had mixed in the morning before going to work. I can remember waiting up till "all hours" to get a piece of that hot bread when it first came out of the oven.

People did whatever they could to make a bit of money to provide for their families. At one time Dad took all our phonograph records and went door-to-door, trying to trade them with other people for one of their records plus five cents. Mother was furious! Our records were all very nice and quite expensive, bought before the depression hit, while those Dad traded them for were much inferior! Poor Dad, he tried everything he could think of to make money.

One time when we owed a three month light bill and couldn't pay it, he rode in one of the light company trucks to Lake Cushman and worked there for two weeks, pushing wheelbarrows through the tunnels. Another time he worked off a doctor bill by working with the doctor's gardener somewhere over on Brown's Point. He also got a temporary job working on a sewer line on McKinley Hill near Forty-Second Street.

We kids did our bit by gathering all the fruit from the empty houses in the neighborhood. I know now that they were homes that had been lost because the people who owned them had no money to pay their taxes, but at the time it just seemed that having a great many vacant houses in the neighborhood was natural. That's just the way it was. We gathered fruit and berries from wherever we could and Mother canned them, with sugar if we could afford it at the moment, without it, if we were short of money.

I can remember as a very young child, wandering all over Fern Hill, gathering dandelion roots to feed our rabbits. That is one plant that we used

every part of. In the spring we would gather the first flowers for Mother; great tubs full, to be turned into dandelion wine. The leaves were also gathered when they were young and tender and used as a salad. The roots were gathered later in the year, into big gunny sacks.

When I came home from school my brother Bill would be there to care for me. He had to drop out of school in the seventh grade because of poor health and did what he could around the house to help Mother. At sixteen he got a job at a dairy where he would be working out in the open air and would get good, nourishing food. I think he was paid \$10 a month.

I was a terrible tom-boy and after school, as soon as I could do my dusting which was my daily chore, I would be off to the woods to climb all the trees of which I could reach the lower branches, and to play at being Tom Sawyer or Huck Finn. I had two best friends, one a very feminine little girl, Connie Aikins, who loved to play with dolls and sew, and the other, Florence Sanders, who was as big a tom-boy as myself. We didn't need money to have fun. We made doll clothes out of scraps from our mother's sewing baskets and drew endless dresses for our paper dolls. I considered myself quite a designer. The Sears Roebuck catalog was my reference book. We were all at home in each other's houses and no one ever seems to have wondered where we were or what we were doing. Mother sometimes wouldn't get home before 9:00 p.m. but the chores always seemed to get done and the meals prepared. I suppose Dad did a lot of it but I never noticed.

We had total freedom to roam the countryside at will. Apparently no one ever worried about us. We would take our bikes and head out to Spanaway Lake to swim or wander through the woods there. We would sometimes stop at Shebik's Dairy in Parkland, where Bill worked, and were always welcomed

and usually fed. If it was a fall week-end when they were gathering apples for cider, we would spend our day helping and watching the men put them through the cider press, telling each other horror stories of the worms that went through, right along with the apples. We never seemed to run out of exciting things to do. I sometimes feel sorry for my grandchildren who are so watched over and restricted. But of course, the times are different and it's no longer possible to let children run wild and care free. What a shame!

In summer the family was always alert to the danger of fire on the acreage next to the house. Once the whole field, as we called it, was burned over one summer day. I doubt if anyone knew what started it. Dad and my brothers and all the men and boys in the neighborhood fought it with wet gunny sacks and shovels. It burned right up to the dining room windows, destroying the blackberry bushes on that side of the house. The field was about three blocks by four, from 79th to 82nd and G Street and east from G to about D Street.

We pastured our cow in the field which I think was owned by the Koykendahls. They lived on Park at what would have been 79th if it had been cut through. I thought they were rich. Of course, I thought anyone was rich who had a man in the house who was working and a mother who wasn't.

Fern Hill was dotted with cow pastures and in the summer we girls would often take our lunch and have a picnic with the birds and bees. A picnic to us was nothing fancy...a few blackberry jam sandwiches and some stolen fruit was enough. We had wonderful imaginations and would create our own exciting worlds without any help from radio which was almost unheard of, or television, which was unthought of.

We used to put on plays upstairs at one of the neighbors'. We got the idea from "Little Women" and decided if they could do it, so could we. I don't

remember any of our plays being any great success. We coerced the littler kids into being the audience. Our plays had no plots. We just dressed up in our mother's old clothes or even draped ourselves in old curtains, a la Grecian maidens, and sang and danced and had lots of fun.

We read every book we could come by. I even read Mother's set of books by Mary Baker Eddy. Not that I understood them, but they were something different to read. Mother would often take me to the Carnegie Library downtown, when I was so small that she had to pick me up to help me onto the streetcar. I'll never forget the tiny Peter Rabbit books which in my mind were just the right size for a child's hand to hold.

We waged many a war against the boys, using "rubber guns" that they had made for us. Rubber guns were made of odd scraps of wood and used slices of inner tube for ammunition. My brother John even made rifles that shot these stinging missiles. There was a spring clothes-pin attached to the top of the handle or grip of the gun, with small rubber bands or strips of leather. The piece of inner tube was about one inch wide and eleven or twelve inches around. I spent a good part of my life dodging behind trees in the woods or flat on my belly in the pasture, trying to give back as good as I got.

The boys also carved boats from scrap lumber and of course, made slingshots from the forked branches of the trees. I treasured for years a willow-whistle that John had carved for me.

We worked hard and played hard and grew and flourished freely in the great outdoors. I never realized until now in my later years, just how fortunate we were.

THE FLEET'S IN!!

By Jack Sundquist

It usually happened in July and it was called "Fleet Week." The newspapers would print the schedule of events and the names of the ships involved. The Tribune for Monday, July 19, 1937 stated that the Tennessee, New Mexico, Nevada and Oklahoma were in port and that the West Virginia was due on Wednesday. They anchored in Commencement Bay and remained for a week. During the week visitors were allowed between 1:00 and 4:00 p.m. daily. Persons below the age of 15 had to be accompanied by a parent or relative, which led to many short-term adoptions. The large, open launches left from the Municipal Dock under the 11th Street Bridge and long lines of patiently waiting persons stood in the hot sun.

It was worth the wait to finally scramble into the large boats which had a number of seats. The sailor at the tiller would ring a bell and we would be off. There seemed to be different rings for different operations of the engine. We would head out with a wave breaking from the bow and rolling off to each side. As we neared the towering gray ship we could see steps leading up the side.

The boat was snubbed to the bottom of the steps and sailors helped people to step onto the bottom landing. young ladies were especially helped. When you reached the top of the steps and stepped on to the deck you were impressed by the cleanliness of the deck with its fine black lines between the deck planks. One could wander from the upward sloping bow down past the silent looming 16 inch guns to the rounded stern where a flag hung. It was fascinating to climb and descend the stairs and go through the interior of the ship and its different compartments. The ships were always in impeccable condition and

the sailors were always friendly and courteous. In July they wore their summer white uniforms and their tanned faces under their crimped and tilted sailor caps together with their bell-bottomed trousers, made the Tacoma girls swoon. My sister met and married a darkly handsome Texan from the Tennessee in 1939. Many romantic twosomes were initiated on the ships during visiting hours. Visitors could visit most areas of the ship except those deemed security areas. Then they made their way down the steps to the waiting boats, listened to the ding-ding of the boatswains mate's bell and watched the big ships fall away astern. There were many enjoyable memories taken home from a visit to a battleship and one of the last was the vista of white-capped waves and blowing spray and entranced children's faces as the boat crossed the bay and returned to the Municipal Dock. For many it was the only trip on the water they would ever make.

There were special events during Fleet Week, dances were held for the enlisted men at places like the Crescent Ballroom; the Admiral would speak at the Rotary Club and officers would be feted at the Tacoma Lawn Tennis Club. Each day's Tribune would list the events: "All colored enlisted men are invited to a dance Tuesday night at the Colored Elks Club at 1529 South Tacoma Avenue" read one announcement. On Saturday a parade was held in downtown Tacoma with bands and marching troops then the next day's Tribune would feature a picture layout of the event.

The California, West Virginia and Tennessee were heavily damaged at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. The Oklahoma was capsized and the Nevada beached when it tried to escape. My brother-in-law had been discharged in September in San Pedro, California. His enlistment ended in December but the Navy decided that by discharging him early they would save the money they would have had to spend to send him from Hawaii back to the States.

On December 7 he was working in a gas station on Twenty-sixth and Pacific. He had been a gun captain on an anti-aircraft gun on the upper works of the Tennessee. All the men on that gun were killed in the attack.

Many Tacomans today can look out on Commencement Bay and recall those tall gray ships that represented the defenders of the United States sitting in the bright sunlight of a summer's day.



Harry Anderson, doorman on the right, at the Shell Theater, early 1900's. Courtesy of Angeline Bennett.

"LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES!"

By J. Smith Bennett

"Let's go to the movies!" Whenever my father made that statement, which wasn't very often, mother and I would scurry about getting dressed. We were going downtown to the MOVIES! Dad would back the car from the garage and we'd head for the Pantages or the Orpheum as it was then known. Mother and I would wait by the uniformed doorman while Dad bought the tickets. From the foyer we could hear the mighty pipe organ pouring forth its accompaniment to the action that was taking place on the silver screen in the auditorium. There would be times when the music would fill us with such excitement that we could scarcely contain ourselves while waiting for the usher with his flashlight to show us to our seats.

For the next several hours we would be transported into a world of make-believe from the screen, from the stage and the theater itself; an opulent setting of thick carpets, plush seats, gilt paint and mirrors reflecting the prisms of light from crystal chandeliers. It was always with great reluctance, when the performance was over, that we filed back into our everyday world. Little wonder that Helen Hokinson drew her cartoon for the New Yorker of a small girl standing in the lobby of New York's Roxy Theater asking, "Mommy - does God live here?"

"You ain't heard nothin' yet!" What a thrill when we heard Al Jolson speaking those words from the screen of John Hamrick's Blue Mouse theater on Broadway. But those words sounded the death knell for one of the greatest of musical instruments - the theater pipe organ which could sound like locomotive whistles, sleigh bells or Gary Cooper clearing the skies of German planes in "Lilac Time."

There wasn't a dry eye in the theater when the organist swung into "Jeannine, I Dream of Lilac Time" as Colleen Moore pulled Cooper from his crashed airplane.

The organ eventually was used only for an interlude between pictures. One organist, "Ollie" Wallace, who later became musical director for Walt Disney Productions, would race down the aisle of the Broadway Theater, dressed in a Prince Albert coat and pin-striped trousers, leap upon the seat of the mighty pipe organ and for the next few minutes we would be charmed with his virtuosity on the Wurlitzer. Then, all too soon, the spot light would dim and the organ would sink into the depths of the orchestra pit and we were back to "canned" music.

The snack bar - a fairly recent innovation in theaters - was brought on by lagging ticket sales. When theaters were filled almost to capacity, confections were usually purchased from nearby shops or at a popcorn machine in the entrance of the Jones Building. When Maurice Tourneur's film, "The Last of the Mohicans," played the Liberty Theater on Pacific Avenue, mother felt this was the type of film I should see. No doubt its author, James Fenimore Cooper, had something to do with it. It was difficult to wait for the opening of the theater's doors that Saturday morning, especially since I could hardly contain myself from wanting to sample a whopping bag of popcorn that I had prepared the previous evening. Having popcorn left after the first show, I decided to see it a second time. The clock on the wall did little to keep me from being engrossed with the film on the screen. I also felt I'd rather wait for my mother here than in her beauty shop. About the time Wallace Beery, as Magua, was creeping up on Cora for the third time, I felt a hand upon my shoulder and a voice whispering, "Come on! It's time to go!" Looking around, I could see my mother standing there in the reflected light from the theater's screen. "Hey! Wait a

minute! You'll like it," I told her, moving over into the vacant seat next to me. She sat and watched the rest of the picture. I started to get up to go and she motioned me to sit still, with "I'd like to see where I came in." When we left, mother indicated the far lobby door, explaining, "I didn't pay. I just told them I was coming in to get you."

Later those films which had been shown at the downtown theaters began their neighborhood theater runs. Ours was the Sunset Theater, on the southwest corner of Sixth Avenue and Prospect. All week family films, news reels, a comedy, perhaps a "Felix the Kat" cartoon were shown. On Saturday afternoons exciting films were run as serials. I was a bit young for Pearl White and Eddie Polo, but I did see Ruth Roland, Arlene Ray and Walter Miller. My favorite was Charles Hutchison, the "King of the Daredevils," who rode a motorcycle across a burning trestle, raced trains to crossings and grasped the under carriage of an old biplane just as his canoe was about to go over a waterfall. Twelve chapters of watching "our heroes" battling such diabolical characters as "The Black Mask," "The Wrecker" or "The Silent Avenger" took up many a Saturday afternoon. There would always be a secret code that would unlock the mysteries of the universe. It didn't matter what the mysteries were, just so our hero escaped all those fiendish traps "The Wrecker" placed in his path. I had always wished to see a serial in one sitting. I finally did. During the time I was collecting old motion pictures, I purchased a copy of what had been salvaged of Charles Hutchison's first serial, "Wolves of Kultur." Never again! Black coffee and tooth picks (to keep our eyes open) did little to keep us awake.

Television killed vaudeville! While it lasted we had the opportunity to see singers, tap-dancers, jugglers, comedians and magicians on the stage of the Orpheum. Fanchon and Marco Revues would play the Broadway, starring headliners like Eddie

Peabody and his banjo. Whenever he played Tacoma, there would be a special Saturday morning show for the Boy Scouts. Your uniform or membership card was your admission. Five acts of vaudeville played the Orpheum until its name was changed to the Roxy. I guess Tacoma tried to emulate New York. Emory Whitaker, a boyhood pal and I, would meet downtown every Saturday, have lunch at the Mecca Coffee Shop on the corner of Thirteenth and Commerce, then take in the Orpheum. Getting in before one o'clock, we'd see the vaudeville show, the movie and then sit through the vaudeville again, all for twenty-five cents.

"Preview Tonight!" So read the advertisement in the Thursday edition of the Tacoma News Tribune back in the early thirties. The advertisement went on to explain that those who attended the last showing of the film on Thursday evening were invited to partake of free coffee and "Melo-cream" doughnuts on the stage, after which they would be shown the next attraction. My attendance was predicated upon whether I had my home work completed, no tests on Friday, my chores done and which of my friends would be going. Oh, the titles did have something to do with it, although my wife claims I will watch anything that moves on the screen. Once while waiting for the show to break, several of us made a dash for the sofa in the upper lobby of the Broadway Theater. In the melee one of our group slid under Guy Tennant, who found himself sitting on the floor. At that moment, a police officer stepped from the Men's Room. Since Guy had not changed from his paint-spattered khakis and ragged sweater, he was the one the officer hustled from the theater. It had a most sobering effect on the rest of us and we quickly decided to lose ourselves in the darkness of the auditorium. Walking down the grand staircase, who should we see strolling into the lobby of the theater but our rag-a-muffin friend. We were all ears as he explained, "He was going to run me in but when he asked my name he wanted to know if I was related to

the mayor and I said, 'Yeah, he's my uncle.'"

Bank Night - Dish Night - Double Features, Three D, none had the effect of luring the audience from their living rooms once television got under way. The few theaters that stayed open found the going extremely tough. Some had face lifts by uninspired interior decorators whose only contact with the movie palaces of yesteryear was from hearsay. We have made the complete circle of "storefront" theaters. Perhaps today they are cleaner, cooler and may smell nicer and projection is "flickerless" on screens that are the last word in peripheral vision. Sound comes from all directions but the buildings are drab, antiseptic, earthbound, and cost more than the original "nickelodeans." And then, what if the picture is bad? Huh?

The movie palace, the colossus of opulence, has made way for the bowling alleys, supermarkets, parking garages and office buildings. The lucky few who have survived the "wrecker's ball" have become theaters for the performing arts, like the Pantages. But they will never again take on that wonderful aura that prevailed when my father would stride into the living room and say, "Let's go to the movies!"

HOLLYWOOD-BY-THE-SEA

By J. Smith Bennett

"Lights...Camera...Action!" Titlow Beach was to be no more! From now on, it was "Hollywood-By-The-Sea." Film making was to come to the Northwest: Tacoma, to be exact.

In the mid-twenties, a consortium of local businessmen felt since Hollywood was producing a series of outdoor adventure films, the Northwest would be an ideal location. Sets and backgrounds for the James Oliver Curwood and Rex Beach stories were so obviously false, these men reasoned, why not shoot the films here, where so much raw country abounds. Deep forests, big trees, raging rivers and miles of unparalleled snowfields on our mountain...Mt. Tacoma.

Harvey C. Weaver, a Hollywood producer, along with several local financiers, acquired six acres of property in the little community of Titlow Beach, located at the west end of Sixth Avenue. Up to that time, Titlow Beach's only claim to fame was a dock and a ferry landing from which one could go to Wollochet Bay or Fox Island. All this was to change. Once the studio was built and into production, this would be the Beverly Hills of the Northwest.

Across Sixth Avenue from the present Titlow Beach swimming pool, a studio was built, reported to contain the largest floor space without supporting pillars. Three films were produced: "Hearts and Fists," "Heart of the Yukon" and the most pre-stigious of all, "Eyes of the Totem." "Hearts and Fists" was a story of logging and loggers: trees falling, floating of logs down the river, the inevitable log jam and a runaway logging train; all taken up around Mineral and Elbe. "Heart of the Yukon" was as its name implied, the Yukon. Dog

teams, claim jumpers and such, most of it taken at Paradise Inn with its great snowfields.

I recall visiting the studio one Sunday afternoon with my parents. It was here Tacomans had their first glimpse of a motion picture studio and a back-lot set...a Yukon town street scene. Were we surprised to find it was all front; a flat. If one stepped through the saloon door, it was a long way to the ground. Nothing but braces holding the building front in place. There was no interior; that was inside the studio. We could not get over the cotton being dipped in melted paraffin to make the icicles which festooned the eaves. Little did we know that so many times the imitation photographs better than the real thing. Also, the studio did not have to worry about the icicle melting under the hot arc lamps. Here was a camera platform, there a track down the center of the street for dolly shots. Large silver reflectors stood about near the various light standards. Perhaps a tree branch was fastened to a cabin roof either for effect or to cast a needed shadow.

John Bowers, a leading matinee idol of the period, along with Tom Santschi of "The Spoilers" fame, played in several of the pictures. Bowers was the actor who, several years later, committed suicide by swimming out into the ocean from his Malibu Beach house. The episode was later portrayed by Frederic March in the first film of "A Star Is Born" with Janet Gaynor.

"Eyes of the Totem" was the last film produced by the H.C. Weaver Studio; starred Wanda Hawley, Tom Santschi and W.S. Van Dyke, who also directed the film. There was a scene in which a supposedly blind beggar was sitting on a bench in front of the Tacoma Totem Pole. That was when it was located at Tenth and A Street. A team of runaway horses came up Tenth Street, a small girl who had just pulled the beggar's fallen garter, stepped off the curb

directly into their path. The beggar dashed into the street, saving her from disaster. This scene, perhaps ten seconds of screen time, took several days to shoot. Those of us not knowledgeable to the ways of motion picture production, were amazed at the time it took. Different angles, waiting for the right light, the correct shadows, perhaps a change in the action. It was over and over and over and wait, wait and more waiting. We just couldn't understand; it had all looked good to us.

We had to laugh when the police raided the "Chinese Garden," a gambling house and cabaret. The Winthrop Hotel was used for the exterior. The police drove from the City Hall Annex, or the old Northern Pacific Headquarter Building (now Pacific One) to raid the "Chinese Gardens" - perhaps two blocks real distance. Down Pacific Avenue raced the police cars. Between automobiles, around street cars, missing the Eleventh Street cable car by inches, turning left on Twelfth to A Street, back up to Ninth Street, a left and back over Pacific Avenue and racing up Ninth with a turn to the right on Broadway and screeching to a stop and with guns drawn, rush into the "Chinese Gardens" nee the Winthrop Hotel. By under cranking the camera, it speeded the action on the screen, making for a thrilling illusion of racing through city traffic.

I doubt that the pictures ever played outside of the Tacoma area, although "Eyes of The Totem" is listed in "Woody" Van Dyke's bibliography. I do recall seeing it at the Tacoma Theater as it was known before it became the Broadway. Later John Hamrick renamed it the Music Box. That ended Tacoma's bid to be the Hollywood of the Northwest. Hollywood did use the Northwest later for the Richard Barthelmess picture, "The Patent Leather Kid." The war scenes were shot at Camp Lewis as it was known then.

The studio stood empty for years, unused. Sometimes in the early thirties, it became a ball room

or a dance hall. I remember going out there one evening with Jack Shipley, who was an announcer at KVI, along with Corwin Bonham. Since Jack was an announcer, we were given a card for Corwin's car which read "Remote Control." This gave us the right to exceed the speed limit out Sixth Avenue...all of thirty-five miles per hour. About the time I left Tacoma, 1932, the studio caught fire and burned to the ground.

Tacoma's face has changed with years of suburban sprawl. It's difficult to go back and relive those wonderful years of the twenties. Like dreams of the early pioneers, "Hollywood-By-The-Sea" faded like the finale of a film. Titlow Beach remained a residential community at the end of Sixth Avenue.

ST. LUKE'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH AN ATTRACTIVE NUISANCE

By J. Smith Bennett

It was, as they say today, "an attractive nuisance." At least, to a small boy exploring his new neighborhood for the first time. Mother and I had just moved into a two room flat in the old Webster Apartments on the corner of South 7th and St. Helens Avenue. It was my first Saturday of not having a back yard in which to play and the YMCA for my age group, had not yet opened.

I was wandering - perhaps exploring might be a better word for it -- when a stone building covered with ivy that almost reached to the top of a one hundred foot spire caught my eye. The inscription on the cornerstone read "St. Luke's Episcopal Church, founded in 1882." Since the building had the appearance of being abandoned, I felt it required a small boy's investigation. Looking both ways, up and down Broadway, I stepped up into the church yard that had seen better days. What probably had once been a neatly trimmed church yard was now completely choked with weeds, some forcing themselves up through the cracks in the broken concrete walk along the side of the church. Both carved entrance doors were ajar; one had been wrenched off and was hanging by one hinge. An occasional bird would flit in and out through a broken window. Apprehensively, I climbed the steps leading to the entrance and peered into the vestibule. It was empty! Furtively looking about, hoping no one was looking, I noiselessly slipped inside. The area was illuminated by the half open doors and what was left of the stained glass windows.

The doors leading into the chapel had been pulled from their hinges; one was lying on the floor and the other was propped against the wall. I had a

feeling of utter desolation as I stood there in the subdued light that filtered into the chapel through the broken windows. The interior of the church had been subjected to the most violent vandalism imaginable. I was reminded of pictures I had seen of bombed out churches, published by Collier's of World War I. Looking toward the altar I could see hymnals scattered everywhere. Pews were overturned as though someone had pulled them over as he ran down the aisle. The altar had been smashed and the lectern was askew. I slowly walked toward the front of the church, my shoes leaving marks in the layers of dust. I could see the pipe organ, too, had received its share of the vandal's depredations. Ivories had been torn from the keys; various stops had been pulled from their sockets; and the foot pedals had been pulled, kicked and broken for what seemed no reason. Some of the pipes had been pulled, bent and smashed, lying about the organ alcove like fallen trees in a wind storm.

Looking back from the altar toward the entrance, I had an eerie feeling that something very sacrilegious had taken place; one didn't do such things to a church. The swallows, flitting about and roosting on the ceiling beams, did little to dispel the feeling that I had to escape from this dark and dank building. I was frightened! I did not want to be caught within the church; I was afraid I might be the one blamed for the reprehensible acts. Quickly I dashed to the front entrance and peered out into the street. I pulled back! A Pt. Defiance streetcar was passing by. Then, seeing no one in either direction, I scooted down the steps and out onto Broadway, trying to blend like a chameleon into the surrounding area.

I said nothing to my mother about my escapade and never explored St. Luke's again. In all my remaining years in Tacoma I never gave it another thought although I passed it quite frequently.

Several years ago we were invited by Fran Borhek the wife of an old boyhood friend, Edward or "Bud" Borhek, to attend St. Lukes' Antique Show. As we entered the parish house, I looked over toward the church building and remarked that it looked very familiar. There was something I could faintly remember about the past.

"Well, it should," said Fran, "it was an old landmark in Tacoma for a number of years. You must have remembered St. Lukes Episcopal Church on the corner of 6th Avenue and Broadway."

Then, it all came back; that Saturday morning sixty years ago when I had wandered through a deserted church, wondering why it had been abandoned.

St. Lukes had been originally built in 1882 with the cornerstone being set by Annie Wright, daughter of Charles B. Wright, who had done so much for the City of Tacoma. The original design had been taken from a small English parish church that had been admired by the Wrights during one of their visits to England. It took over a year for the plans to be finalized by a Portland architect, whose name has long been forgotten. It must have been a difficult decision for the parishioners to abandon their church when commercialism was encroaching upon their domain and join with the Trinity group to become Christ Church.

Because of continuing vandalism it was decided to tear down the small stone church that had so long been a Tacoma landmark. As with so many public buildings, whether used or not, a cry went out to "Save St. Lukes Church." A committee was formed and it was through the undying efforts of two churchmen, Reverend Arthur Bell of St. Lukes and Bishop Lemuel H. Wells of St. Marks, that the church was saved from the wrecker's ball. Money was raised, the building purchased, and now the problem was to move it. The land at 6th and Broadway was too valuable to house an unused church, so

move it they did! Like William Randolph Hearst's Castle, St. Lukes was taken apart stone by stone. Each stone was numbered, catalogued and then reassembled on the corner of North 38th and Gove Streets, a piece of property owned by St. Marks.

In 1947 it was finally finished and rededicated with a plaque set in the parish lawn reading, "St. Lukes Episcopal, founded in 1882." The church is a bit larger than the one I wandered in on that Saturday morning long ago. A second transept was added in addition to increasing the size of the left transept, lengthening the chancel by 18 feet and permitting the accommodation of the choir. A "rosette" was placed in the entrance which contained several mementos from various Episcopal churches from around the world. Pebbles from the Sea of Galilee and a stone from King David's palace in Jerusalem were also added. Of all the mementos that are the most noteworthy are pieces from the original communion table that survived the depredations of the vandals to the original St. Lukes Episcopal Church. The rediscovery of the church recalled to me the time when I as a small boy, peered into its musty shell when it was a very "attractive nuisance."

I WON'T BE NEEDING A WINTER COAT

By Doris Morisset

The place was Bellingham--the time was Fall of 1963 and I had asked our daughter, Patty Lou, to go shopping for a winter coat. Her answer was she didn't want one, which was a switch, but she didn't explain why. In December she told us she had applied for admission to the Dominican Sisters Order in Tacoma. We were glad for her when she was accepted. The following summer she worked for Sears in Bellingham to earn the money for clothes she would need for three years.

She was very excited when we took her to Mt. St. Dominic, formerly Haddaway Hall of the Weyerhaeuser mansion, on September 8, 1964. She would be a postulant, then a novice and would get the full habit when she received the black veil. She took the name Sister Mary Noel. She finished her education at Seattle University and prepared herself for teaching. Her first teaching assignment was at Assumption Parish School in Seattle. Because Patty was a musician the Order gave her music lessons. She played the piano, organ, trumpet, and later took up the guitar and the string bass. She taught at Marymount Academy before that school was closed in 1976 and later spent three years in the Kairos House of Prayer in Spokane. She returned to Tacoma and at present is an assistant at St. Patrick's Church with responsibilities mainly in liturgy. She also conducts retreats and promotes vocations.

The Dominican group in which Sister Mary Noel took her training was the first of that Order in Washington Territory. In 1888, in response to an invitation from Bishop Junger for sisters to teach

in Washington Territory, Sisters Mary Thomasina, Mary de Chantal and Mary Aloysia come from Lima, Ohio to face unknown hardships in Pomeroy, Washington. The sisters wanted to start a religious community as well as a school, and Sister Thomasina, who was in charge, soon realized that a larger town was needed for their plans.

In 1892 the pastor of St. Patrick Church in Tacoma, Father William Edmonds, petitioned Sister Thomasina (now Mother Thomasina) for teachers. He had erected a small frame church (on rented ground at the corner of Tacoma Avenue and Starr Street) and with the assistance of two young ladies of the parish had been holding classes in the back of the church. A curtain was hung between the altar and the section used for the school. This was the first free parochial school west of the Mississippi.

Mother Thomasina accepted Father Edmonds' request, came to Tacoma in 1893 and purchased property at the corner of North G and Starr Streets with the intention of building a school. By July 6, 1894, she had settled a small group in a house on the purchased property which she had converted into a convent and named St. Catherine. A carriage house was remodeled into a boarding school known as St. Rose's. Shopkeepers from Tacoma provided furniture and thus the Dominican Sisters of the Congregation of St. Thomas Aquinas in Tacoma had its humble beginning.

In 1893 The Tacoma Land Company wished to reclaim the land which they had rented to St. Patrick's Church, so the Sisters offered the other end of their school property to the parish free of rent. The original frame church was moved and the parish bought the site in 1899. The first six grades continued having classes in the Church but the upper grades were taught at St. Rose's. When

Aquinas Academy was built across the street from Mother Thomasina's original purchase, the girls attended school there and the boys continued meeting at the rear of the church and in St. Rose's.

Mother Thomasina was loaned \$16,000 at two and a half percent interest from an Alexander McDonald, who had been successful in the Alaska Gold Rush, to build Aquinas Academy at 1112 North G Street. Construction began on May 22, 1899 and by September 17, it was possible to move furniture and equipment from St. Catherine's and St. Rose's. Aquinas Academy held classes for girls from the elementary grades through high school. The convent and the school were both housed in the five-storied building but by 1906 more space was needed and a convent was built to the northeast of the building and a separate music building was added. A training school preparing sisters to teach was started in 1912 but was discontinued at the outbreak of World War I. A Miss Mary E. Doyle conducted education classes for the Sisters from 1912 to 1923 but a trend was developing for sisters to get their teacher training at the University of Washington and the Bellingham and Ellensburg Normal Schools.

The Spinning residence located on the Pinkerton property purchased in 1899 was moved to the rear of the property. In 1901 it began to be used as a dormitory and school for boys eight to twelve and became known as St. Joseph's. In 1907 the old Lowell School (a frame building) was purchased and moved to the original site for non-boarding boys. It was named St. Edward's Hall.

A new three story school, adjacent to the present site of St. Patrick's Church, was built in 1919 for both boy and girl day students of the elementary grades. The sisters staffing the

school lived in the Aquinas Convent until 1940 when a house and a lot across from the school were purchased by the parish and remodeled into a convent.

In the 1940's the Dominican Sisters purchased Haddaway Hall from George Franklin, owner of a grocery store chain. The Hall originally had been a home for one of the Weyerhaeuser families, a name prominent in the lumber industry in the Pacific Northwest. Originally it was used as a junior college, then closed in 1948 as a school, but retained as novitiate.

An innovative idea for a girls' summer camp was started in 1936 on 7 acres of land leased from George Marvin on Spanaway Lake. The Sisters purchased three surplus street cars from the City of Tacoma. The wheels were removed, the cars were set on the ground and converted into recreational, sleeping and eating quarters. The camp continued until 1950 when vandalism forced the closure of the camp; responsible caretakers could not be found during the winter months.

A new Aquinas Academy building was built on the old G Street site and operated as a girls' high school until June 1974 when classes were transferred to Bellarmine, previously a boys' high school. The classes from St. Patrick's were transferred to the more modern Aquinas Academy. A Senior Citizen program, the Lifelong Learning Center, was conducted in the deserted St. Patrick's School from about 1980 until 1985. Now the building stands empty but remembered by many Tacoma citizens who had their early schooling there.

The life of the Dominican Order has undergone many changes. The sisters are no longer required to wear habits; their government is more democratic; they elect their own officers at regularly

scheduled elections; they are no longer engaged only in teaching and they have a voice in choosing their own area of work. The most liberal of all changes is the permission for sisters to choose their own living situations rather than being assigned to convents.

From their first entry into Washington Territory in 1888 to aid in the education of the young, there has been an enlarging view in the Dominican Order of how people can be served. Education is just one of their present services. Social services are offered, the elderly being of special concern.

Sister Mary Noel, now known by her baptismal name, Sr. Patricia Morisset, has seen a great number of changes in her Order since she pronounced her vows in 1966, and she and her contemporaries have lived through twenty-four years of challenge. They are presently celebrating 100 years of service in the Pacific Northwest.

Sources for this essay include:

Sisters of Saint Dominic 1888-1951, by Mary Rita Flanagan, Seattle, Washington, 1951.

All The Way Is Heaven, by Katherine Burton, 1958.

This picture goes with the
story on the following page.



Mary Edna Binder Svinth, mother of the author,
circa 1903, Pierce County, near Rocky Ridge.
Courtesy of the author.

INDIAN MEMORIES OF MY CHILDHOOD

By Cecelia Svith Carpenter,
Indian Historian

I was born near the beginning of that twenty-year period tucked in between World War I and World War II, 1924 to be precise. Being the 12th child of a family of 13, I was named Hope Cecelia Svith, the Cecelia after my Indian grandmother, the Hope because, as I was told later, my mother "hoped" I'd be the last child. Her hope was not fulfilled until my brother Paul was born in 1927 to complete the family unit. My father was a Danish emigrant, who 8 years before my birth, had become a Lutheran pastor. My mother was of Nisqually Indian descent. Mine was a most interesting family to be born into. As I grew up I had the best of two cultures, although I was not to realize this until I had become a grown woman.

Our family lived on a 20 acre farm in southern Pierce County, located about 7 miles east of Roy in the Lacamas community. With such a large amount of mouths to feed, my father raised about every kind of vegetable, fruit and berry possible. Pigs, cows, horses, sheep and chickens were also part of the farm scenery. Every winter our food supply was supplemented with salmon caught in Horn Creek and the Nisqually River. We had a large farmhouse with bedrooms big enough to house several beds each. Our barn was huge with a place for cows and horses and room for a hay mow in between: a fine place for noisy kids to play on rainy days. I learned to jump from the high rafters to the hay below before I was old enough to know better. Two chicken houses, a granary, a garage, two outhouses (one for the boys and one for the girls), a smokehouse, two root cellars and a woodshed completed the array of farm buildings.

Adorning our hillside below the house were two enormous orchards, one for apples only, the other full of pears, prunes and plums. One lone Bing cherry tree stood beside the house on the side which housed the girl's bedroom. We could go out the bedroom window onto the roof of the flower room below and into the cherry tree to sneak cherries or to go night walking, temptations that often got us into trouble.

There were three gardens; the one I remember most was located down the hill near a natural water supply. Hay fields surrounded the farm buildings with patches of woods on the eastern and southern edges of our property, beyond were old-growth timber stands. On the outer edge of one hay field was an acre of raspberries and a like-size field planted in strawberries. The berry patches were located a good distance from the house. I was told that that spot had been chosen because it was a sunny area and near a swampy marsh.

I remember the garden and the berry field best because, as the fifth and last girl in the family, the kitchen duty spots had been filled, and, as soon as I was old enough to work, I was assigned to weed in the gardens with my older brothers and in the summertime to pick those endless rows of berries. Bringing in the daily supply of kitchen firewood was later added to my list. I didn't mind my duties, I loved the outdoors and still today feel out of place in the kitchen. Being outdoors meant I always had plenty to eat. Raw carrots and turnips tasted good, the berries were plentiful - both tame and wild, and the wild plants such as the licorice fern were better than most deserts. I was also guilty of raiding the canned goods shelves and the apple bins in the wintertime.

Our berry field was a scary place to be. It was nestled next to the wooded marsh where the wild salmonberries grew. When sent out to pick berries, I would often wander into the thick underbrush to

pick and eat salmonberries. However, the bears also loved these juicy berries and were known to frequent the marsh. If alone, I always imagined a bear standing a few feet away; the snapping of a twig or an unknown noise would send me scurrying out of the woods. I cannot eat a salmonberry to this day without thinking of bears!

Speaking of wild berries, we had plenty of wild blackcaps, red huckleberries, wild blackberries and wild strawberries that grew in the logged-off places in the woods behind the farm. My very early memories of picking wild berries were of going with my mother to pick blackberries. I was the one to go with her because I was usually outside and because I wasn't needed for household chores. I can still see my mother with big lard pails tied onto each side of her waist and held in place with a belt or rope in the same manner as the Indian women, who sometimes joined us, tied their baskets. Climbing over logs and bending to pick the wild blackberries seems to hold a more solid mental picture of my mother in my mind today than any other task she may have done. She was of medium to short stature with the broad shoulder span of the Nisqually. Her hair was dark, always combed back from her face; her eyes were calm and serene, unless angered, then they blazed. I enjoyed these outings because out there in the woods I didn't have to share her with a dozen other members of the family. There she was mine alone. When we were tired we would sit on a fallen log to rest. It was then that she would relate many of her Indian remembrances, of being born on the reservation, of her mother dying when she was too young to remember her, of her Indian grandmother Ross who spoke the Nisqually language fluently, of her many Indian relatives, of the kind people who raised her and of her marriage to my father when she was but 15 years old. I felt very close to my mother during those times, more so than at any other time in my lifetime.

All of "us kids" grew up in tune with the order of the natural world. We learned to appreciate the birds, the wild animals and could identify almost every flower and plant that grew in our woods. We learned which plants were edible and which were not. The mushroom was the only growing thing we were told to stay away from - because my mother didn't know which were good and which weren't. To this day I won't eat mushrooms for that reason! I remember when we worked in the flower garden. Never, oh never, would my mother discard a plant. Everything was a living entity to her and must be cared for. She would not throw out a sickly looking plant any more than she would throw out a sick animal. I was a "sickly" child as I grew up and could appreciate her thinking.

In my free time I often wandered around the farm and nearby woods. I knew where the Johnny-Jump-Ups grew, where the Lady slippers chose to appear and where the Trillium's hiding place was. I had secret places where I would disappear and hide but could still hear if I were called home. There I would dream of what I would someday become. My older brothers were beginning to leave home and get jobs and I knew that I, too, must one day go somewhere.

I grew up with a speech impediment and could not speak clearly enough to be understood well. Consequently, I grew up in a world of silence, speaking very little and listening a great deal. In the house my favorite place was behind the kitchen stove, sitting next to the woodbox. I would tuck my knees under my chin, lean back against the wall and keep out of the way of all the feet of my huge family. Interestingly enough, no one seemed to question my "place" or my sitting there so much of the time. It was from my sitting place that I was to listen to the endless family discussions. It was from this place that I was to learn who I was. The kitchen was the focal point in our house. It was a large room detached from

the main house by a short covered breezeway. I understood it was built this way because of the danger of fire. Although it was later remodeled, my memories of this first large room remain very vivid. Because it was a warm place in the winter with the cook stove fire going constantly, it was the gathering place of my family. It was there I tuned into the conversations about religion, farming, Denmark and Indian affairs. It was during my listening years that I formed opinions on all these subjects.

I listened to the repeated conversations regarding the loss of a large portion of the Nisqually Indian Reservation that had taken place in 1918. Pierce County had condemned and taken all of the reservation land that lay on the Pierce County side of the Nisqually River, leaving the Nisqually Indian tribe with about a third of their original reservation which lay across the river on the Thurston County side. The land was given to the United States Army to be used with other parcels of land for a military base. The saddest part of the whole affair was that our two family allotments were on the portion that was condemned; one belonged to Grandmother Ross, the other to her mother, Quaton. Grandmother Ross died the year of the condemnation, Quaton much earlier. I was told that the tribe tried to get the decision reversed after World War I ended but their request had been denied. Hearing the events of the condemnation repeated many times, left a lasting impression on my mind. I could not understand how anyone could take our Indian land without permission. I absorbed the intense and hurtful feelings from my family, and, adding my great-grandmother's death to my package of woes, I carried this burden with me and still feel the hurt of my people losing their land.

As one can see, I learned very early about my Indian heritage. Oh, my Danish father had brought many of his old country customs with him to America and those memories are still very precious to me,

but it was from my quiet, self-assured mother, a red bandanna always tied around her forehead to hold down her unruly dark hair, that I absorbed the customs, culture and history of the Nisqually Indian people. There seemed to be a silent absorption of her vibrations that took place within me. I sensed her feelings and thoughts and made them my own. This was a most interesting phenomenon because, in looking back to my childhood years and then to the present, I realize today that I was destined to be the one of her large brood who would carry her message to the non-Indian world - I, the one who couldn't talk and the one who could not enter into family discussions.

It was not popular to be an Indian, or even a half-breed, in those days. It was okay to be Danish or to be Lutheran but not to be an Indian, especially one who held to some of the old traditions and mixed with the Indian community. Many families of mixed-blood melded into the mainstream. But this was not to happen to us. I always felt my mother used my father's position in the community to protect her and her children. She dressed properly and tried to act as a minister's wife should as long as no one offended her heritage. If this happened, and I remember that it did more than once, she could become quite angry.

During those early years I learned that we descended from the same family group as our Nisqually chief, Leschi, who was raised in the Mashel Indian Village near Eatonville. Chief Leschi became the war chief of the allied tribes during the Indian war that followed the inactment of the Medicine Creek Treaty of 1854. I learned that the treaty did not provide an adequate reservation for the Nisqually Indian people, but that after the war, the territorial governor changed the location of the reservation to the present location on the Nisqually River. Chief Leschi was tried by the territorial court system for his part in the war, was found guilty and was hanged. The idea of the authorities putting Leschi to death for fighting

for a better reservation for his people horrified me. By the time I was six years old, Chief Leschi was my hero. I realized that the very land that Leschi had died for had been condemned in 1918 and as he was buried on the portion that was taken, his remains had to be moved. My mother used to say, "And don't you ever forget it!" I was not to forget.

As the years passed, my future continued to be shaped, each time span adding new insights and broader areas to my understanding of what I had learned at home. I entered Lacamas Elementary School in 1931 and became an avid reader. School brought me in contact with other "part-Indian" families from other tribal affiliations. We often shared information on our heritage backgrounds. Our tribal histories were oral histories. Very little Indian history was to be found in our history books. I realized that if I were to learn more about the history of my mother's tribe I must learn it from listening to our Indian relatives and friends who came to our home to visit.

During my sixth year of schooling I stayed at my older sister's home near Yelm and went to school there for a short time. My brother-in-law drove the school bus. Each morning we drove out to the Nisqually Indian Reservation to begin our route by picking up several Indian students. There I made many new friends and was exposed to reservation life, a warm and friendly situation like the one in which I had been raised. I did not know then that when we all grew up we would be working side by side within the tribal structure. Nor did I realize as I visited with the elders, that one day I too would be an elder.

My trips to the Cushman Indian Hospital in Tacoma for health care broadened my horizons as to the social and health concerns of my people that existed in the 1930's. When my younger brother enrolled as a student at the Chemawa Indian School near Salem,

Oregon, in the 1940's, I lived in Salem for awhile to be near him. I visited Chemawa on a regular basis and there learned of the government Indian school system and the concerns relative to Indian education. Later, back home, I would attend the reorganizational tribal meetings at Nisqually with my mother. It was in 1945 that our tribe adopted its first constitution, the one that continues today to govern our Nisqually people.

My mother, Mary Edna Svinth, died in March of nineteen-sixty-three. She passed on one night in her sleep, serene and peaceful. She wasn't here for the Indian Civil Rights Act of 1968 or the Boldt Indian Fishing Rights Decision in 1974. She wasn't here to see me graduate from Pacific Lutheran University in 1966. She wasn't here to follow my teaching years which opened the door to my writing career. I dedicated my first big writing project to her in 1971 - my master's thesis on the Nisqually Indian Fishing Rights. Now, fifteen years and four books later, I often look at her photograph and envision her looking back at me and saying, "Well, I see that you didn't forget what I taught you!" No, Mother, I haven't.

MY ENCOUNTERS WITH FREDDIE STEELE

By J. Smith Bennett

There is always something that triggers one's memory and recalls past events when paths cross. Like the time I noticed a headline in the local paper, "Freddie Steele Making A Comeback." It had been years since I had thought about him. I remembered him from a gym class at Jason Lee Intermediate School. That must have been back about nineteen-twenty-nine. His muscular development in comparison with the other teenagers in the class made him stand out like a junior Charles Atlas. He exuded a sort of self-satisfaction and confidence that seemed to say, "Don't push ME, bud! I know how to use my 'dukes'! I can take care of myself! I'm Freddie Steele." We gave him a wide berth at school. We had heard by the corridor gossip that he was appearing in local "smokers" and others that were farther away, like Burien and White Center. He was known as a "killer" so we really watched ourselves whenever it came to fisticuffs.

Whenever we played touch football on the playground, he was always the ball carrier; there would be others who could quarterback, or handle pass plays. No one wished to display his prowess against Freddie Steele. He was always a grandstander! Made no difference whether on the field or in the gym, it was always the same. "Give me the ball! Block those other guys and I'll make the scores."

I recall one day when he was having trouble. Just couldn't seem to get going, three downs and he had gained practically no distance. His problem was ME! Any athletic ability I had only existed in my mind. I was just one of those average, ineffectual teenagers to whom no one paid much attention on the playing field. Because of this, I was able to get through the line and "tag" Steele before he

could get started. In his grand-standing way, he refused to pass the ball to anyone, although there were many opportunities to do so. He just wanted to run. Since no one paid any attention to me, I was able to penetrate his line of defense and had broken up the last three plays. It was now fourth down and nine yards to go and the gym period was about over. Just as he was about to give the "hike" signal for the ball, he looked over in my direction, pointed and yelled, "Smear that kid in the white shirt, the bastard keeps getting in my way!"

I was never one for contact sports and shied away from athletics unless it was absolutely necessary. This probably disappointed my father, who was a real sports buff. If it was baseball, I was always a fielder; in soccer, a guard; or a 'sub' when it came to football. I liked to play 'scrub' baseball out in the vacant lot. We'd choose up to see who was to be at bat; then play rotation all day. Aside from that, whenever we had anything like boxing or wrestling at school, I'd get it over with as soon as possible. Once in a while if my opponent was my size or smaller, I might go the limit.

There was this one day when the gym teacher lined us up alphabetically, selecting opponents from both ends of the line. As so frequently happened, I would draw Freddie Steele. While waiting our turn at whatever, he turned and with the back of his right hand, gave me a "chop" in the throat. Right in the Adam's apple. A "rabbit chop!" Stars flashed! The pain was excruciating. Tears welled up in my eyes; I couldn't cry, not in front of my peers. I couldn't seem to swallow! And he just stood there with that sneering smile and said, "Now you can spit cider for a week!"

I hated him! I hated Freddie Steele with a vengeance. I swore that somehow, some way, some day, I'd get even with him. I had no idea how. But somehow, it would be accomplished.

Over the years I followed his career in the ring through the sporting pages. His climb to the championship of his division, his retirement in nineteen-thirty-eight, and then trying for a come-back to regain his crown. The come-back trail is long and arduous and he had to fight a number of youngsters, many who were second raters. One was Jimmy Casion, a fighter Freddie could have taken in the first round, back when he was in his prime. I was excited when I heard Steele would be fighting in the Hollywood Legion Stadium. Since I had moved to the Los Angeles area some years earlier, I checked with my cousin, who was fight knowledgeable, and bought a ringside seat. I awaited the bout with great anticipation: that night I was going to redeem the indignity of that "rabbit chop" received long ago in the gym of Jason Lee.

Once the introductions were over, the two contestants faced each other and the fight started amid the cheers of the crowd. There were those loyal to Steele, cheering him on. Then, there was me! I was cheering for Casino, hoping in my way to get back at Freddie Steele for that long ago act of indignity. Slowly Casion started to take Freddie Steele's come-back attempt apart. Round by round the decisions went to Casion. With every punch that Jimmy gave Steele, I cheered. "Take that! And that! And that!" I was savoring every blow like a gourmet tasting a new culinary delight. As Steele reeled about that smoke-filled arena, I cheered louder and louder. Then in the fifth round the referee stepped in and stopped the fight. Steele had run out of gas! He couldn't go on. His legs had just given out. The decision went to Jimmy Casino, a second-rate boxer.

It was over! Somehow I was redeemed! I felt that through Jimmy Casion I had gotten even with Freddie Steele for that infamous day on the gym floor back in Tacoma.

As always, we mellow with the years. We forget! We forget all those animosities we held. Then, one

day something comes along and we are taken back into the past. Wandering about Westport one cold, blustery winter day, I noticed a sign on the front of a building: "FREDDIE STEELE'S RESTAURANT." It was closed. Those days of Jason Lee flooded my memory. Sometime later, a headline in a local paper caught my eye, "FREDDIE STEELE, EX-MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPION, LOSES FINAL BOUT AT 71."

My cousin, who had battled his way about the ring during his university days, said, "You should write about taking that "rabbit chop" from Steele. There are not too many about these days who can still talk about it."

I'm not too sure. I doubt Steele ever would have remembered that kid in the white shirt who was lousing up his grand-stand plays, or took the "chop" in the gym and I know he wouldn't have known the guy who was cheering Jimmy Casino in the Hollywood Legion stadium way back on May 23, 1941.

MANUFACTURING GAS

By Amelia Haller

There were several reasons why we moved to South Tacoma in 1950. My reasons included the closeness of Edison Elementary and Robert Gray Junior High Schools for our children, Pam, Larry, and the unborn baby I carried; Sonneman's Grocery Store was only two blocks away; and behind our house Wapato Hills waited for exploring children to run and fantasize in the open space.

Max, my husband, had other reasons. He had spent his childhood in the South Tacoma and Manitou areas. His parents, Alice and Ray Haller, brought him to Tacoma in 1925 from North Dakota, when he was one year old. Max remembered South Tacoma as his childhood home. (It is a strange feeling to walk the sidewalks between 62nd and 66th on Oakes Street and step over M A X finger-written in the concrete.)

When we examined the house at 6001 So. Fife Street we knew we had found a home that fitted our current purposes. In August we moved from Puyallup to Tacoma in one trip. Using our 1942 Chevrolet - a World War II Army car - and my brother's vehicle, Max and relatives loaded our possessions into the two cars and we became Tacoma residents.

I would have loved to have arranged the cupboards, hung curtains and done the many pleasant chores associated with moving into a new home but besides being pregnant I was ill with pneumonia. Dr. McCabe of Puyallup had given me the new drug, penicillin, and warned me to rest and come back to his office daily for more shots. If I didn't I would have to be hospitalized. Without a word my sister-in-law, Mabel Anderson, came over to our new home and arranged our meager possessions in

enough order so that Max and I could manage for awhile.

There was another reason that Max and I had looked in South Tacoma for a home: It would be closer to his work. He had been hired as a laborer in 1946 for The Washington Gas and Electric Company of Tacoma at 101 South 10th Street. His first duty was to clean out clinkers from generators at their gasification plant at 2200 River Street. The job was dirty and smelly. After coal and oil were burned in generators to manufacture the gas, clinkers were left in the bottom and they had to be cleaned out every other day. Although showers were provided for the men at the plant, the unpleasant odors clung to Max's clothes even after I washed them.

We were extremely happy when Max became gas operator. This meant a raise in pay which we sorely needed, plus easier working conditions for him. As gas operator he actually manufactured the gas that was piped out to heat the homes and businesses of Tacoma, to cook foods and to run factories.

Max explained his new job. "We used old car seats that the company had set up for us to sit on," he said. "In front of us were seven levers that we learned to operate in four-minute cycles. Our actions combined coal and oil to make gas. When we emptied the huge buckets of about a ton of coal into the generators that contained burning coal, we'd always have a blow. That is, the coal and dust would blanket the fire in the generator. When it ignited there would be a huge boom that shook the entire building."

These jobs sounded dangerous to me. And they were. Caution had to be used in both of the areas that he worked. At first he didn't tell me of the dangers. Later, when I pressed for details he told me, "When I was a laborer we cleaned out the purification tanks. (These were tanks that contained

wood chips to purify the gas.) We could only stay in the tanks for about five minutes at a time or we would pass out. We went down in the tanks, two men at a time, for safety. We didn't have gas masks and fumes from the gas were so bad that sometimes a man would pass out and the other man would call for assistance to help them out of the tank. The only way out was to climb a ladder up the inside of the tank."

As gas operator he had to be cautious about other things. He said, "There was always the danger of someone getting badly burned because of not being alert around the open fires. Our work clothes had spot burns on them." Since his work clothing was left on the job I never saw the burned holes. He told me not to worry because everyone was very careful.

After Max had worked as operator for some time, I became puzzled at the many novels he was taking to work and the exchanging of paperbacks with other operators. When I asked him, he said, "I know those seven levers so well that I can press them in the right sequence and time slots without hardly thinking."

He went on to say that he leaned back in the car seat and read. Then he would look up in time to push the correct levers with his feet. I was horrified. He quickly assured me that it was not dangerous and that he had everything under control. Evidently he did because he was praised for his work many times.

The manufacturing plant and the gas-telescopic holders were torn down years ago. The company became Washington Natural Gas Company and had no use for the manufacturing equipment. Now, as Field Representative and after forty years of service for Washington Natural Gas, Max hesitates at publicly telling the story of making manufactured gas by pushing levers with his feet while reading a novel!

RELIGION, SYMBOLISM AND TRADITION IN TACOMA'S GREEK COMMUNITY

By Katheren Armatas

On December 6, 1985, the St. Nicholas Greek Orthodox Church celebrated its 60th Anniversary. It was a most fitting day for it was also our patron saint's name day; Saint Nicholas, who was the patron saint of fishermen.

Our Tacoma Greek Orthodox Church, located on the corner of 16th and South Yakima Avenues, has recently received a piece of Eastern Orthodox Church decor; a bishop's throne. It was a parishioner's gift given as a loving memorial to her departed family members. Many of religious symbolic church articles, such as icons, mosaics, candleabra, baptismal font, holy altar pieces, stained glass windows and other significant Orthodox and Byzantine objects, were lovingly donated by other members as memorials.

A Tacoma News Tribune article quoted the Reverend Nicholas Kusevich, then St. Nicholas' priest, "The bishop's throne, to be used by a bishop or archbishop during his parish visit, is a symbol of the church's apostolic tradition. A double eagle carved in the throne is one of the throne's symbols, signifying both the Byzantine Empire and Christianity."

Hundreds of hours of thought and energy were spent by wood craftsman Cliff Murphy of Buckley, on this magnificent and regal two hundred pound throne of pine, maple, oak and poplar wood. The design, based on photos of bishop thrones of Greece and Asia Minor, gave the craftsman a great challenge. The throne's religious Eastern old-world significance will merge with our Western, modern-world church to balance and enhance the beauty of the Lord's house, in this Orthodox Church.

For seventeen centuries the official center of Orthodoxy was in Constantinople, Turkey. The conquest of Constantinople (later called Istanbul) by the Ottoman Empire in 1453, did not crush Orthodoxy, for today the Patriarchate is still there. In the 12th Century East and West drew apart. The Eastern Orthodox Church came under the authority and leadership of the Patriarch in Asia Minor; the Roman Catholics under the Pope in Rome.

For me, a special once-in-a-lifetime event occurred at St. Nicholas Orthodox Church of Tacoma, in the 1930's. When I was about three years old, I remember seeing the then Archbishop of North and South America lift up to his six-foot-plus height, my five-year-old brother, Angelos Sarantinos, for a blessing. Archbishop Athenagoras exclaimed, "You'll be strong like Jim Londos." (He was a champion wrestler of Greek descent popular in the United States.)

Our community didn't know then that the Archbishop would become one of the best known and greatly loved patriarchs of all time. The chasm between the West and East was bridged on January 5 and 6, 1964, in a historic meeting in Jerusalem when the two great leaders, the Ecumenical Patriarch Athenagoras and Pope Paul VI, embraced. The foundation of a closer collaboration and brotherhood was established.

St. Nicholas Church in Tacoma was dedicated on April 5, 1925. Its founders, mostly single men from different regions of Greece and Asia Minor, had competed to raise building funds. The most numerous group, the Gallemites, from Gallemi Village, Marmara Island (off the Turkish coast near Constantinople) raised the most money and won the honor of naming the church. My father, Laschos Sarantinos, and my uncles Steve Victor and Sofianos Christakis, were part of the Gallemites who chose the name St. Nicholas after their Gallemi village patron saint.

Hard work, determination and fortitude had been realized. Now the Greek Community had a house of worship in which to participate in the Sacraments of communion, baptism and marriage and to pray for the living and their departed loved ones. The church was their contribution to the city of Tacoma, the state of Washington and their American dream.

These daring Greek immigrants perhaps had the same visions and dreams as a young Greek sailor, Apostolos Valerianos, better known in our Pacific Northwest as Juan De Fuca. In 1592, before Lewis and Clark ever penetrated the Northwest, Valerianos sailed through the straits between Vancouver Island and the yet unnamed Washington state. Now nearly 400 years later, the Greek Community of Tacoma has made its imprint also. Most of the church founders and elders are gone but holy traditions, like the bishop's throne, are passed from generation to generation. The worshippers of today can enjoy the symbolic religious objects enhanced by flickering candles and burning incense. They can feel the warmth of love their ancestral church founders gave to the Lord and to them.

At St. Nicholas the icons, both mosaic tile and oil paintings, adorn the interior walls of the church, inviting the faithful to a worshipful meditation of God. He is portrayed in a fresco painting looking down from heaven on the assembled congregation to hear their prayers and to remind them of His all-pervading presence.

Descending from the ethereal to the practical, the floor of the church represents the world. The icon screen separates the nave (church center) from the altar. It is symbolical of the temple veil in the Old Testament which separated the Holy of Holies from the remainder of the temple. The royal doors on the icon screen are so called in view of the fact that Christ, the King, is carried through them as the priest brings Holy Communion to the

congregation. Two large candelabra, on either side of the royal doors, represent the column of light by which God guided the Jews at night to the promised land. All our senses; vision, hearing, smell, taste and touch, are utilized to enhance the teachings of the Gospel and the grace of the Sacraments to show us that we, too, have a promised land, the Kingdom of Heaven.

The founders of our church had a crystal chandelier installed to hang from the dome. The ornamental light had a meaning; the majesty of the firmament and the glory of God's heavenly bodies, the sun, the moon, and the planets. The founders could hardly know that the 1949 earthquake would loosen the support that held the chandelier. The church elders could not have foreseen that after a second earthquake in 1965, the chandelier would plummet down and shatter amidst the pews. Fortunately, no one was present so there were no injuries. It was later discovered that since the church was built, only three two-inch screws had held this multi-hundred pound weight of metal and crystal. Learning about our misfortune, the Seattle St. Demetrios Orthodox Community donated their lovely Tiffany glass and crystal chandelier to us. They were remodeling their church and the old world look did not befit their decor. As a memorial, the largest crystal, the only surviving whole piece of our original, was added to the lower tip of the new chandelier.

In Eastern Orthodoxy, Christ's resurrection is the predominant and integral focal point. This explains why the midnight Easter liturgy has been described as having no parallel in the experience of other Christian worship services. Traditions, along with symbolism, are intertwined and continue in our Tacoma Greek Community. Moments of my childhood are replayed today: The long forty-day strict fasts, the priest carrying the eight-foot wooden cross on Holy Thursday, the lamentations sung over the flower-decked tomb, the black-draped

icons depicting mourning on Good Friday night, Saturday at midnight, the darkened church suddenly blazing forth with light from candles lit, one by one, from the one held by the priest singing the hymn "Christ Has Risen," the procession of all the parishioners holding candles and going outdoors for a mini service and then entering into the House of the Lord, joyfully singing "Hristos Anesti," about His resurrection.

Afterwards, everyone goes downstairs to the parish hall and partakes of the Feast of Lamb and sweet Easter bread, cracking the symbolic red eggs and saying, "HRISTOS ANESTI" (Christ has risen). The reply is "ALITHOS ANESTI" (truly He has risen). If tradition is kept, the one who cracks both sides of an opposing egg gets to keep it. For fifty days after Easter, there is no kneeling during our services. On Pentacost at the descent of the Holy Spirit, we begin to kneel again.

Many priests have served the Tacoma St. Nicholas Greek Orthodox Church. They are:

- 1924 Haralampos Marinos and John Aivaliotes
- 1925 Spiridon Vasilas
- 1926 Bartholomew Karhalios
- 1928 Hieronimous Koutroulis
- 1929 George Mistakidis
- 1930 H. Koutroulis
- 1931 Germanos Tzoumanis
- 1934 Constantine Souliopos
- 1935 Germanos Tzoumanis
- 1939 Chrisostom Kaplanis
- 1940 Constantine Statheros
- 1944 George Paulson
- 1949 Theodoritos Dymek
- 1952 Costas Kouklis
- 1958 Germanos Tzoumanis
- 1960 E. Anthony Tomaras
- 1979 Michael Johnson
- 1980 Paul Koutoukas
- 1983 Nicholas Kousevich
- 1986 John Kariotakis

Our new bishop's throne is ready and waiting for occupancy whenever we are to be honored by a visit of a spiritual Holy leader. The Eastern influence on the West is represented in St. Nicholas. An electronic chimes system recently installed, duplicates the sound of pealing bells which adds to the beauty of the Lord's house and reminds those within hearing distance on a Sunday morning, that it is time for worship.

Perhaps the blessing of our patron saint, St. Nicholas, and the prayers of our founders and all the priests who served the Tacoma Parish, will blend with the pealing chimes when we yearly celebrate our anniversary each December 6th.



Mueller Harkins Airport, late 1930's, when it was being used as a base for the Civil Pilot's Training Program. Courtesy of Washington State Historical Museum.

This picture goes with the story on the following page.

FLYING HIGH IN TACOMA

By Leo Yuckert

Everything has a beginning. As the huge jets cross the sky, I often wonder if there ever was a beginning in aviation other than what we see. I have to pinch myself to admit that aviation, as I grew up with it, had a very humble beginning. I am happy to think that I witnessed, even took part, in the early days when aviation was not the most promising industry around. Having witnessed the development, I feel a great satisfaction in seeing the industry reach heights for which few had ever seriously hoped. For those who missed the initial takeoff, I would like to comment on just some of those early times in the Northwest, more specifically, Tacoma. I'm very certain that what took place here happened in many other areas of this country in about the same manner.

In the twenties and thirties airports around Tacoma were a great deal less imposing than what we see today. A pasture with a minimum number of trees and rocks or an abandoned racetrack, served the purpose. The Tacoma Mueller-Harkins Airport, with the dubious distinction of being located across the highway from a cemetery, was a first. The only hazard was a row of poplars which nipped the wings of aircraft a little low when coming in for a landing to the southwest. The early airport had two hangars on the north near the highway. The field was large with worn tracks, indicating the preferred runway most aligned with the prevailing wind. No matter how slim business was at the airport, there always was a Fixed Base Operator (FBO) stationed there. The fleet consisted at the most of three aircraft, but often less. The common plane of that period was the biplane. My recollection says it was an OX5 powered International. I may be wrong but they all seemed well endowed with plywood. Plywood in the wings, in the fuselage, and stored in and around the hangar. There was

often more patch-repairing than flying in those days.

Whenever I visited the airport on weekends there was little activity; maybe a few ground classes or a lot of engine tinkering on engines with tools scattered around on the hangar floor. On week days there might be some classes in ground instruction, otherwise the field was as quiet as the cemetery across the road. On rare occasions one hit pay dirt; an itinerant aircraft might land. The normal approach consisted of a dive on the airport, full throttle, to alert all and sundry that this was an event of no small import, and actually it was for the pilot too.

On one such an occasion, one of the earliest Monocoupes made an appearance. It was painted orange and black, had a lot of glass all around the cockpit and a Velie radial engine which popped and crackled after it was shut off. What a thrill to see an airplane come alive which I had only seen in aviation magazines. It was all worth the ten mile hitchhike and was most satisfying to any kid who had so many dreams of eventually becoming airborne.

Years later a new and larger hangar was built across from the cemetery entrance. The new structure was a "terminal" and included a funky glassed in tower and a large, hard-surfaced area extending out from the hangar entrance. That hard surface was new and was the beginning of acres and acres of ramps yet to come. The hangar now housed newer and late model aircraft. I recall a small trimotor, high wing monoplane with in-line engine; and finally an Encoupe which was seldom flown, since pilots frowned on it because it was damned with a tricycle gear and simplified control system. I should mention two other old timers; an OX5 powered Swallow biplane and a black and orange Stearman. To me that was quite a fleet and it seemed like a lot of airplanes to wander around and admire; hoping to hell someone would roll one out and fly it.

Those airplanes stimulated the imaginations of the "nuts" who were interested in aviation and were convinced by a sixth sense that aviation, in their books at least, had a real and attainable future.

The time interval between the old hangar and the new must have been about twelve or fifteen years. I think the impetus for the newly located structure was due largely to the air races and tours (a number of civil aircraft visiting selected airports and selling rides to the public). If one arrived at the airport early enough there was a most fantastic display of current aircraft; nearly everything built would make the event. My first view of a Lockheed Vega occurred at such a tour; it was equipped with a radial engine with no cowl-ing and the pilot had to enter the plane from the top in front of the wing and not through the cabin. There were many others, biplanes and monoplanes with high and low wings. One could see Wacos, Stearmans, Travelaires and Aerosports; all of which would be used for the next few decades. I remember the early low wings with their amateurish design of struts and wires. I remember well seeing numerous planes dive on the airport, pull up, circle and land in spite of the dust storm created by other taxiing aircraft with tail skids. The events were most exciting; a courageous display for those days and they seemed to auger well for the future.

A shot in the arm came to Tacoma when the city became involved with buying an airplane in order to enter an air race. Citizens were asked to support and subscribe toward the purchase of an air race entrant. The aircraft selected was a Buhl Airsedan, a sesqui-wing biplane, a five place design with a Wright radial engine. The campaign was successful and Tacoma had its entrant. As I recall it didn't win the race but it wasn't last either. The Airsedan was around Mueller-Harkins Airport a long time being used for charter and passenger hopping. It was interesting to check on

its use when I visited the airport. At one time it was "rigged" for dual instruction; the student in the front cockpit and the instructor behind with control of the rudder and stick. Not the best instructor-student arrangement, but dual instruction continued that way in spite of obstacles.

As the years wore on a new breed of operators appeared. They had a ripple effect by helping the FBO in acquiring interested students. Signs would appear along the highway, a discreet distance from the hangar, reading "Learn to fly - \$80." The signs pointed to a new dawn for young men to get in on the ground floor of aviation. Actually, in retrospect, those advertisements were 100% true as aviation advanced. The operators used a variety of aircraft for instruction: the Curtis Pusher, the early Arrow tapered wing biplane and the Aer-onca flying bathtub. Those flimsy bits and pieces of the early flying scene had a tremendous impact on keeping the industry alive and moving--almost more "game" than industry at the time. About the airplanes, we can now say the designs and quality controls fell short of the day's safety requirement. However, interest held and succeeding designs improved as skills, knowledge and money became available. Ingenious operators whose livelihood depended on getting people to fly promoted a scheme of a penny-a-pound ride. Statistically it may be that more people became airborne as a result of this rewarding program for passengers and operators. It was especially good for little kids--real cheap; but not so good for a 250-pounder.

Looking back it all seems like a moment in slow motion. Little did one realize that this was the beginning and each aircraft and design was making a tremendous contribution toward today's diverse market. There was never an abandonment of the spirit to fly regardless of costs or loss of pilots' lives.

Another sign of local aviation growth was the acquisition by Pierce County of land for another

airport. I think it was very much a matter of civic awareness to provide a commercial airport in order to remain somewhat competitive with Seattle. Initially Pierce County built a large steel hangar, still there, now part of McChord Field. Included in the "terminal" were shops and a weather-reporting station to provide weather information to the airmail service.

Varney Airlines had a Stearman which stopped on schedule for mail. The plane had an open cockpit for the pilot but the front cockpit for the mail was covered. Often I tried to be present at the scheduled arrivals and departures of the mail planes, weather permitting for both of us. The mail planes attempted to make straight-in landings, abandoning the more common earlier "buzz" jobs. The pilots running the mail were very serious about giving good service and also of making money.

The Stearman was later followed by the Boeing 40A. Pilots were still in the open cockpit but space was provided for four passengers in a closed cabin. When I was in junior high school I used to be awakened during the night as the mail plane flew overhead, bound for Seattle, another successful flight from where I didn't know.

Fledgling technology continued and was inexorably nudged on through the thirties. Finally the secret and almost mysterious (all new designs were secret up to a point) all metal, low wing, twin engines Boeing 247, was seen skirting in and out of the clouds over Tacoma. It was an unforgettable moment when I actually saw a silver, sleek monster in flight, unlike any futuristic sketches I had ever seen. Thinking back, I can come to only one conclusion: I experienced some exciting and stimulating times as did all those who looked upward.

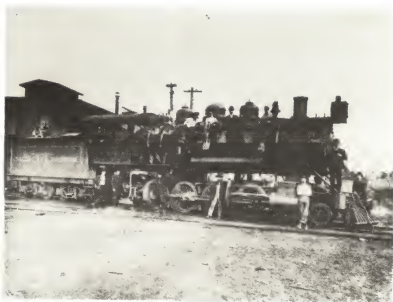
At airports and over head, other planes were being seen; the Fokker Tri-Motor and the Universal, Boeing Tri-Motor Biplane, the Ford Tri-Motor and eventually the Stinson high and low wing tri-motors, the large

single-engine Hamilton, the Standard and the Buhl Air Bus. In looking back, I don't think the Pierce County Field was ever static, albeit many erratic starts. It seemed to have started with little fanfare but managed to survive and prosper in spite of hazards but with plenty of high hopes.

Young men who hung around the airfield were now primed to move into aviation professionally. At the time one could not logically explain the interest and fascination flying held but that did not deter flying enthusiasts from working at common jobs and saving their money in order to take flying lessons.

In the late thirties college students had an unusual opportunity offered by the Civil Aeronautics Authority to learn to fly in a Civil Pilot Training Program. By maintaining a reasonable academic record, passing a physical examination and paying \$40 one could learn to fly. I entered the Program at the College of Puget Sound. Dr. Raymond Seward was ground instructor and Ben Berry, FBO at the Mueller Harkins Airport, was flight instructor. Berry supplied the training planes, two piper Cubs and an all metal Luscombe. Training flights were scrupulously logged and when I completed the ground school, forty hours of flight training, and the final flight check, I received a private pilot's license.

My interest in aviation finally led me into Airport Traffic control. After becoming a journeyman controller, I acquired my commercial pilot's license and flight instructor's rating. Until I retired from Airport Traffic Control in 1975 I maintained an interest in flying as an avocation.



Engine No. 14 of the Tacoma Eastern Railroad was brought to the Bismarck fire on July 10, 1914. Courtesy of the author.

THE BISMARCK FIRE

By Fred Stiegler

It was a quiet evening of July 10, 1914 when the residents of Bismarck, near Tacoma, heard the fire whistle sound at the Comly-Kirk Planing Mill. The mill was on fire! Dark smoke rolled up as the flames fanned by a brisk north wind, quickly spread to the adjoining Bismarck Lumber Company.

Paul Kirk, at home at 5219 McKinley Avenue, heard the whistle and could see the smoke from his father's mill. He jumped on his bike and raced toward the mill.

With bell clanging and smoke billowing from its short stack, the first fire engine arrived, pulled by three grey horses; a fast run from the station at 38th and McKinley.

Gus Hagen was shingling the roof of his new home at 702 East 53rd when he saw the flames. He called to his sons, Gene and Earl, who with their father, ran to the fire.

Mill workers and spectators were quick to gather and to help hook up the mill fire hoses. Soon more horse-drawn steam pumpers (fire engines) arrived from as far as South Tacoma, the team of horses falling exhausted onto the ground when they arrived at the scene.

Motor driven fire equipment from downtown Tacoma began to arrive but it was too late. Before the night was over, fifteen acres of mill sites and lumber yards between east 56th and 62nd streets and an area west of the main Tacoma Eastern Railroad, was swept clean, three people were dead and a score injured.

The Comly-Kirk barns were saved as were their horses but the Comly home burned to the ground. The

home of E. Foster, the owner of the Bismarck Mill, although near the fire, somehow was spared. Today the residence still stands at 58th and McKinley Avenue, surrounded by a high hedge, the only remaining building of the great fire.

In the path of the flames stood the barns where the Bismarck Mill stabled their horses. The doors were opened and the horses were driven out to a safe place across the avenue. Ironically, the barn doors were left open as the men hurried away to fight the fire. When the flames spread to the barnroofs, the unattended horses panicked and dashed back into their burning barns. There, amid terrible screams, the confused animals all burned to death.

Number 14, a heavy-duty freight locomotive, was sent roaring up the Tacoma Eastern Gulch from Tacoma to try to remove some of the lumber-laden rail cars from the path of the fire. Tall stacks of lumber piled high on both sides of the track, were burning. An attempt was made to run the engine through the fire into the Comly-Kirk yards. About ten or fifteen volunteers, adventurous but foolish, climbed aboard the locomotive and crowded onto the wide step behind the tender. In a few moments this move ended in disaster. Moving slowly between the piles of burning lumber, the heavy engine, now running over hot rails and burning ties, gave a shudder and with its tender, slowly tipped over into the flames. The engineer and crew jumped clear, but two riders, C. Westcott and Earl Carpenter, were caught under the engine and were crushed. Seventeen-year-old Glen Gabriel, an arm and a leg pinned beneath the tender, lay amid the burning timbers. Those who had escaped with burns ran back into the fire to try to free the trapped youth. Some burned themselves even more severely in the attempted rescue. When the fuel tank of the tender ruptured from the heat, the burning oil flowed toward the trapped youth. An effort was made to sever his leg with a shovel as he begged his would-be rescuers to hit him on the head and end his torture. It was too late; for soon the youth was engulfed in the burning oil while the shaken men ran

to save themselves.

The fire was seen for many miles. Tacoma Railway and Power Company placed extra street cars on the McKinley Park Line to transport hundreds of spectators to the big blaze.

There was another incident that directly pertained to this fire; every summer for over ten years the remaining sawdust piles on the old mill site would smoke and smolder. As a boy, I often played with neighborhood friends in the ruins. In 1921, one boy running over a smoldering sawdust pile, fell through. When we pulled him out, his tennis shoe was ablaze. A double knot hindered the removal of his shoe. The boy limped home in tears, and in less than one month he was dead of blood poisoning. His home is no longer standing and his name is long forgotten.

Engine Number Fourteen was repaired and remained in service for many years, pushing cars up the steep grade to East 64th Street where the freight trains were assembled.

Sixty years after the fire, I wrote about it in a story which was printed in the Tacoma News Tribune. I was surprised to find that I had inadvertently opened some old wounds. Carl Sharp, who had talked his cousin Glen Gabriel into riding on the tender of Engine Number Fourteen to the fire, became very upset about hearing once more of that terrible day of so long ago. His sister, Ruth Knoll of Puyallup, called me and later wrote a letter to me explaining that Mr. Sharp would not read the newspaper article about the fire but that he talked about it a great deal. The day after the fire, Mr. Sharp, although badly burned himself, watched the removal of the bodies. The Sharp family home was on East 48th Street near the railroad tracks which probably was a constant reminder of the tragedy. The mother of Glen Gabriel never recovered from the shock; it affected her mind until she passed away at an old age.

Another echo from the fire was a call from Mr. Gus Anderson of University Place, who told of the time when he had run through the mill site in August of 1914 when he was eleven years old. He too fell through some burning sawdust and severely burned his feet. He awoke in a hospital where he stayed for ten weeks while skin was grafted on his feet; then he had to learn to walk all over again.

Still another response came in the form of a letter from Gladys Holland of California who stated that her father, John H. Deacon, was the engineer of the wrecker that lifted up #14 and other wreckage, after the fire. She mentioned that the mill whistle was stuck and the eerie sound helped make a nightmare of that night. She was eight years old at the time.

I can well remember the locomotive tender lying beside the main line at about East 60th Street. There was not a child who would venture near the thing after dark. It was said that you could still hear the poor youth crying there. Sometime in the early twenties, a wrecker came to lift the broken tender onto a flat car. We kids gathered around, for we were sure that another body would be found, but of course, there was none.

With the entry of the United States into World War One, the name of the town of Bismarck was changed to Hillsdale because of the sensitivity to German names. The area had already become part of the City of Tacoma.

ROAD BUILDER

Co-authors: Madeline A. Robinson
and Wilma Snyder

A 1938 issue of the Sixth Avenue Journal, located at 608 South Fife Street, invited those who had lived in the State of Washington during territorial days to come to its office to claim free tickets to the Sunset Theater. The tickets were the personal gift of Louis Perunko, owner and manager of the theater located at Sixth Avenue and Prospect. The Journal offered a challenge to its readers by stating, "If you have never been interested in the early history of Tacoma, you would be by talking to some of its old-timers." My father, Joseph Warter Sr., who lived at 631 North Fife for over fifty years, was one of those old-timers. He was a general paving contractor who worked on sidewalks and streets in Tacoma and surrounding counties.

I have many memories of the jobs my father did because he talked to my brother and me about them. One of the earliest that I recall, was a job to drain and grade three miles of road near South Prairie on the Buckley-Wilkeson Highway. I have in my possession a contract for the job; he was one of seven bidders. His bid of \$74,430 was \$420 lower than any other bid.

Looking at the contracts which my father saved gives me a history of what he was doing as well as keeping up with the story of road improvement in the city and county. In 1914 his bid of \$62,337 was accepted for a partial road starting at Spanaway and going towards the Mountain.

In 1919 Pierce County passed a bond issue for two million, five hundred thousand dollars for four projects; a road from Spanaway to McKenna, the grading of the East Side Drive, grading of the Eatonville Highway, and the building of a road from

the Tacoma Country and Golf Club on Gravelly Lake to the Steilacoom road. My father won the contract for the Country Club Road.

In 1921 he was awarded a city contract to pave Park Avenue from South 64th to South 96th. The project had been held up for nearly a month due to the laying of water mains south of 88th Street. When he could start to work Dad placed his mixing equipment on 96th Street and proceeded to work north. He had some innovative procedures which facilitated his work. An article in the October nineteen-twenty-nine issue of the Western Highway Builder stated, "Mr. Warter is one of the first paving contractors in the Pacific Northwest to speed up his operations by having stockpiles of materials located at intervals along his work and charging the mixer by the use of small trucks built especially for this purpose. The article explained, "In the past mechanical finishers have been found unwieldy because of the lack of flexibility in going from a flat surface to a crown. Mr. Warter, with the aid of an equipment distributor, worked out a quick change attachment so that the distributor can be changed in about three minutes. As far as is known...it is the first really quick convertible finisher in the country."

In an April 19, 1926 issue of The Index, the Sumner newspaper, my father was named as a man whose work had been highly commended by public officials. The article stated, "The tremendous increase in the amount of both city and county traffic, partially due to the modern motor car, has made it a matter of public necessity that all main roads be paved and kept in good repair. Among the firms who early realized this need and equipped themselves to serve the public in this respect, there is no other which has met with greater success or higher commendation than Mr. Warter's efficient and well-managed company." About the time of the Index story he had a job to widen the shoulders and add guard rails along 2.6 miles of the new Tacoma-

Seattle highway. He kept in close touch with others in his occupation by becoming a member and later an officer, of the Work's Contractors Association.

The contracts I have confirming my father's jobs on a variety of city streets, indicated that he had to offer surety for each contract as required by state law. In case of non-performance, both the contractor and the insurer would be held responsible. In a bond dated April 19, 1929 a penal sum of \$25,528 would have been required had my father defaulted on the contract. The Maryland Casualty Company and the Union Indemnity Company of Louisiana were named as joint signers of the bond. Bonds for jobs required completion within the time set forth or with such extensions as might be granted. Contractors had to pay their own laborers or sub-contractors and provide their own provisions and supplies. The city was not responsible for any damage to persons or property by reason of carelessness or negligence on the part of the holder of the contract. My father had to be a good businessman to keep his company operating safely and successfully.

Letters and newspaper clippings indicate that my father had been awarded contracts for the improvement of State Road No.1, later known as the Pacific Highway, from Fort Lewis to Nisqually and later from Nisqually to Olympia. He also did some retopping with asphalt on Olympia city streets and resurfacing on the military road to Auburn with the same material. However, concrete was his favorite material and he had some disagreements with some of his co-workers as to the best road surface.

By 1933 my father had worked on enough contracts and his company was well enough known that the Sunday Olympian reported, "Joseph Warter, dean of paving contractors of Washington, has a long and enviable record of highway construction which includes some of the state's largest jobs."

He attended the official opening of Martin Way on the Pacific Highway which was held September 3, nineteen-thirty-seven. The total cost of the highway was \$1,700,000, which included a 322 foot bridge over the Nisqually River. A large concrete bridge 4,496 feet long, covering the Nisqually flats west of the river, was part of the project.

A county contract which my father was awarded for part of the Puyallup-Graham Road was for twenty-six thousand, four hundred five dollars; it was subject to approval of a grant of 45% to be allotted by the PWA (Public Works Administration) which was part of President Roosevelt's depression program. The road was to be nine feet in width, a far cry from what is needed for traffic on that stretch of road today.

One of the newspaper articles I have saved told of my father falling out of a plum tree while pruning it. Acknowledging his interest in sports, the article stated that he didn't let his injuries keep him from attending a regular "smoker" sponsored by the Eagles; "smoker" was the word used for a boxing match. I can visualize my father in a well filled auditorium of spectator sportsmen, all smoking cigars!

On the humorous side, E. T. Short, a columnist for the Tacoma Times, reported on a car race from Tacoma to Olympia and back. There were 18 contestants two of them women. The race must have taken place before the Pacific Highway was built because the 40 mile road was described as a dirt road with varied grades, curves and mud puddles. The pilot car had as passengers, S. A. Perkins, Elliot Kelly and Sidney Anderson. Confetti was thrown from the car which traveled at an average speed of nearly 40 miles an hour. Mayor Seymour made the trip previous to the race in three hours and twenty seconds. His time was not announced before the race but the car coming in closest to his time was to be the winner. Coming in one minute and thirty-nine seconds of the

mayor's time was J. P. Leshner. (Mr. Leshner owned a restaurant next door to the Hoyt Doughnut Company at Sixth Avenue and Prospect.) Sportsman that he was, my father entered the race, driving a Studebaker, his favorite car. On the return trip he skidded in the soft mud near Lacey and before he could gain control of his car, it had turned around and was headed back toward Olympia. His gears locked and he was forced to ask for assistance. He didn't reach Tacoma until the next day.

I remember my father as a man who took care of his children after my mother died, who was known by professional contractors as an innovative worker, and to his cronies who may have also attended the Eagle "smokers" he was probably known as a man who played as hard as he worked.



First paving in Point Defiance Park contracted by Joseph Warter, Sr. In the foreground is Joseph Warter, Jr. Courtesy of the author.

FATHER'S WORK

By Eunice Huffman

Father was an electrician and as a young man, practiced his trade independently. When the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad electrified part of its route, Father was hired to work on the electrical systems. He worked as far east as Deerlodge, Montana which was a terminal point. Mother's wish to return to Tacoma started him on a new career.

The foresight of Eastern financiers had brought the Todd Drydock and Construction Corporation to the Hylebos Waterway. The keel for the first ship was laid in July 1917 and during World War I the shipyard became a thriving industry as more and more warships were built.

It was during this time that my father, Roy Trobridge, was employed at Todds and became the electrical superintendent of the yard. He was not particularly a jokester but when he suspected employees of stealing small parts in their lunch buckets he would screw their buckets to whatever surface they were placed on so when the owner hurried to take off at quitting time, he would be astonished to find his bucket secured. This was Father's warning to stop the thievery. Another one of Father's rules was directed at the timemen spent in the bathroom. Dad had wired a low voltage of power to the toilet seat and if he felt the employee was loitering, Dad would give him a jolt of electricity and the employee was soon back on the job!

A time of embarrassment for Father happened once at lunchtime when he was entertaining some eastern officials of the company. He was having difficulty removing the cardboard seal from a bottle of milk served him. He finally used his fork to aid in the removal of the lid and stabbed the fork into the

bottle, causing the milk to spray onto the suit of the visiting official.

After the closure in June, 1925, Father remained on the job at the shipyard for a time as he was in charge of the electrical dismantling. The buildings stood empty until 1933, when all but one small building was razed for scrap. During World War II Todd Drydock was reorganized as Todd-Pacific and warships were built again.

Father was not involved in this effort as he had started his own business, Midget Water Heater and Specialty Company, after Todd's first closure. His company was located in the basement of a building at 3401 Pacific Avenue. His main business was the manufacture of water heaters and thermostats which he designed himself. He developed special electrical equipment and eventually had a machine shop.

The early model water heaters were designated as side-arm heaters and were fitted to the outside of the water tank by pipes through which the water circulated and was heated. These heaters were controlled by an off-and-on switch, however, a thermostat was designed to be used in conjunction with the heater which would automatically turn it off and on, furnishing the desired temperature of water at all times. It was difficult to convince people to spend the added few dollars for the thermostat as most of them felt they could rely on their own ability to control the heater. One such person was the owner of a bakery located at 3505 McKinley Avenue. Father had installed a large tank and heater in the bakery and advised the owner to install a thermostat. The owner didn't think he needed the added expense so declined to purchase the safeguard. One weekend he forgot to turn off the heater and the resulting pressure from the built-up steam blew the heater apart and caused considerable damage to the bakery.

In my little house at 3635 East G Street I had somewhat the same experience with a bit better luck.

I had forgotten to turn off my heater but the steam pressure backed into the water system and our neighbors were getting hot water from their cold tap. After that episode, I had a thermostat installed.

Eventually Father developed more sophisticated water heaters and needed a larger area for his expanding business so he purchased land on 28th and Pacific Avenue, designed and had built, a new building. He continued to operate his business until his death on December 19, 1960. My mother eventually sold the design rights to his products and the machinery and stock were sold to various purchasers.

The building was purchased by Pay-N-Pak Plumbing and Supply Company. I believe this was the forerunner of the now multi-operation of Pay-N-Pak stores. The building was later resold to Eagle Paper Box Company, which still operates there.



voices



This picture goes with the
story on the following page.



George Byrd home in Fern Hill area located at So.
81st and J Streets, Circa 1883. Courtesy of
Peggy Goedert.

EARLY FERN HILL AND TACOMA

By Wilma Snyder

From a transcript made of an interview with Leland Athow, conducted by Ruth L. Wett as part of an oral history project sponsored by the Tacoma Public Library in 1976. Edited by Wilma Snyder in 1986.

My grandfather, George W. Byrd, platted the community known as Fern Hill in 1888. Lots sold readily in the new development, extending from South 84th to 88th Streets and from Park to Yakima Avenues. Earlier in 1865, he had taken a homestead from Park to Sheridan Avenues and from South 80th to 86th Streets. His first house was built about where Baker Junior High School's baseball diamond is now located. Later he built a larger, eight-room home, including a milk room. (Fern Hill was then a farming community.) In addition to a wood cook stove in the kitchen, the house was heated by eight fireplaces.

Grandfather sold 20 acres of the platted community to my father, James Athow, who had married George's daughter, Addie Elizabeth, in 1890. Father cleared the land of first growth timber so he could go into the market gardening business. He delivered vegetables, fruit and a limited amount of meat, in Tacoma and around the Lakes area, which was prairie, extending from Fort Lewis to Gravelly, Steilacoom and American Lakes. He made deliveries three times a week in Tacoma, but because of city regulations, he could sell only what he produced on his own land. Restrictions were less stringent out in the county, so when he was in town he would buy bananas, oranges, peaches and watermelons to sell out in the country. It is interesting to note the differences in the prices then and now. Cherries were about five to eight cents a pound and vegetables, sold in bunches, were four bunches for a nickel. Eggs were fifty cents a dozen and bananas, sold by the dozen instead of the pound, were 20 cents.

When Grandfather took out his homestead in 1865, there was no school close by. The nearest school, the first built in Pierce County in 1855, was on the prairie close to where the Clover Park School District Administration building stands today. One day when my mother, Addie Elizabeth Byrd, and her sister, Clara Margaret, were walking the three miles to this school, they encountered what they thought was a cougar. They were too frightened to make the journey again so my grandfather donated two acres of land from his homestead for a local school. Originally it was called Byrd's School and later renamed Fern Hill School. Pupils came from Parkland, Lakeview and Bismarck before those districts had schools of their own.

As soon as the school was built a Sunday School was organized and a preacher from Puyallup added Fern Hill to his circuit. As the school population increased a wing was added and when a brick building was built (still in use) the old school was purchased by Henry Berger who moved it to a location near South 90th and A Streets and remodeled it for a home. (In 1976 the home was still standing.)

When the community felt the need for a church, my grandfather donated two lots for a church and parsonage at South 80th and Park Avenue. People came from Spanaway, Parkland and Bismarck to worship in the Methodist Episcopal Church. (It has had at least two other locations and is now listed in the phone book as the Fern Hill United Methodist Church at 501 South 84th.)

Tacoma was separated from Fern Hill by a forest of trees with a plank road through the woods going to town. Transportation was by horse and buggy, wagon, or by foot. Since wood was in demand for heating and cooking there was a big demand for this fuel. Cut wood was hauled to town on the plank road and sold from \$2.25 to \$3.25 a cord. The plank road finally became mired in the mud, gave way, and was regraded. Cinders from the Lakeview Rolling Mill

were spread over the road for a new surface.

The distance from Fern Hill to Tacoma was about seven miles. At one time there was a little steam engine which pulled one passenger car on a narrow gauge track. The engine burned wood and cords of it were stacked along the tracks at different stations at South 82nd and Yakima Avenue. The tracks were later widened to regulation size but the power wasn't always adequate for going up Delin Street Hill. The lights in the passenger car would dim enough so that night-time riders were inconvenienced if they were trying to read a newspaper. Traffic was heavy and if the seats and inside standing space were full, passengers stood on the steps, hanging onto an outside handle. Sometimes people rode the cow catcher or even up on top of the car.

After the Tacoma Railway and Power Company established street car lines around town, Fern Hill decided they wanted to be annexed to the city, mainly to get street car fares reduced. It cost 15 cents for a round trip ticket to Tacoma but in town you could ride for a nickel. The TR and P refused the nickel fare farther than 64th Street and the conductor would then walk around to collect another fare. Some passengers got off and walked the rest of the way but others waged a sort of a sit-down strike. So the car was switched to a siding and as more cars reached 64th Street they too were switched off the main line; some of the passengers stayed there all night. The next morning my brother and I delivered the Tacoma Ledger to people still on the cars. Some determined citizens stayed on the cars a second day which got the TR and P into a bind as their franchise guaranteed at least one complete run every twenty-four hours but no cars were returning to town to complete a run. A temporary agreement was reached with the Fern Hill passengers being given a receipt for their 15 cent fare until a court hearing could be scheduled. The court decided in favor of the Fern Hill residents so officials of the street car line came out to a

meeting held in the Odd Fellows Temple. They brought several canvas bags of money and returned the riders fares to them.

There was practically nothing between Fern Hill and Tacoma so the community thought of itself as a little town where everyone knew everyone else. Before being annexed to the city it was under county government. For many years, not having a doctor nearby, they had to depend on a doctor either from Puyallup or Tacoma who they hoped would make house calls. It was a self-contained community and continued having yearly pioneer celebrations after it was annexed to the city.

* * * * *

(The community had its ups and downs and no doubt suffered as the whole town did in the depression of 1893, the year Mr. Athow was born. He must have been a student of history because in his interview he quoted a promise of the time made by Grover Cleveland, who said, "If you elect me president you will be able to buy a pair of shoes for 50 cents." They elected him, and you could buy the shoes for the quoted price but nobody had the 50 cents. Mr. Athow is still alive and at 93 is still a student of history and loves to talk about the times he remembers.)

* * * * *

There is a fascinating story in Mr. Athow's story of the tragic demise of his great uncle, Andrew Byrd. A man by the name of Bates, who it was rumored did not have average intelligence, lost a cow. Someone whom Mr. Athow mentions as well known but whose name he does not reveal, told Bates that his cow had been seen in Andrew Byrd's slaughter house. Bates questioned Mr. Byrd and was given permission to inspect the slaughter house for evidence; he did so but apparently found none. But Bates brooded about the situation and hung about the post office in Steilacoom for three days. When Byrd came for his mail Bates shot him. The victim

was taken to a hotel in town where efforts were made to save his life but he died the next day. Bates had been put in the Steilacoom jail by the sheriff, Peter Judson. After the death of Byrd a crowd with Philip Keach and DeLoss Montgomery broke down the door of the jail, captured the sheriff and held him locked up in a store. They broke down the door of the cell and Bates was taken to a nearby barn and hung.

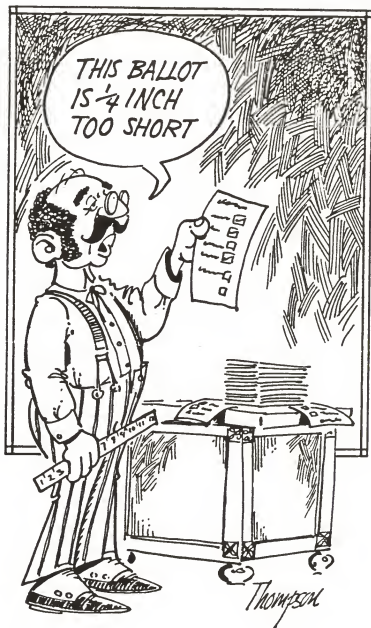
Laura Belle Downey Bartlett was a little girl of six at the time and when called as a witness, she stated that a mob had taken matters in their own hands and that the sheriff was not responsible.

A recently published book, "A Small World of Our Own" by Robert Bennett, includes stories written by pioneers in a contest sponsored by The Tacoma Ledger in 1893. The prize for the best story was two round trip tickets to the World's Fair in Chicago. One of the stories written by William D. Vaughn claimed credit for organizing the "company" that hung Bates. Vaughn was a friend of Byrd who had helped him by allowing Vaughn to buy feed from the Byrd grist mill on credit. Vaughn said he gathered up twenty men who used an ax, a crowbar and a sledge hammer to break down the jail door. He describes the site of the hanging as a nearby stable from which they had fastened a pole with a block and tackle hanging from it. He also mentions in addition to Keach and Montgomery, the names of Thomas Headly, M.J. West and B. Dolbear. Vaughn quotes Bates as saying he wanted to see Ezra Meeker to tell him how to dispose of his (Bates) property.

Ezra Meeker is not mentioned in Mr. Athow's interview but a paper in the Byrd file in the library of the Washington State Historical Society states that an article written by Ezra Meeker in the Puget Sound Herald, the Steilacoom newspaper, stated that a cow belonging to Bates was last seen in a pen in Andrew Byrd's slaughter house. If Bates was not a rational man such a story could be

the basis for his action. The lynching mob apparently wanted to go after Meeker also, but Allen Miller and a Captain Mitchell persuaded them to stop. Besides, the story goes, Meeker had "left town" for Oregon. The exact truth of the story may never be known but it is the essence of the happenings of the times.

Voting procedures questioned as early as 1886.
Drawn by Myron Thompson, The Tacoma News Tribune.



LIVING UNDER TACOMA'S 1886 CHARTER

By Wilma Snyder

Speed is not a word generally associated with the Washington State Legislature, but in 1886, when Tacoma submitted its territorial charter to the law-making body, they moved with haste. The charter had been submitted to the city council and signed by the president, B.B. Day, on January 22. It was ratified by the House of Representatives eight days later, and the governor, Watson C. Squire, signed the charter on February 4, 1886.

Of course, the volume of business confronting territorial legislators was probably minute compared to 1986 agendas, just 100 years later. Consider school issues, for instance: there was no negotiations law, desegregation was not an issue and getting "back to basics" was not a problem because the "basics" was what school was all about. School support was determined in a way that would probably be challenged today. The city was divided into two school districts, East and West. Each district was to receive a separate and equal share from the common school fund of Pierce County. In addition, one-third of the money received by the city for wholesale or retail liquor licenses in their respective districts also went to school support. "Quality" education evidently depended on quantity consumption of "spirits."

The corporate limits of Tacoma, as established by the charter, were Commencement Bay as the eastern boundary, Adams Street the western, the Puyallup Indian Reservation to the south, and the Pierce County line on the north. This area joined together Old Tacoma, which had been incorporated in 1875, and New Tacoma, whose limits had been defined in eighteen-eighty-three.

The city was divided into four wards with each ward allowed two representatives to the city council. Appointed by the council were the city clerk, assessor, chief of police, health officer, fire wardens, harbor master and committee magistrates. The city attorney, treasurer, street commissioner and surveyor were elected by the citizens at large.

The city magistrates functioned similarly to present day justices of the peace. They had jurisdiction to hear and determine, without a jury, all complaints of violations of any ordinance. The complaints could be either civil or criminal, with the magistrate having authority to levy fines and determine sentences.

Salaries were probably typical of the times. The chief of police and the city clerk each received \$125 a month, the treasurer \$150, the street commissioner and the city attorney \$100 and policemen whether on day or night duty, earned \$75 a month. The assessor was paid on a per diem basis of \$4 but the surveyor earned \$5, and his assistants only \$2.50. The health officer and the fire warden were on a yearly stipend of \$200.

Voting regulations were exacting and strict in some aspects but lax in others. The ballot provided by the city clerk was required to be 12 inches long and four inches wide with one-half inch allowed for error on the length and one-quarter inch on the width.

If any ballot appeared to differ by size, color, texture or appearance from the ones provided, it was rejected. Rejection was also the fate of two ballots marked and folded together.

After the election, ballots were returned from the precincts to the clerk's office in a sealed envelope. The clerk endorsed the envelope and all envelopes were then given to the city council, which did the counting. After the counting, the

ballots were again deposited in still another envelope, dated and retained intact for six months.

With such strict procedures, it is provocative to wonder if any consideration was given to the fact that incumbents were in a position to count their own votes.

City officials who absented themselves from the city for too long were looked upon with disfavor. If the mayor, clerk, treasurer or assessor were absent from the city for 60 days, a vacancy was declared. Twenty days away from the city was considered sufficient to declare a vacancy for the chief of police or any of the magistrates.

Councilmen were allowed only three absences without consent before their positions were declared vacant. The council could expel its own members for improper conduct by a two-thirds vote. There was no mention of a citizens' recall in the charter.

The council regulated the storage, transportation and sale of all explosives; punished fast or immoderate drivers of horses; regulated the driving of stock through the streets; and required citizens to keep their property and adjacent streets and alleys clean from "things dangerous and offensive."

The council could also declare "houses of ill fame" and gambling houses as nuisances and levy fines under that charge. Gaming tables, no matter where their location, were considered to be of nuisance value. Mentioned in this section were "pigeon hole or Jenny Lind bagatelle tables" but no description was given. The dictionary defines bagatelle as a game played with a cue and balls on an oblong table having cups or arches at one end. It sounds like "River City's pool halls." So early Tacoma may have had trouble with its youth "hanging out" in what were considered undesirable places.

Travelers to the city, whether arriving by land or water, were generally met by hack drivers or hotel runners who tried to stimulate business for their respective establishments. Runners could not remain on a dock or roadway without permission of the owner and could not use a "loud voice in soliciting business." Nor were they allowed to take hold of any baggage belonging to a traveler without "his or her" permission. The "her" in the last sentence is about the only privilege mentioned for women in the entire charter.

There was a restriction against women, however, and that applied to their employment in any establishment which served intoxicating drinks. If an owner of a business attempted to hire the 1886 equivalent of a cocktail waitress, he was fined from \$25 to \$50.

The more serious discrimination, however, was against the hiring of Chinese or "coolies" as they were called, for employment on any public works project. Violation of this ordinance invalidated the work contract.

There were several offenses which might be punished by jail sentences of from five to thirty days and fines of from \$10 to \$100. Such offenses were drunkenness, abandoning families, loitering in the streets, disposing of garbage within the city limits or the selling or smoking of opium.

Even 100 years ago air pollution was considered an offense, as the allowing of noxious exhalations or offensive smells, which were dangerous to the health or comfort of the citizens, were prohibited.

If you didn't want to end up in the "pokey" you refrained from fighting or using profane language in public, defacement of property, or carrying a concealed weapon. Prisoners in city jails were compelled to work eight hours a day on city streets, public grounds or buildings on every day but Sunday.

They were required to wear an ordinary ball and chain while performing such labor. One wonders if this were a deterrent to crime. The system probably wouldn't work now as prisoners might be considered too dangerous to be on the streets, and if not dangerous, the American Civil Liberties Union would be defending them.

Taxation lists had to be furnished by all property owners who had real estate within the city or other property liable to taxation. Failure to provide the list had a penalty of \$100. Taxes for all municipal purposes were not to exceed one-half of one per cent per annum upon property, whether real or personal. A poll tax of not less than five mills on every dollar's worth of property was collected for expenditures on streets and roads. It was levied on every male inhabitant between the ages of 21 and 50 except paupers, insane persons or any fireman who had served for a year. Since it was labeled a poll tax and levied only on males, it was apparent that women did not have the privilege of the vote.

Delinquent taxpayers were charged a fee of ten per cent, and if the poll tax was not paid, employers could pay the amount to the city from the salary of the delinquent citizen.

Present city council members might feel that the 1886 charter would be difficult for efficient operation of business of the city today, but 100 years ago it was probably pretty functional.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

By Robert Doubleday

While driving down Center Street recently I thought about the time when the Pacific Highway (which is now I-5) meandered down South Tacoma Way to M Street and then made its wrenching way through town, turning left on M to Center Street, right on Center to South 25th, right to Pacific Avenue, left to South 24th Street (Puyallup Avenue), and right again, headed east for the brick-paved "West Valley Road" to Seattle. Can you imagine present day I-5 traffic negotiating that tortuous path through town?

The automobile's effect upon Tacoma was beginning to be felt in 1905 when the State first required licensing of private vehicles. The earliest Washington automobile license was issued to S. A. Perkins of Tacoma, who registered his Pope-Toledo with the Secretary of State and paid his \$2 license fee. The law required that "all machines shall be numbered with a numeral assigned to the owner by the Secretary of State." Perkins was issued No. One. Other Tacomans who registered their autos in that year were: W. R. Rust, Frank Allyn, Jr., Carl Stebbins, R. Vaeth, F. S. Harmon, C. M. Seeley and J. M. Bell.

Interestingly, there were no automobiles registered that year in Spokane. A reporter for the Tacoma Daily Ledger made wry comments about the bucolic nature of the residents of that city.

Peoples Department Store announced proudly in 1906 that it was putting into service the first delivery truck in Tacoma. The only condescension to traffic safety at the time was that autos were required to use "red and white lights during the hours of darkness" and speeds were not to exceed "twelve miles per hour in cities and 24 miles per hour in the country" -- an adventurous rate in

view of the state of the roads.

It wasn't until 1921 that the State got around to licensing the operators of automobiles. I recall how indignant my father was when he learned that it would be necessary for him to apply for a permit to drive his own car! He was outraged at this infringement on his liberties.

Tacoma had no traffic problems, as we have come to know them, but that happy condition was soon to change. The first indication of things to come was a report in the Tacoma Daily Ledger on May 13, 1906 announcing the installation of the "first automobile danger sign on the North Pacific Coast which warned drivers to observe a speed limit of 4 miles per hour for going down the S-shaped hill at Halfway Park, a mile beyond South Tacoma." The picture accompanying this story shows W. W. Pickrell, president of the Tacoma Auto Club, standing up in his ancient vehicle and fixing the warning sign to a utility pole.

The control and direction of traffic were almost non-existent. A driver who had to pass through any city on the way to his destination was guided by information extracted from friends, garage mechanics (there were few gas stations) or from trade publications. The driver was advised to keep his eye peeled for certain landmarks and the instructions would run something like this: "Proceed into town until you reach a red frame building on your right at which point turn left for three blocks to the creamery building. Turn right, crossing the street-car tracks and proceed on until you reach the high school. Then turn left three blocks to McCormick's Garage. Turn right and proceed on your way out of town on brick road." There was no highway numbering system and no uniformity as to direction or traffic signs, where they existed.

Foggy weather brought especially nasty problems to the driver. Most of the city's streets were dark or, at best, poorly lit; automobile headlights were woe-

fully inadequate, and the painted center stripe had not yet been thought of. If you got caught out on one of those fog-bound nights, you probably chose to ride the streetcar home and go back the next day to retrieve your automobile. That happened to us more than once. The more daring souls might navigate the course by sticking their heads out the window and keeping one eye on the streetcar track and the other on the road ahead, crawling along and hoping for a familiar landmark. I may be wrong in this, but I believe that Tacoma had some fearsome fogs in my earlier years--much worse than we have experienced recently. Almost every winter was plagued with these spells.

Our infatuation with the automobile and its subsequent proliferation brought an end to these innocent times. We began to kill and maim ourselves rather indiscriminately on the city streets, and some parties were finally moved to do something to stem the mayhem and to encourage order out of what was beginning to be seen as chaos. Traffic control devices began to blossom in the 1920's. I recall when South J Street, in our old neighborhood, was designated as an arterial street and its length was adorned with the first stop signs in my ken. They were cast-iron devices, shaped like an oversized grapefruit section and planted flat side down, in the middle of the street. They bore the word STOP, surrounded by red paint. They were not easily seen, but if you ran over one, you would know it and so would most of your anatomy.

The downtown intersections were the scenes of the greatest violence and conditions finally reached the point where a policeman was assigned to the busiest of these, 11th and Broadway, where he assumed a post in the middle of the intersection and manipulated, by hand, a semaphore device to effect some sort of control over the goings-on. When the semaphore wasn't in use it stood on the sidewalk on the northeast corner, I believe. Crude as it was, it worked fine for a number of years until some

wiseacre invented the electrically operated stop-and-go sign with which we have been blessed, or cursed, ever since.

H. Dyer Dymont, Commissioner of Public Safety, on March 22, 1927, pulled a lever in the central fire station to start in operation the city's first "automatic signals to regulate traffic on downtown streets" as reported in the Tacoma News Tribune of that date. The new lights went into action at 10:30 a.m., and within two minutes, the "first casualty was reported. One truck, disregarding the stop sign, crashed into another.... both pedestrian and automobile traffic were far above normal when the lights went into action." Apparently the excitement of the event drew gawkers from all over. It was a big day in Tacoma!

The Pacific Highway route through the city was straightened and shortened considerably when the stretch through Galliher's Gulch was completed in 1931 and named Wakefield Drive. Nelson Hong, in his column in the Tacoma News Tribune, dated March 19, 1929, reported that "one of the finest highway links in the Pacific Northwest is being constructed in Galliher Gulch, for years a resting place for discarded automobile fenders and tin cans ...completion will connect Puyallup Avenue with South Tacoma Avenue..." (Galliher's Gulch will forever stand clear in my memory as the place where I picked watercress with my grandmother when I was very young. It was also the site of the first electric power generating plant in the city.)

There was a great to-do in the 1940's over the substitution of corner-mounted signal lights for those in the center of the downtown intersections and the stilling of the bell that announced the change of the stop and go lights. The blind objected to the silencing of the bells so they were reactivated in 1946, but were turned off once more, after a short time.

During the war years, the rapid growth on the

tideflats badly overtaxed the city's streets and there were numerous indignation meetings and complaints made by shipyard workers that it took them an hour-and-a-half to get home from work.

In 1943, a push-button pedestrian traffic light was installed in front of the Union Depot to give passengers a better chance of making it across busy Pacific Avenue without being run over about six times. Similar lights were installed on Broadway at 10th and 12th Streets.

In 1950, the city established a Traffic Engineering Division as a part of the Public Works Department, and this division took over from the Police Department, the task of designing traffic control systems and overseeing their installation and maintenance. The Police Department retained its responsibility for traffic law enforcement.

Nineteen-fifty saw the first electronically controlled signal light installed at the most hazardous intersection in town, at South 38th and South Tacoma Way, as described in the Ledger's story on December 31, 1950: "A model 1033 Super electro-matic, three-phase volume density dispatcher ... was installed ... to control traffic at one of the busiest intersections in the city." We must remember that Pacific Highway traffic was passing through that intersection at the time.

A nostalgic note for those of you who may remember the old Sperry Mill tunnel or what was then known as "Bayside Drive": traffic signals were installed on each end of the tunnel in 1958 to forestall a head-on accident in that dark, dripping passageway.

In 1957 the city cops began using radar to nab the unwary speeders and in the sixties several streets were restricted to one-way traffic, a decision which immediately evoked outcries from businessmen and which was subsequently modified to restore peace in the commercial community.

Today, Tacoma has over 300 electric signal lights, and so many signs of all descriptions that someone has surely lost count. Oddly, one sign seems to be missing. I remember as a youngster, seeing signs downtown admonishing all not to spit on the sidewalk. I haven't seen such a sign in years!

Front and reverse side of State of Washington Driver's License, 1925. Courtesy of Terry Grant.

S. F. No. 902-1921. Approved by Dept. of Efficiency.

Receipt No. 253539

State of Washington—Department of Licenses
Motor Vehicle OPERATOR'S License

The person named and described hereon and whose signature appears below is hereby licensed to operate motor vehicles upon the highways of this State until July 31, 1925.

Age 23 Sex Male

NEW LAW

Slow to 12 miles per hour at all railroad crossings.

Rules of the road on opposite side of this license.

W L Olts
430 Ravenna Blvd
Seattle, Wn

(Signature of Licensee)

Fred Dibble
Director of Licenses.

RULES OF THE ROAD

PASS only when you have clear vision ahead for three hundred yards. Do not pass overtaken vehicles on a curve. Stop before passing a standing street car. Use caution in passing animals. The vehicle on the right has the right-of-way at intersections. Obey the traffic signs and traffic officers. Slow up on the curves.

PARKING on pavement or main traveled roadway is forbidden. Do not stop on curves. Do not park within 25 feet of a fire hydrant. Put lights on a parked vehicle at night.

SPEED LIMIT, for trucks 25 miles per hour and slower for heavier trucks. Other vehicles, 30 miles per hour in the country, 20 in towns and cities, 12 at street crossings and railroad crossings, and passing schools during school hours. Obey this speed limit signs.

ACCIDENTS must be reported within 24 hours to Sheriff or Chief of Police. Give correct information to any witness or participant.

RECKLESS driving, that is driving so as to endanger or inconvenience other users of the highways is forbidden.

LIGHTS must not blind the other driver. If yours do get them fixed.

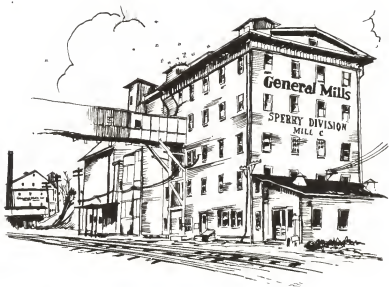
CAUTIONS

Watch out for the children. Slow up for their safety.

Do not drive close to the edge of a built-up gravel road. The shoulders of such roads are liable to give way and turn you over.

When in doubt be on the safe side. Never take a chance.

KEEP TO THE RIGHT. GO SLOWLY ON WET PAVEMENTS.



The old Sperry Flour Mill. Drawn by Myron Thompson, The Tacoma News Tribune.

TACOMA'S FLOURY PAST

By Phyllis Kaiser

"Flour Mills Add Much to Tacoma's Prosperity." That was the caption of an article in a 1909 issue of the Tacoma Ledger. The article described Tacoma as the most important grain market and flour milling center west of Minneapolis and Kansas City. What a contrast between 1909 and 1988! Today no flour mills and only one grain terminal remain; Continental's modern computerized plant at 11 Schuster Parkway. One might wonder, "What happened?"

Watson and Bradley Company, better known as the Watson and Olds Company, pioneered Tacoma's flour industry in a mill located on East D and 23rd Street at the head of City waterway. The mill ground its first barrel of flour on June 5, 1885, with a capacity of 150 barrels of flour and 60 barrels of cereal a day. It was the first roller process mill on Puget Sound. Portland's roller process mill, resentful of the Tacoma mill cutting into their flour trade, lowered their price \$1 per barrel on the Watson Mill's first day of operation. The rivalry for trade between Portland and Tacoma would ensue for many years to come.

William and John Watson, brothers, had sold a flour business in Missouri; loaded their sawmill machinery, household goods and three teams of horses onto freight cars and started for Tacoma. The year was 1883 and before the year ended, a sawmill was operating in Bismarck with John Watson in charge. The following year William Watson and William Bradley began construction of the flour mill. The grain storage bins were built with sturdy 2 x 8 planks cut at their sawmill. In the meantime the sawmill was sold and John Watson became head miller with his brother William as assistant. After a year of operation Fred A. Olds and his son, Fred T. Olds, bought into the business and it became the Watson & Olds

Company. By 1900 it was known as the best flour and cereal plant in the Pacific Northwest and several good offers were made to buy it. The mill was sold (about 1908) for \$40,000, dismantled, and moved to Seattle. John and William went to work at the Kenworthy Feed and Milling Company in South Tacoma, working there as millers until retirement.

Flour milling was one of the first industries to get a big start on Tacoma's waterfront. Three major flour mills had their beginning on Waterfront Road, or Dock Street. They grew and developed into modern plants with grain sources extending to Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Canada, as well as Eastern Washington. By 1940, when the three mills were running at capacity, they combined in milling approximately 6,000 railcars of wheat per year.

The Puget Sound Flouring Mill was established in 1889 at 611 North Dock Street on property belonging to the Northern Pacific Railroad. During construction, part of the bluff above the tracks was excavated and used as fill for the dock. Work was done by hand; laborers shoveled earth into hand-trucks on narrow-gauge "rails" and rolled them to the fill site. They worked day and night to complete the job. The large dock with deep water moorage had the additional advantage of railroad tracks adjacent to the building. It later became known as Sperry Ocean Dock and accommodated ocean plying vessels.

Centennial Flouring Mill originated about 1890 on North Waterfront Road; prior to that time it had been only a grain shipping concern. W. W. Glen was manager of the Tacoma division when fire destroyed the mill in 1947. Centennial then moved to a new location in the former Younglove Grocery Building, leased from the Northern Pacific Railroad.

Albers Brothers Milling Company erected their large mill on the city waterway at 1821 Dock Street in 1905. They produced high grade cereals made from

wheat, oats and other select grains. Their large neon sign reading "Albers Peacock Flour," with a colorful peacock on top and a miner below, actively flipping flapjacks on a griddle, was visible from downtown Tacoma.

Sperry Flour Mills had its' start in Stockton, California. The founder, Austin Sperry, was a New Englander who went to California during the gold rush. The discovery of gold provided Pacific coast flour mills a twenty-year period of prosperity. Many 49ers left gold prospecting and turned to farming; Sperry turned to flour. Flour generally sold in California for \$5 a barrel but at the mines it sold for \$25 a barrel. Sperry's milling business grew and expanded. In September 1922 he purchased the Puget Sound Flour Mill in Tacoma and renamed it Sperry "C" Mill; most of the plant's six-story structure was built after this acquisition. General Mills gradually absorbed all of Sperry's mills, renaming them Sperry Division of General Mills.

Do you remember the Sperry Tunnel - the narrow, dark, perpetually wet tunnel that passed under the Sperry Mill adjacent to the bluff? In the early 1900's streetcars traveled from downtown Tacoma along Dock Street as far as the tunnel entrance where passengers disembarked and walked to their homes in Old Town. Later one-way automobile traffic was permitted and was regulated by electric "stop and go" signals at either entrance.

Sperry Division of General Mills had a Quarter Century Club. In 1953 seven men from Tacoma - Lee Hazelton, Edward Brunoff, James McBride, Edgar Tuttle, Leo Lacey, Maurice Were and Dewey Kelley, went to San Francisco to receive recognition. Newly elected officers that year from Tacoma were Paul Folquet, Joseph DeHaan and Claude Ilton.

Some first-person stories were taped in 1976, interviews conducted by Ruth Wett, working under the

CETA Program for the Tacoma Public Library. Glen Apthorp, who had been a miller for forty years at Sperry, from 1924 to 1964, told of his experiences. (Ray, his brother, gave permission in 1986 to use information from that interview.) Glen's career at Sperry began as an oiler, working his way up to grinder. He had the very fine touch needed for grinding flour in those early days and he took pride in being able to get more flour from a bushel of wheat than any of his coworkers. The mill was run by steam power until 1920 or 1922, when a large electric motor was installed. Changes were continually made to improve milling during his forty years at Sperry; he felt wages were good and was proud of the years he worked as a miller.

Ralph Clair was in charge of the small mill where Glen worked most of those forty years. Depression years affected the mill and production was reduced to a part-time schedule. World War II also had an effect on the mill; men were drafted and Sperry was faced with a manpower shortage. Shifts were extended from the usual eight hours to twelve. Glen trained Clair's young son to be a miller during the manpower shortage. The young man had been around the mill since a small child. Glen could remember him as a child, playing in flour that had spilled on the floor and coloring himself white with the dust.

The mill had its dangers too. The worst accident Glen saw was a man caught by a moving belt. The man grabbed the corner of a reel with both hands and hung on for dear life. The belt tore off every piece of his clothing, right down to his shoes, even the tops of his socks. "There he was, hanging onto that reel, naked as a jay-bird," Glen said.

Cleanliness was essential in running a flour mill and all employees worked to keep the standard. Glen told of the time he first started working at Sperry on the night shift. Walking down the stairs inside the grain elevator he was confronted by rats. "I had

to kick them out of the way so I could walk down the steps," he said. "Those rats stood up and just dared you to kick them." He recalled many men who, afraid of the rats, refused to walk through the elevator at night. Traps were used rather than poison, which could possibly have contaminated the flour.

Fumigation was done annually to eliminate pests such as weevils and flour millers (insects). On one occasion when Glen was assisting Clair with the cyanide used in fumigation, the unexpected happened. Glen had started to clean one of the crocks they had used and was overcome by the gas. In his words, "A fellow worker pulled me outside and started blowing in my mouth. At one time the same worker had seen a swallow fall, blew in its' mouth, and the swallow flew away." Like the swallow, the treatment worked for Glen. He credited the workman with saving his life.

As the costs of producing flour mounted, profits dwindled. In 1965 General Mills stunned everyone with their announcement to close 17 plants, including Tacoma's. The closure would affect 175 workers. July 18, 1965 was the last day the Tacoma plant operated. The building remained empty for years until 1973 when the wrecker's ball moved in to demolish the grain silos, plant, and thus the tunnel. The City of Tacoma was planning to construct Bay-side Drive along the waterfront and the old mill stood in the way of the project.

Since those early years wheat production and flour milling have become sophisticated operations. Scientific studies have determined wheat provides one-fourth of all the protein in our menus plus forty percent of the thiamine. Thus the old proverb, "Bread is the staff of life," is well founded.

OUT OF THE BLUE

By Mary Etta Doubleday

So, what would YOU think if your electric heater started playing music and you heard a man's voice you recognized? The lady to whom this happened was certain that the man was under her bed, but it was Paul J. Hackett who in 1915 was experimenting with his invention, an arc transmitter with a powerful microphone. Travelers riding the interurban from Tacoma to Seattle had the same mystifying experience when Hackett's transmissions from Kent Valley were picked up by the interurban's power system with arc lamps in the cars acting as receivers.

The close encounter with radio that I experienced was not quite so eerie or primitive. It was 1940, seven years after my graduation from Lincoln High School, when I went to work at radio station KMO whose owner was Carl Haymond. It almost seemed like reunion time to work with Jerry Geehan, Larry Huseby and Marion Krueger, whom I had known in high school. Jerry and Larry covered sports and did some selling; Marion was staff organist and pianist, Mr. Haymond's secretary and staff music librarian. I spent half a day at bookkeeping chores for accountant Paul Benton and the other half writing commercials.

KMO's transmitter was near Fife and most commercials were done from there by the engineer on duty. Live programs and the every day business of operating a radio station were conducted from the "smallish" studio on the second floor of a building on the west side of Broadway, at 914½. Almost everyone "doubled in brass." Engineers had announcing chores and sometimes even sold and serviced advertising accounts. Among the stalwarts of that time were Roscoe Smith, Joe Kolesar, Max Bice, Dick Ross, Ted Knightlinger, Jack Clark, Bert Dunn, Arnold

Benum, Don Hopkins and Win Angel. These constituted a small enough staff so that excursions and parties sponsored by the Haymonds were rather like family affairs. In the summer the "Gallant Lady" was chartered and after a cruise to a private beach Jerry Meeker, the celebrated local Indian, would build a large bonfire and when it was at the required stage, he would surround the fire with sticks on which salmon filets had been threaded, Indian style. Enormous bowls of fresh fruit salad, potato salad and warm loaves of garlic bread completed the meal. One early misty morning we were paired in small boats at Pt. Defiance for a fishing derby; the catch was not spectacular, but the fun was. There were also lavish Christmas dinner parties with generous gifts.

The Haymonds wintered in Palm Springs. Their home in Tacoma at 714 North Yakima was a gracious brick structure with a wrought-iron circular staircase leading up from the front entranceway. The house was luxurious with red plush carpeting, a white down-filled sofa, a sunken bathtub off the master bedroom, a breakfast room and maid's quarters. The house had been burglarized several times and since the owners did not choose to strip it of its lavish silver pieces and valuables when they went south, they looked for someone to house sit. We were chosen, I guess, because in those days we neither smoked nor drank nor indulged in "riotous living." We had been renting a one-bedroom house with wood stoves and an icebox before we moved to this palatial luxury in November, 1940. Needless to say, we crept around in it, living in dread of breaking or soiling an item. We also fervently hoped there would not be another break-in. Somewhat to our dismay, on a spring evening the Haymonds arrived on their/our doorstep, completely unannounced and unexpected. It was most fortunate that our housekeeping was up to date and everything in order. At a reunion some 30 years later, Mr. Haymond was reminiscing amusedly how he had bought that lovely house for \$7,500. It was for sale in the early 1950's

for \$18,000 and although we were living in Bremerton at the time, we were tempted to buy it just for old time's sake. Recently it was again on the market with a \$100,000 plus tab.

Tacoma's official introduction to radio may have been in 1910 when a New Yorker, William Dubilier, from the Alaska-Yukon Pacific Exposition in Seattle transmitted messages to Bremerton and Tacoma. Half a million dollars had been subscribed to make Seattle the wireless phone capital of the world! But it was never to be. The device that changed everything was the vacuum tube. Actually the tube had been kicking around as a laboratory curiosity for years, but nobody quite knew what to do with it. Then a genius named Lee De Forest added to its innards a few cents' worth of wire mesh he called a "control grid" and the age of electronics was born.

There followed a multitude of garage and bedroom broadcasting experiments by true geniuses. "Ham" operators were relegated to wave-lengths below 200 meters, hence the term "short wave." The "sparks" (wireless operators from ships) were the main experimenters and usually exchanged messages in Morse code. Not everyone welcomed radio; some felt electricity might leak through the wires and electrocute someone.

In 1920 the world's first broadcast station, KDKA, raised its voice in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. On March 14, 1922 in Seattle, Vincent Kraft, who had been using the experimental call 7XC, broadcasting from his garage, was informed that his new call sign was to be KJR and broadcasting had arrived on Puget Sound.

By 1927 national network programs were instituted with the stipulation that all programs must be "live." From the East Coast it was necessary, therefore, to broadcast the program twice. The second broadcast seemed to be more interesting, perhaps because the performers had spent the intervening two hours in a speakeasy.

In a log cabin studio on the campus of St. Martin's College in Lacey, Father Sebastian Ruth pioneered radio in this area in 1923 and his station became KGY.

In April 1912 a young American Marconi Company operator sat drowsily at his set, copying the crackling "traffic" buzzing through his headset when suddenly he was stunned to hear "The SS Titanic ran into an iceberg. Sinking fast." Incidentally, Marconi had been booked on the Titanic but cancelled out before she sailed. The operator who took the message went on to become the biggest mogul of American broadcasting -- he was David Sarnoff, later the general manager of Radio Corporation of America.

General Electric Company got into the big radio act in 1926 when NBC was formed. The familiar chimes were the actual musical notes GEC from the musical scale and also representing the company's name.

Money was no problem in 1924 when Roy and Elise Olmstead decided to start a station of their own. They were young and just married. He had been dismissed from his job as a Seattle police lieutenant but they were fairly rolling in money and most of Seattle knew why. In those days of national prohibition, Olmstead was undisputed "king" of the Northwest's largest ring of rumrunners and bootleggers. Olmstead was no hoodlum; he didn't water his whiskey and never threatened or hijacked anyone. He was a business man and a gentleman and had as his customers and protectors some of Seattle's upper crust. It was his wife Elise who had the idea of starting a radio station. They bought a spacious old colonial house in Seattle's Mt. Baker district, set up a radio studio in a spare bedroom and hired Al Hubbard, a bright young man, to build the transmitter which was to run a whopping 600 watts or more. It would be the Northwest's most powerful radio voice. Hubbard did so well that Olmstead made

him a lieutenant in his booze-smuggling operation, then hired Nick Foster to manage the radio station. It was Elise who really ran the station. They went on the air as KFQX for four hours each night with stock market, weather and news reports, and the most popular program of all, "Aunt Vivian's Bedtime Stories" for children. Legend has it that the stories were in reality code messages for her husband's far flung network of rum-runners, giving coded information for landing and unloading their cargoes. The prohibition enforcers, a tough, aggressive force, were hard at work trying to nail Olmstead. They finally scored on November 17, 1924, with a big raid on a stormy night, and hauled the erstwhile radio station owner, "Aunt Vivian" and several cohorts off to jail. Then started a trial whose aftermath went all the way to the Supreme Court. Meanwhile, Olmstead's trusted bookkeeper stuffed most of the liquor empire's cash into the pockets of a trick overcoat, pointed his souped-up Stuts-Bearcat toward Canada, and was never heard from again. The station was sold to Vincent Kraft in 1926 and operated as KXA.

Many were the fluffs that bedeviled announcers then as now. KJR was presenting a dance program with Vic Meyers' orchestra. (Meyers later became a long-lasting Washington lieutenant governor.) The musicians played their introductory "bridge" and the announcer suavely named the next number - "She Sits Among the Sheltering Palms" - a popular number of that day; only he bobbled the second word. There was no way to take it back, of course, everything was live in those days. The band stopped - nobody could blow a note. One violin managed a few squeaks and the pianist tinkled in desperation. Meyers swung his baton furiously and at length they all got through the song. Bob Nichols who went to greener pastures from Seattle, was announcing over NBC from California for Eastman Kodak, something about shooting snapshots of ships at San Francisco; he had a similar problem. Bob Ackerly did several newscasts a day for KJR in his

pleasant but business-like baritone voice and was always introduced as "Your Totem News Reporter," until one day it came out as "Your Tootem Nose Reporter is on the air." It was hard to do the news for days and days after that.

Until World War II Tacoma had only two stations, KMO and KVI. A third was licensed in 1941, KTBI, which later became KTAC. Carl Haymond, who had been in radio in Seattle, decided to buy his own station. KMO in Tacoma had started as 7XV, a ham rig, in Howard Reichert's house at North 9th and L Street. Haymond offered to buy it but needed three thousand dollars and had only the equity in his house which netted him \$2,000. He finally found a backer to loan him the money and to go into partnership with him and they bought KMO in 1926. Then Haymond discovered that the fellow he bought the station from didn't actually own it but the true owner was kind enough to go along with the deal. That summer KMO had its inaugural broadcast from the rooftop studios over Tacoma's swank Winthrop Hotel, featuring everything from Bill Winder's hotel orchestra to the 10th Field Artillery Band from Fort Lewis.

Up until World War II KMO's only competition was KVI, a 15-watt record station, which took to the air in 1927. KVI had a split personality; it maintained studios in Seattle as well as Tacoma but eventually became relicensed in 1946 as a Seattle station.

When the World War II started, the licensing of new radio stations and the manufacture of necessary equipment were frozen, but when the war ended, there was a flurry of new stations. The Tacoma News Tribune was licensed to operate KTNT FM. In 1947 there were probably only a few thousand FM sets in the Puget Sound area, but KTNT found a captive audience by installing receivers in all Tacoma city buses, thus finding a large number of listening ears for commercial messages.

The marvelous, miraculous magic of radio charmed the nation for its "shining season in the sun." It was engulfed and eclipsed by the birth of television, but has proven itself a survivor by still serving a most useful purpose for people whose eyes must be focused on other activities than the passing parade of television.

Richardson, David, "Puget Sounds", Superior Publishing Co., 1980.

ALL ROADS LEAD TO RHODES

By Robert Doubleday

For some reason which probably had had nothing to do with logic, my mother felt that Stone-Fisher Company was a fancy store which catered to society people and charged high prices. She favored Rhodes Brothers and I spent many boyhood hours trooping through the floors of that old building on the corner of 11th and Broadway. Much of the time I was bored; it was hard to work up much excitement for looking at dress patterns and yard goods. Mother would find time however, to go through the toy department where I could entertain my fondest dreams and we saved the best part for last, a dish of ice cream in the Olympic Dairy ice cream parlor across the alley from Rhodes.

The first of the Rhodes Brothers to come to Tacoma from Wisconsin was Albert, who arrived in 1889. He was followed a year later by brother Will and in 1892 by Henry and his family.

Henry and Will opened their first store in 1892 at 932 C Street (Broadway) in which they sold tea, coffee, spices, extracts, crockery and china, which they delivered to their customers by horse and wagon. They were industrious, thrifty and innovative businessmen and it was natural that success would follow. In 1893 they moved to larger quarters at 924 C Street and paid themselves the handsome salary of \$100 a month. They moved again in 1894 to 911 C Street, still limiting their trade goods to the items mentioned. While in this location they came dangerously close to losing their business but were saved by a curious turn of events resulting from a revision of the tariff on imported crockery and china. Some of their competitors who held large inventories of these items, were forced to sell at substantial losses.

From this time on the brothers' success continued to flourish. They plunged into the department store business in 1903 with a new three-story building erected on the northwest corner of 11th and Broadway. They soon needed more space and added fifty-five feet of Broadway frontage in 1907, and in 1911 they went up three floors to complete their six-story building.

Typical of the wisdom he displayed in business, Henry Rhodes installed a toy department in his store, knowing that children love toys, that they have mothers who would be dragged into his store to visit the toy department and mothers have been known to buy things on impulse. So have fathers.

Rhodes Department Store in Tacoma had achieved state-wide recognition in the 1920's and the brothers erected signs on the highways announcing that "All roads lead to Rhodes." Each sign bore information on the distance to Tacoma from that point. This was helpful to the traveler since the State highway system was woefully lacking in signs; it was also fine publicity for the store and the city.

The store developed into a "whopping" financial success, so much so that Henry, who had started business in Tacoma thirty years earlier with one thousand dollars, built in 1922 on the shores of Steilacoom Lake a seventy acre estate which he named "Rhodesleigh." It was the showplace of the county.

Henry also began to play an increasingly influential role in Tacoma's business and civic affairs to the point where he felt he could no longer devote the required energy and attention to managing his store. His brothers Will and Albert had gone on to other ventures and Henry was the principal stockholder when he sold the store in 1925 to the Schlesinger chain of Pacific Coast Stores and turned the management reins to Mr. J. P. Toole. The

store continued its successful ways under the new management, not surprising since the location was the best in town. Henry Rhodes had left a business with a good reputation and wisely, the name of the store was not changed.

In those days most shoppers rode the streetcar downtown but change was in the air and some buyers began to complain about parking. In 1942 Rhodes Brothers opened their new parking lot on Market Street, between 9th and 11th, under the management of Bill Coffin who operated the Standard Station on the property. This was followed years later by the new multi-level parking garage and sky-bridge connection to the store.

In 1952 Rhodes announced proudly that escalators had been installed to carry patrons from the first to the fifth floors and "5,000 persons per hour" could be moved in this manner. A delightful outlook for the store manager but I doubt that that number was ever reached.

The structure of the store was added on to many times over the years and as a result, there were curious little areas tucked away around a corner or between floors, that offered surprises for the shopper who had time to dawdle or an interest in just looking. Since the floors of the various additions were not always on the same level, there were ramps and inclines leading from one part of the building to another. It must have been a nightmare for the building maintenance people but it made an interesting experience for the shopper.

The store had a number of managers following Henry Rhodes but one of these may deserve special mention. It was announced in 1951 that Miss Alice Humble, who had been with the store since 1914, would become the new general manager, one of only two women in the country to hold such a position. Miss Humble lived with her sisters, Edith and Grace at the family home at 3416 North Villard.

Others may remember with me the lending library, the coffee shop on the mezzanine overlooking the main floor, the tearoom on the roof, the pneumatic tube cash system, the animated show windows at Christmas and the marquee where we took shelter on a rainy day to wait for the cable car.

The opening of the new Rhodes store at the Tacoma Mall in 1973 signaled the end of operation at 11th and Broadway and the old store was closed at the finish of the business day on December 28, 1974, after serving at that location for seventy-one years. It was a sad day for those of us who loved Rhodes Brothers and the down town.

Rhodes Department Store road sign. Courtesy of Edith Hoff.



The following recipes were served in the tearoom in the Rhodes Brothers Department Store which was located in the north balcony overlooking the men's department. The recipes were given to Mrs. David McLennan, circa 1940, by the operator of the shop.

BAKED SEA FOOD SALAD

1 lb crab	Mix together lightly as if
1/2 lb shrimp	for salad, place in buttered
4 c diced celery	casserole with buttered
Juice of onion	crumbs on top and bake in
1/2 green pepper,	350° oven for about half an
finely chopped	hour, just to heat through.
2 c mayonnaise <i>egg</i>	Serves six.

PECAN OR WALNUT PIE

1 c dark Karo syrup	1/2 tsp cinnamon
4 tbsp melted butter	1/2 c sugar
1 tsp vanilla	3 eggs
1/4 tsp salt	1 c broken pecans

Mix sugar, salt, syrup and melted butter. Beat eggs into mixture, one at a time. Add cinnamon, vanilla and pecans. Pour into 9" unbaked pie shell and bake in 450° oven for ten minutes at 325° for 35 minutes or until a silver knife inserted in center of pie comes out clean.

MABEL ENGBRETSSEN BUNGE:

By Amelia Haller

The date was September 10, 1891. With a midwife assisting, Mabel Engebretsen (Bunge) was born in a house on a float in Tacoma Harbor. The house and float were moored opposite the Foss boathouse. Henry Foss, founder of the Foss Tugboat Company, had been born just five days before Mabel. Their mothers often exchanged notes and comparisons on their babies' growth and welfare.

Mabel's memories of her early days are fresher than if she were speaking of today's events. From her Sherwood Villa Retirement home she remembers, "My father ran the old Tacoma boathouse for awhile. My sister Ruth was born there. I guess it's gone now. Later we moved to 1945 So. E Street where my brother was born."

Around 1896 her family moved from Tacoma to a cabin on the banks of the Puyallup River. (Today the city Sewage Treatment Plant at 2201 Portland Avenue is located near this site.) Mabel tells of sitting in their cow pasture and watching Indians proceed in a grand procession up the river.

"Some canoes held several generations of a family and all of their camping equipment. They were on their way up the river to the Puyallup Valley to engage in hop picking. Some of the Indians came from as far away as British Columbia. They must have been guided by the moon and stars because they had no navigation equipment to assist them at that time."

In the autumn Indians would come to her parents' cabin and barter for salmon which her father caught. They brought huge Indian baskets filled with produce: berries, apples, carrots, and other fruits and vegetables.

"I believe they raised them on their reservation. When they came to barter they would make a bargain then point to one extra nice fish and say, 'That for Potlatch.' Of course, father would give it to them."

Sometimes Mabel and her sister, Ruth, accompanied their father to observe the Potlatch. This Indian feast and celebration was held on the opposite side of the river from their cabin. Ruth would be hoisted up onto her father's shoulders for a better view.

"Several Indians were our friends. That was why we were invited. They would have quite a festival. Some of the well-to-do Indians would feed all comers. And there would be gambling games; bone games they were called."

One of Mabel's most vivid memories is of the time the sailing ship, the Andelana, sank in Tacoma Harbor. Her father fished for salmon using drift and gill nets. On January 14, 1899 he rowed his small boat from their cabin out into Puget Sound and was drifting about 400 feet from the Andelana, a four-master sailing ship. The ship had arrived in Tacoma from China, unloaded its cargo and dumped its ballast, preparing to take on Washington wheat for Liverpool, England. Since it was without cargo and ballast the ship rode high in the water, making it a good target for a squall. Mabel knows the details quite well.

"Father had gone out to catch a good tide and was drifting for fish when he saw the big ship go down. A real stiff wind came up, harder than it had been all night. He heard the snap of a chain and the ship dipped her masts to the Sound and went right down to the bottom. All on board went down with her and they are still there."

"Father had to work real hard to keep from being caught in the undertow. There were huge waves,

bigger than they had been all night. It took all his strength to stay away from the sinking ship."

Although newspaper articles at that time do not mention any eye witnesses, Mabel knows that there was at least one. "I distinctly remember father coming home that morning and telling us about it. When we were older he would row us across the river for picnics, and when we came near the place where the Andelana sank he always pointed to the place and told his story to us again. For years I never dreamed that no one else had seen the tragedy."

Mabel and her family lived for almost twenty years on the banks of the Puyallup River. She graduated from Tacoma High School (Stadium High School). Among her many accomplishments were stenographer, photographer, poet and writer.

On January 1, 1921 she married Alexander Bunge and moved to Fife, where they raised three sons: Robert, Walter and Harold. It was in Fife that she and her husband started growing blueberries, and Mabel became active in the Blueberry Growers Association. She served this organization as secretary and treasurer for many years. About four years ago she retired from the two positions.

Mabel is still active in the writing field. She recently published an article in The Good Old Days. Also, in April of this year, she received a check for \$50, payment for second place in the Ashford Oregon Poetry Contest.

Although she remembers her youth on the Puyallup River bank as a special time, she still enjoys every day at the grand age of 93.



Plummer's Engineer Corps at work near Tacoma. From left, G. H. Plummer, unknown, F. G. Plummer, H. M. Sarvant and W. I. Lowry. Taken northeast of Gravelly Lake, Pierce County, WA, January 31, 1891. Courtesy of Washington State Historical Museum.

DEAR PAPA

A Story of the Plummers, 1883-1889
By Charlotte Plummer Medlock

Introduction

Frederick Gordon Plummer, my uncle, the emigrant in my story, was representative of so many very capable young men who came west from eastern cities during the 1880's. They came seeking opportunities for themselves, family members and close friends.

In some cases these expeditions were ill-timed and Fred's was no exception. When he arrived in the summer of 1884, New Tacoma was suffering from an economic recession.

The joys and frustrations he experienced on his journey, and with his contacts in Washington Territory during the 1884-1888 period, are related largely by the use of a precious few old letters. Some of the lengthy portions and some passages unrelated to Tacoma have been deleted; to add interest and clarity notes are inserted between letters.

"On January 16, 1884, Henry Ward Beecher, lecturing in Brooklyn on a western trip he had just concluded, said: 'If I were young I'd settle in Washington Territory. It is going to be the Italy of America.' This declaration was widely printed and had a considerable effect on travel to the northwest. It was an echo of Horace Greely's famous injunction. Among those who sat in Beecher's audience that evening was George W. Plummer who, after the lecture, went forward and asked the preacher,...for further information. Beecher enthusiastically added much to what he had said from his pulpit..." History of Tacoma, Herbert Hunt, Vol. 1 Page 312.

The renowned Reverend Beecher, a Northern Pacific Railroad promoter for Samuel Wilkeson, Sr. (Secretary of the Northern Pacific Railroad), and Jay Cooke, obviously recommended New Tacoma to Mr. Plummer. He was in the city August 28, 1883, and gave a lecture at the Alpha Opera House. During his stay as a guest of Mr. A.J. Baker, President of the New Tacoma Bank, he learned of the city's great potential. It was the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Money was plentiful and business was good. Tacoma's population was about 4,000 and growing rapidly. Charles B. Wright, the Philadelphia entrepreneur, had great plans for the small, western railroad city and was negotiating with the City Council. New Tacoma had a great future!

Brooklynite George Plummer wrote the following letters from his office to his eldest son, nineteen year-old Fred, a budding civil engineer in New Orleans, Louisiana.

Office of Alden Sampson & Sons
Manufacturers of
Floor Oil Cloths
58 & 60 Read Street
New York, N.Y.

March 24, 1884

My dear Son,

I wrote you so hurriedly on Sat. that I did not have time to touch upon the subject of most concern to yourself & me. The reports that have reached me through the press of damage done by floods & the breaking down of levees would indicate that the Govt must expend very soon large amounts of money & employ a heavy force to repair the very serious injury done in various directions. As you defer to my advice in the matter, it seems to me that having made a record & friends at the South who can be of benefit to you in your chosen vocation it would be better to seek business for the present where you are,

in that line, if possible. I know you feel the same way, as you allude to State and other surveying parties going out from N.O. So long as your health keeps good I would "stick." The colony for Wash. Ter. will not go out until May. Before I write again I will see Mr. Hassell & talk further with him. If you could connect with a surveyor engineer already established in Tacoma that is the thing for you to do, in case you have to abandon N. Orleans. Did you ever write to Horace Howe? If not, I advise you to do so.

How we all long to see you & look for the day to come when we may. Mama has not been well, but keeps about.

Love from Papa

Another letter from Mr. Plummer's office:

March 28th 1884

My dear Son,

We read long accounts in the daily newspapers of the havoc made by the floods among the levees resulting in so much loss & suffering & we wonder if all this is to open your way to position, with the U.S. Govt or otherwise. I wish if you have any definite plans for the future, you would give some detail of them in your letters.

Do you find any congenial friends in New Orleans, with whom you can pass an evening socially & agreeably? I trust so. And also that they are of a sort your good sense will approve. In my letters to you, I have said little or nothing in this direction, such is my confidence in your excellent judgement in these matters. Do you meet any ladies or seek their society? I would advise that you should & it is the best advice I can give you.

It is 5 months since you left home, and the gap left by your departure is not yet filled. Howard has to write constantly now, for Mr. C. in the

office. Henry is still with Uncle Joshua & is much liked. Ernest goes into a new suit next week. Sidney is a good boy & is learning fast at school. Of little Edith, you can imagine everything that is sweet & cunning. Mama finds her an armful. All send love.

Affy, Papa

The three older Plummer boys left school as youngsters to learn in the work world. Howard, from age 12, was employed as office boy for Edward D. Candee, in a suspender manufacturing business. Henry worked for their Uncle Joshua and Fred left high school to work as an errand boy in a wholesale house in the dry goods district of New York City.

During April, an important decision-making period, the senior Mr. Plummer paid a visit to Rev. John A. Paddock. He was in Brooklyn then to raise funds for Annie Wright Seminary and gather his children for the trip to their home in New Tacoma. He had been a pastor in the eastern city for 25 years and was then the Episcopal Missionary Bishop to Washington Territory with residence in New Tacoma.

His close association with Tacoma, and especially millionaire Charles B. Wright, gave Bishop Paddock special awareness of future opportunities for Fred in the Northern Pacific Railroad's Terminus City.

With what he believed was reliable information from numerous sources, Mr. Plummer instructed his son to leave Louisiana and go to New Tacoma in Washington Territory for civil engineering and no other place for no other job.

It was determined that with Fred's training and recent experience in the South he would have no difficulty obtaining a position surveying for the city's gas and water works projects backed by Mr. Wright.

On board S.S. St. Mary - June 9, 1884
Dear Papa & Mama,

The RR being washed away I had to take this steamer at Algiers (LA) - my ticket allows of a steerage passage. This is a very small boat, and one of the old style with paddle wheels, and rolls and pitches much more than the large ocean steamers but she is comfortable and the meals are good. We have 17 passengers aboard, 7 of them ladies, only one of whom is "apparent" and a parent. Will not reach Galveston until tomorrow.

I am well and have not been seasick.

Love to all, Fred

Camp Rice June 13, 1884
Dear Papa and Mama,

Left Houston on 7:15 a.m. and after riding through a bed of flowers for a whole day, arrived at San Antonio. Left 6:40 and here I am at Camp Rice 50 miles this side of El Paso and am in a bad fix. The road is washed away for 26 miles.

On Colorado river, June 14 Here is another break in the R.R. and I am on a boat to go 6 miles down river where we get a train. These delays are bad and cost too. I shall have to go steerage from San F. to New Tacoma.

San F. June 15, 1884 Arrived here O.K. I got on an express train and got here sooner than I thought I would in spite of the breaks.

Am at the Exchange Hotel. Cheap and good. \$1.00 a day.

Love to all, Fred

On S.S. Wilmington off Cape Blanco
June 21, 1884

Dear Papa and Mama,

I had to take passage on this steamer in the steerage as I was short of funds.

June 17 in the afternoon, I went to Oakland - quite a pretty place. The railroads run free and a person can ride for nothing. I think that is about the queerest thing I have struck yet. I took the cable cars to the Cliff House at the Golden Gate. There is a beautiful view of the Pacific Ocean from the cliff.

San Francisco is very like New York. The most remarkable thing I saw was the cable car system. A person can for 5 cents go to any part of the city at a much greater speed than by horsecar. They are perfect.

I spent my only evening in Chinatown. The people do not go to see the town much unless it is with a policeman. I wasted a half dollar to go to the Chinese Theater, and it was worth it. Of course, I could make nothing out of the play. I spoke to some of the Chinamen and they said "very good sing-song," and much finer than our operas. I didn't agree with them, but didn't say so, for fear they might carve me. I was afraid they had never tasted Brooklynite and might want to.

The next day I bought my ticket for Seattle and got my baggage down on board the steamer. The steerage is not as bad as it might be. I take a smaller steamer from Seattle to Tacoma. When I get to Vancouver Island I will be out of the U.S. for the first time - won't I? This steamer is very slow and it will take about 7 days to reach Seattle, but then there is lots to see on the way. There are lots of whales, sharks, seal, sealions, and a flock of large sea-gulls near the ship all the time. It is very lonesome on the Northern Pacific and we have only passed one vessel. Lately the sea

has been very high and we had some water on decks.

Love to all, Fred

Fred was so fascinated by San Francisco's cable car system, he devoted eight pages and included four sketches in his letter to the description of its mechanism.

On the morning of June 25, the S.S. Wilmington docked in Seattle. That afternoon aboard a smaller ship, Fred arrived in New Tacoma. In his pocket was just fifty cents.

New Tacoma W.T.
July 13 Sunday 1884

Dear Papa & Mama,

Papa's telegram recd 2 hours after being sent.

With thanks to Mr. Webster I shall not use the letter to the Bishop because I know the Bishop as well as it is possible for me to, am perfectly free with him and his family and know him as well as I do my room-mate. I may show it to him but he will regard it as a good joke.

The steamer Wilmington was undoubtedly slow but the distance was 800 miles not 650 and then she was heavily laden, and heavy seas, and head winds. Then we were about 15 hours at Victoria, 4 at Port Townsend and then again the English doctor did not seem to like to board the ship. They were not even courteous. We saluted twice and got no answer from the fort. They did not even dip their flag.

I suppose that you received the papers with my writings in brackets? Will not send any more because I am not with them anymore. Mr. Radebaugh said there was not enough going on to warrant the keeping of a town reporter. He is about right, still I should like to have kept at it for a month for what I would learn, although the salary would hardly support me. I shall try, try again. My

tide table may be worth something. If so, it may be worth something to me to sell to the paper that will pay best for it.

Papa speaks of my travels ...I do consider myself somewhat favored...I have seen a little...I have kept my eyes open and have a fair idea of the South and Far West...and some of the wonders they contain...I have mixed with Indians, Chinese, Mexican, French, Spanish...I have been in storms on the Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf.

In all my conversations I have use for what I have seen. One who has seen can say, "It is so and so," and they who stay at home must say, "I have read it is so and so." I tell you...a man who stays at home and reads cannot form any idea of the size, beauty, changes in scenery, wilderness, of this continent.

As for the news going on, the papers will inform you.

Papa's check will be very acceptable as I am very short but it won't last long. I will soon be at work. My board is 25¢ a meal and room \$5.00 a month. The \$9.00 that I got at the Ledger will not last long as I have got to have a hat, shoes soled, etc.

Love to all, Fred G.P.

There are lots of pretty girls out here.

Fred explained to his family the delay at Port Townsend, the port of embarkation/debarkation. Each vessel had to be checked to make sure it met public health standards.

Fred wrote an inspirational letter to 14-year-old Henry Guion, one of his younger brothers. Only a portion remains.

...I would advise you and How not to spend your

money studying man and his works in Europe but take a look at Southern and Western forests - the canons of the Grande and Colorado etc and you will see things that you could not forget if you wanted to try. There is not a better spot on earth for the hunter or fisherman than Puget Sound - so say they who know.

Love to all, Fred

N.T. W.T. Aug 20/84

Dear Papa,

Recd letter Aug 8 with check.

As Mr. DeR^S work will not bring anything immediately I have taken a week off to look around and try again. Have changed my ad in the Ledger but no answers - over a month now.

Mr. Travers - the supt of the Baptist S.S. offers me a large profit on life insurance - $\frac{1}{2}$ of the money paid in - the offer is a good one, but my friends tell me that nothing can be done in that line - but I may as well try while looking around.

A Geological party is going out soon, am trying to get on the list. May succeed.

Mr. Hayward is selling out at auction today.

Will send Howard a Bat that I stuffed.

Lots of Indians in town. I am learning the language as it is necessary in this town. They do not speak English.

Am out somewhere every evening late. Tonight is an exception.

Love to all, Fred

Fred advertised for two months in the Ledger for a position as clerk or salesman, signing his ad, "Mucilage," later changing it to, "Dongor," reversing the syllables of his middle name, Gordon.

New Tacoma August 24/84

Dear Papa and Mama,

There is very little to write about. The town is as dead as usual, but, things do not look quite as dark blue as of late. It may seem strange to you that in a town of 5000 there could be absolutely nothing going on that would give a man a chance. Mr. Hayward will be east soon and will say what I may not be able to convey by writing. I never saw a man so completely disgusted with a place as he is. But still I say, what I said before, that I think it will be best for me to stick here if I can do it without starving.

Aug 26

Had to go to church and stop writing. Was busy yesterday among the merchants trying to get something to do...

Bob Ingersoll lectured here last night. Fay Templeton played the "Mascotte" on Monday and will play Girafle - Girafila Saturday. I saw the Mascotte gratis.

The work on the water system has not yet commenced. Some work is being done on the gas works but only Irishmen are employed so far digging ditches. Mr. Bean will give me a chance if anything comes up that I can do.

I wrote Jack K. did not advise him to come here at clerking until spring, but told him what he could do if he comes here now.

Everybodys mail comes just New Tacoma. There are no numbers on the houses. The P.M. knows everybody.

Lots of Indians in town. It looks funny to see a stout little Chinook with a long Prince Albert coat on and no pants. Some strange sights to be seen in the Far West.

Love to all, Fred

Mr. Clarence O. Bean was the civil engineer in charge of surveying for the city's utility projects.

N.T. W.T. Aug 27 '84

Dear Papa,

Am not so very badly off but see that I will be unless I get something to do very soon. Am in debt about 5 dollars to the Restaurant and rent is due on the 1st of the month. Washing averages about 40¢ a week.

I have gone so far as to try and get employment as mechanic at the car shops, but failed - I am told that if I had succeeded that it would seriously affect my social relations. But I don't think that the Bishop, Mr. Wells, Mr. McLafferty and other sensible people would look at a matter of that kind, and I don't care to know anybody who would.

As to what I have earned - that foots up to 9 dollars from the Ledger. Mr. DeR^S work may not amount to anything for some time and I had better not count on it. Mr. Ouimette says that biz starts up in the middle of Sept. and all I can do is keep alive and jump into the first place that opens and that is what I am doing.

Have too new things on hand today - will try and get on a hop farm and will see the contractor on the Cascade division who will be in town today.

Love to all, Fred

Fred interviewed Mr. Nelson Bennett at the Tacoma Hotel for the Ledger. Bennett and Mr. Montgomery of Albina, Oregon were two of three bidders for contracts on the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad's Cascade Division.

Mr. DeR^S may have been Henry de Raasloff, editor manager of "Wacht am Sunde" - a German weekly newspaper.

Mr. Wells was rector of St. Luke's Memorial Church and Mr. MacLafferty was pastor of the First Baptist Church.

Fred found that year just the one opportunity in his chosen field. He worked briefly on a city survey establishing the lines for Tacoma Avenue when it was still a wilderness.

N.T. W.T. Oct 1, 84

Dear Papa & Mama,

Recd check.

Howard: Don't want any suspenders to give away - can't afford it. Showed Mrs. Holt Mama's picture - she's quite in love with Mama.

Mama: Am not getting down hearted. Think I had better stay here through thick and thin. Jack won't be here for a month or more. Had a situation offered him in Portland while he was there and took it - which was the best thing he could have done for he would have had trouble here. You know everybody advised me to make Tacoma my destination and not be influenced by offers on the way. I thought otherwise, but the advice may be good after all, for things are beginning to look better.

Mr. Montgomery has not yet been heard from. Don't like his looks. Nothing new from Driver - the geologist, and no more surveying for a time. My friend disappointed me about the job for Sat. afternoon at the rink. A mean trick. See enclosed regarding Mr. Bennett.

Papa: Am in debt 5 dolls earned \$14 & the \$10 will pay bill of board for Sept. Sharff will help me on rent (\$5). I have recd 70 dollars to date

according to your letters.

Love to all, Fred

Mr. E. J. Stier, the jeweler, and Mr. Samuel Slaughter leased the Alpha Opera House at 11th and Pacific as a roller skating rink. It became a very popular place with the young people.

Jack, Fred's New York friend, may have been one of those who was way-layed while enroute to Tacoma. Special agents representing the railroad were sent out from Portland by rail to Pasco and Spokane to travel westward and divert, with lies if necessary, travelers to New Tacoma. Competition between Portland, Tacoma and Seattle was extremely intense at that time.

Olympia W.T.
Oct 31 1884

Dear Papa,

Rec'd money O.K.

This is an A-1 thing for me if I succeed. It will keep me here until next spring. Dr. Nevius, who is the Botanist, Diatomis and Scientist in Natural History is the Episcopal Clergiman here, and I live at his parsonage on reccomendation from Tacoma. So far we have talked read and examined specimens until midnight every night. Then the Agassiz Ass'n. is here, he is the curator and I attend the meetings. There are some splendid people here and I shall move in the best society of the place, as soon as I can afford to buy the clothes. It costs me $8\frac{1}{2}$ dollars a week to live and I earn 12 - But I have money to pay in Tacoma that will put me behind some. I have a nice office, but am busy. Everything was out of gear here. I found \$239 worth of bills uncollected. I have been here 4 days and have everything straight. Have just written 14 sheets this size for publication tomorrow. Will send you one of todays papers. The town is very much like Tacoma

& Seattle.

Love to all, Fred

With aid of Bishop Paddock, Fred's life was spared. Fred found a satisfactory arrangement in Olympia. He also obtained a position writing for the Washington Standard newspaper.

The Agassiz Association was a large international organization whose purpose was the promotion of nature study among youth.

Olympia W.T. Nov. 20 '84

Dear Papa,

I am doing all right financially - that is - fairly, I can just get along. Do not need any clothes or anything except \$1,000,000,000,000 that you may have about your pockets somewhere.

Went to Tacoma on press tickets. Saw everybody and went to church. Izzie Holt is sick. Have paid all my debts there except \$5.00. I will soon be able to lay in a new lot of clothes. Tacoma looks just as it did, of course - dull.

Lectured last eve in the Hall on the "Moon and the eclipses" Dr. Nevius worked a Magic Lantern. Did you know that I was to lecture on that until 2 p.m. but managed to talk 1½ hours. Very good audience, about 40 ladies in it. It was got up by the Agassiz Assn. and they cleared \$20. The girls said it was just to good for anything. Will send you the papers report of it.

Recd A.A.S. Lecture.

If it won't cost much will you send me that book of mine on astronomy in the closet that has a picture map of the moon in the front.

Love to all,
Fred

Fred remained in Olympia until spring. He was East between April and August completing his engineering education in New York, Brooklyn and Boston. On August 19 he writes about Washington College. It was the Episcopal Military Preparatory boarding and day school "for men and boys" located where Central School stands today.

N. Tacoma W.T.
August 19/85

Dear Papa,

Have just had a talk with the Bishop and the result at least as good as I expected. The school will open on the 1st of January. Mr. Parker has chosen a Mr. Tait and Mr. Mead and myself. I am to have the sciences to teach as soon as practicable which will soon after be - that is my salary will not commence until then, but the school will be my home in the mean time without expense to me.

Bishop wants me to make a trip east for the purpose of getting specimens, books, etc and money for the school. Do you think there are many people among our friends who would give books, instruments, or money to a thing of that sort? That is enough to make it pay the Bishop. He offers me \$50 each way. He risks the first \$50 and if I do well will give \$50 more to help me get back. I can go emigrant for \$69.50. So I will have to earn \$25 dollars more. I am now on steady on the Ledger. The other paper - the "News" today offered me a permanent position if I would leave the Ledger.

As soon as I get into the college I shall open out as an expert. I have not aspired to it but have been drawn into it. Only yesterday I was called out by a doctor to assist in a little microscopic examination. I have the second best instrument in town and the best set of apparatus and dissecting tools. I made them myself. The doctor did not hesitate to ask my advice as he knew nothing

about the management or in fact what he saw. I think that I will make my 8 months study pay me something after this.

Let me know what you think of my trying to make the trip east, as soon as you can. I may be able to catch up and perhaps get ahead a little in 6 weeks or two months and then spend 2 months at home.

Love to all, Fred

CURATOR'S OFFICE
THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION
TACOMA AVE. AND NORTH FIRST STREET

Tacoma, W.T. Dec. 10 1886

My dear Mama,

I have good news for you, too - but you must keep it quiet, as I am not ready to act yet. Prof. Tait has offered me the Presidency of Washington College and says he will take second place if I will accept it. Just think of it! Your boy as

Inspector of Levees at	19
In charge of Govt. camp	19
Civil Engineer at	20
on Wash, Coll. faculty	21
on Seminary "	22
Pres. of Wash. Coll. at	22

Quite a record, isn't it, for a public school education. But, I have declined with thanks, and gave as my reason that I would be under no such rector as Bishop P. I told Prof. Tait that I would take it if trustees were appointed and the management taken from the Bishop who has made a fool of himself and disgusted everybody. He thinks it may be done, so you may see me there yet. My classes are now twice as large as any of the others, shall have to enlarge the lecture room next term.

My 65th lecture will be on cotton next Saturday, public invited.

Have been asked to deliver a course of lectures on astronomy before the Chatauqua of Puget Sound. May do it - may not.

Shall spend Christmas week at Olympia at Mrs. Hansard's. She sent me an invitation.

I give a microscopic entertainment to the elite of the city in 10 days. Want to come.

Sent some "Natures" to you.

Love to all, Fred

Fred founded and edited the Tacoma Agassiz Association's little four-page newspaper, "Nature."

May 24, 1887

Dear Papa,

Matters at the College are very much mixed up and undecided. I had a long confidential confab with the Bishop. He will endeavor to get a principal who is worth something for next year. I shall not be here unless he does. The Seminary and lecturing will support me well and give me plenty of time for study. As it is now I have barely time to breath. A large photo of the College entrance was taken with 2/3 of the students included. Will try and send you one.

Am completing my arrangements for the trip to the summit of Mt. Tacoma. It has not been done for 14 years and no observations have been taken.

Love to all, Fred

In the climbing party, beside Professor Frederick G. Plummer and Maj. Albert Whyte, his lawyer friend, were Mollie Male and Fay Fuller, young public school teachers, and Mrs. Lou Longmire, undoubtedly their chaperone, and Caine Longmire, their guide.

Only Fred and the Major attempted to reach the higher elevations. They climbed to heights of twelve thousand and thirteen thousand feet and made an overnight camp on Anvil Rock at ninety-five hundred feet. The Major nearly froze to death during the night but Fred was comfortable and thoroughly enjoyed the experience. He used his instruments to calculate heights and distances for mapping the southern slopes. Since conditions were unfavorable, the men failed to reach the summit. The two climbers at Plummers Camp that day could not know but twenty-six years later (1913) a peak south of them in the Tatoosh Range would be named Plummer Peak in honor of Fred.

The first real opportunity for Fred to enter the field of civil engineering came during the winter of 1887 when county surveyor, T.R. Wilson suffered an illness. As his replacement, on December 20, Fred began surveying for Pierce County Auditor Edward Huggins in Ouimette's 2nd Addition.

With careful management, Fred's financial position improved greatly. He was out of the red and had much more than "fifty cents" in his pocket. With confidence that Washington Territory had a prosperous future, he purchased a piece of real estate in Orting, an area he had surveyed. It was just the first of many parcels he would buy.

New Tacoma no longer seemed dull and dead to Fred. He was invited to all the big parties. His name and that of Emily Ruth Sherman, an Annie Wright Seminary student and his future bride, were on the invitation list of young Fanny Paddock's annual New Year's Eve party.

Fred's 17-year-old brother, Henry, came to Tacoma in 1887. He made a trip to Alaska. Howard, my grandfather, arrived in January, 1889. Howard sent the following letter home to his parents in Brooklyn, who were preparing for their move west.

OFFICES OF
GARRETSON, WOODRUFF, PRATT & CO.,
IMPORTERS, JOBBERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS IN
DRY * GOODS, * NOTIONS, * & * FANCY * GOODS
1305 and 1307 PACIFIC AVENUE

Tacoma, W.T. 3 1889

Dear Papa,

Well, I suppose you know that I have jumped off the dock of boyhood today (8th) and am now swimming upstream with my head up; I feel about four years older than I did yesterday. Wish that I was in a position to give a "Freedom Party." Shall have a small racket tonight with some of the boys. Mrs. Fonda very kindly sent me a book; "Jonathan & his continent" by Max O'Rell.

Grandma Garretson has just been in; she walked all the way down from the house about a mile and a quarter. She always asks after you all, and wants to know when we expect you. Can you not induce Selma to come out with you? Servants are very hard to get and you may have some trouble. It will be a fine thing for Mrs. Jones to come out here; hope Mr. Powell has not given up the idea.

Tell little Edith that I saw the big bear last Sunday sitting away up on his perch looking out over the bay.

Excuse me for writing in this hurried and broken way, I am very busy. The business is beyond all expectations.

Love to all,
Howard

In the winter of 1889, while 500 people a day were arriving in Washington Territory, 300 people were arriving in Tacoma according to the Northern Pacific Railroad report. Each month 150 new students were enrolled in Tacoma's schools.

After the long trip west aboard the Canadian Pacific Railroad in late March, the Plummer family was again united. When George Cook, the Tax Assessor, visited April first, they were comfortably settled at 210 D Street. Father Plummer was not yet at work but Sidney had joined Howard in clerking at Garretson's wholesale house and Henry was a draughtsman in Fred's engineering offices. Young Ernest and little Edith were home with Mama, not yet enrolled in school.

The Tacoma Daily Ledger informed the community of their presence when it reported Wednesday, May 8, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Plummer and family enjoyed a pleasant outing on the Sound in the company of Rev. and Mrs. Lemuel H. Wells, the Geology Class of Annie Wright Seminary, and others. The group travelled aboard the steamer, Henry Lynn, to the mouth of the Sequelitchew Creek and proceeded on foot to the site of the old Fort Nisqually, built by Hudson's Bay Company in 1833. They searched the shores of Anderson and McNeil Islands for geological specimens and visited the Fox Island Brick Works, returning via Pickering Passage to the wharf at 7:00 p.m.

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